

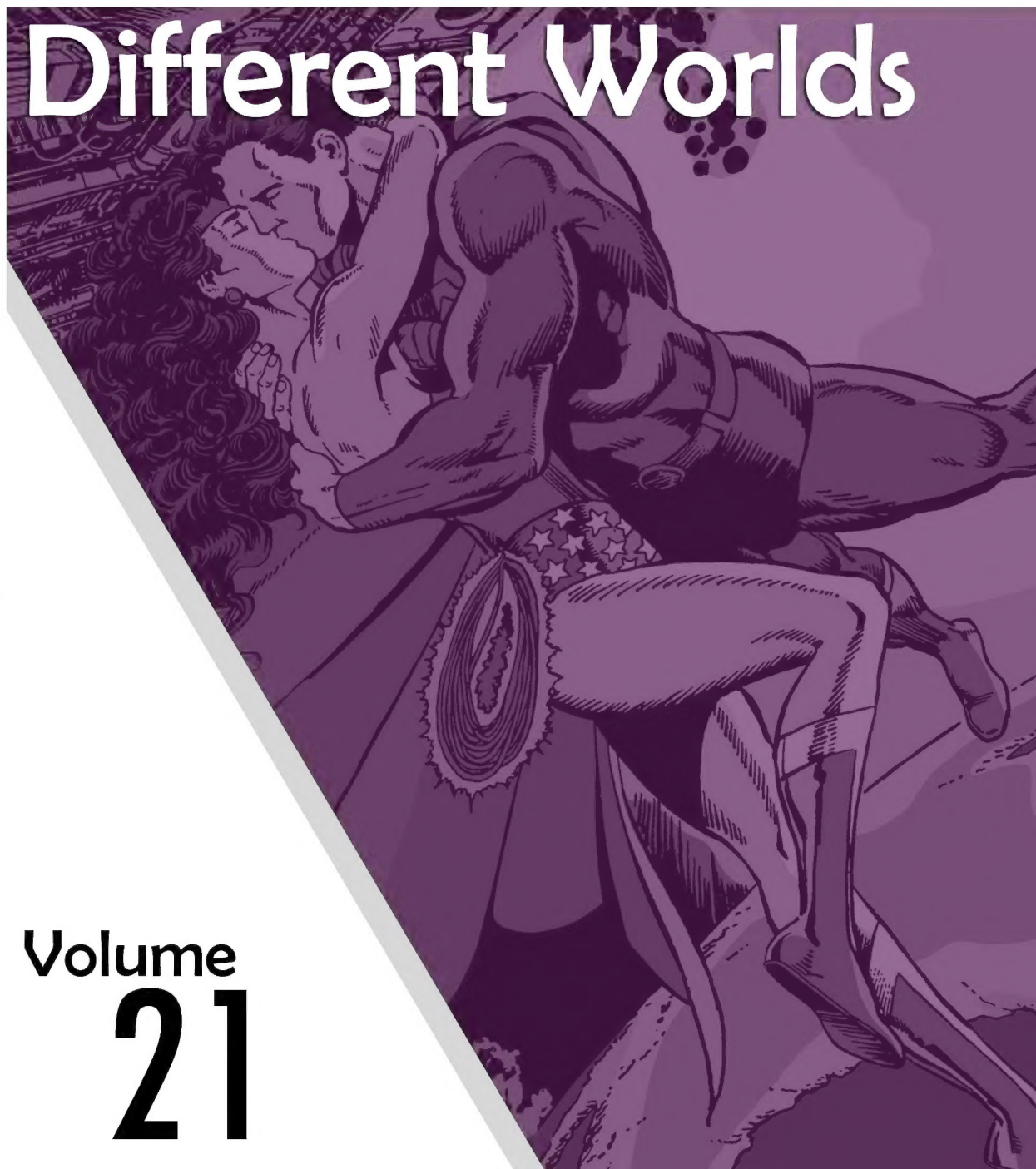
SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN

Post-



Different Worlds



Volume
21

CRISIS Different Worlds

SUPERMAN

Created by
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JOE SHUSTER

CRIES IN THE NIGHT

Written and
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colored by
PETRA SCOTese

JOHN BYRNE

lettered by
JOHN COSTANZA

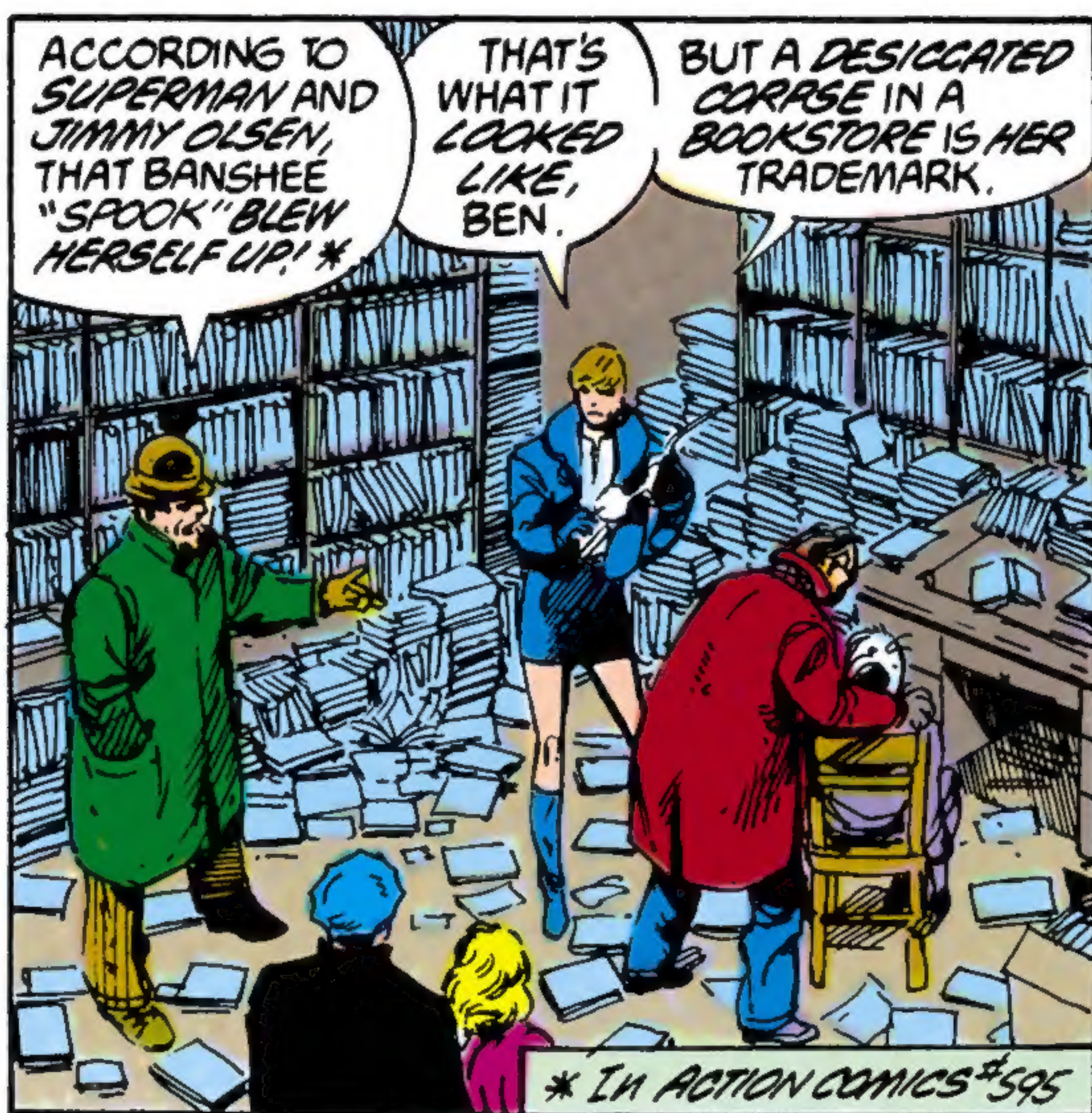
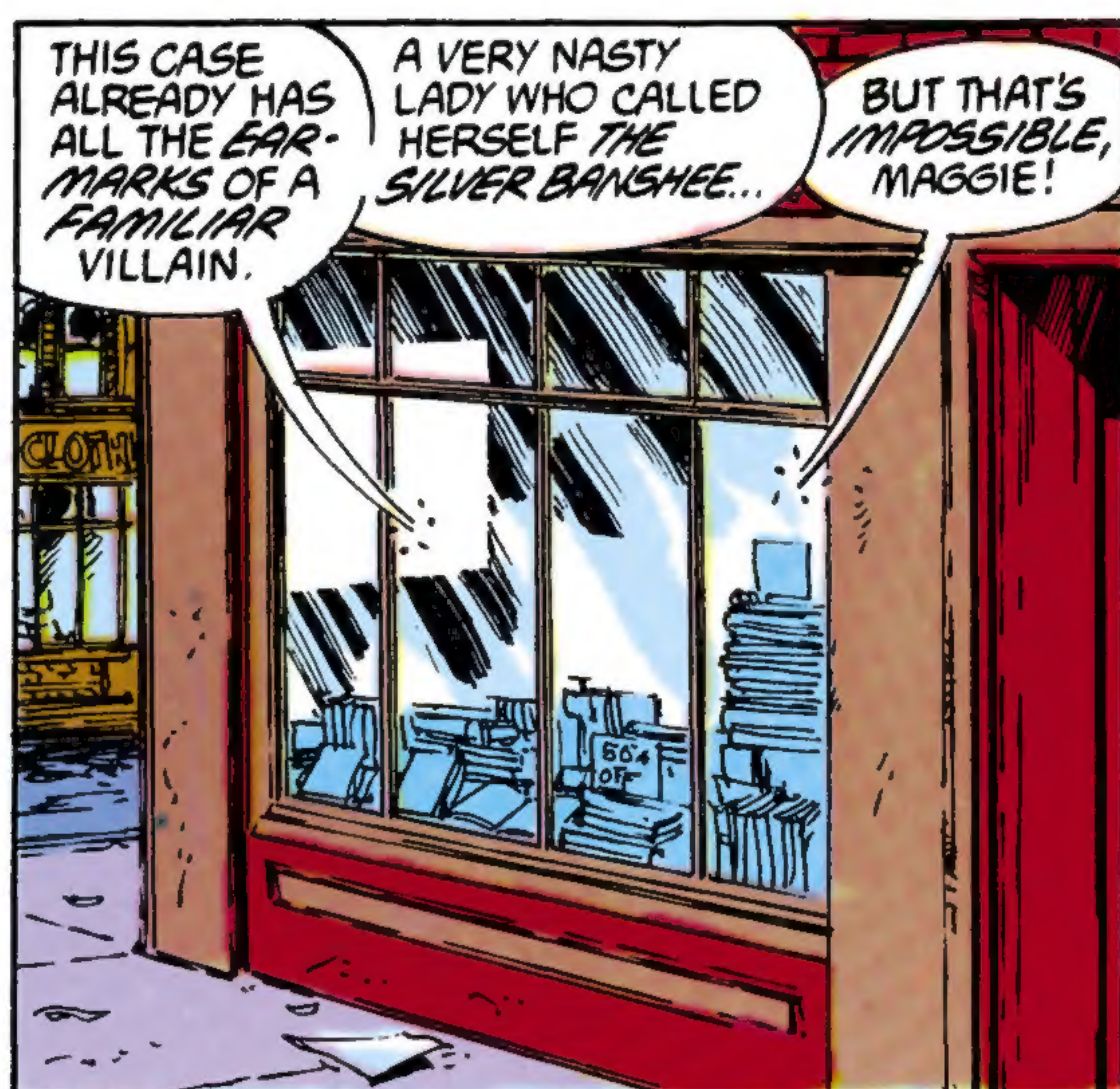
edited by MICHAEL CARLIN

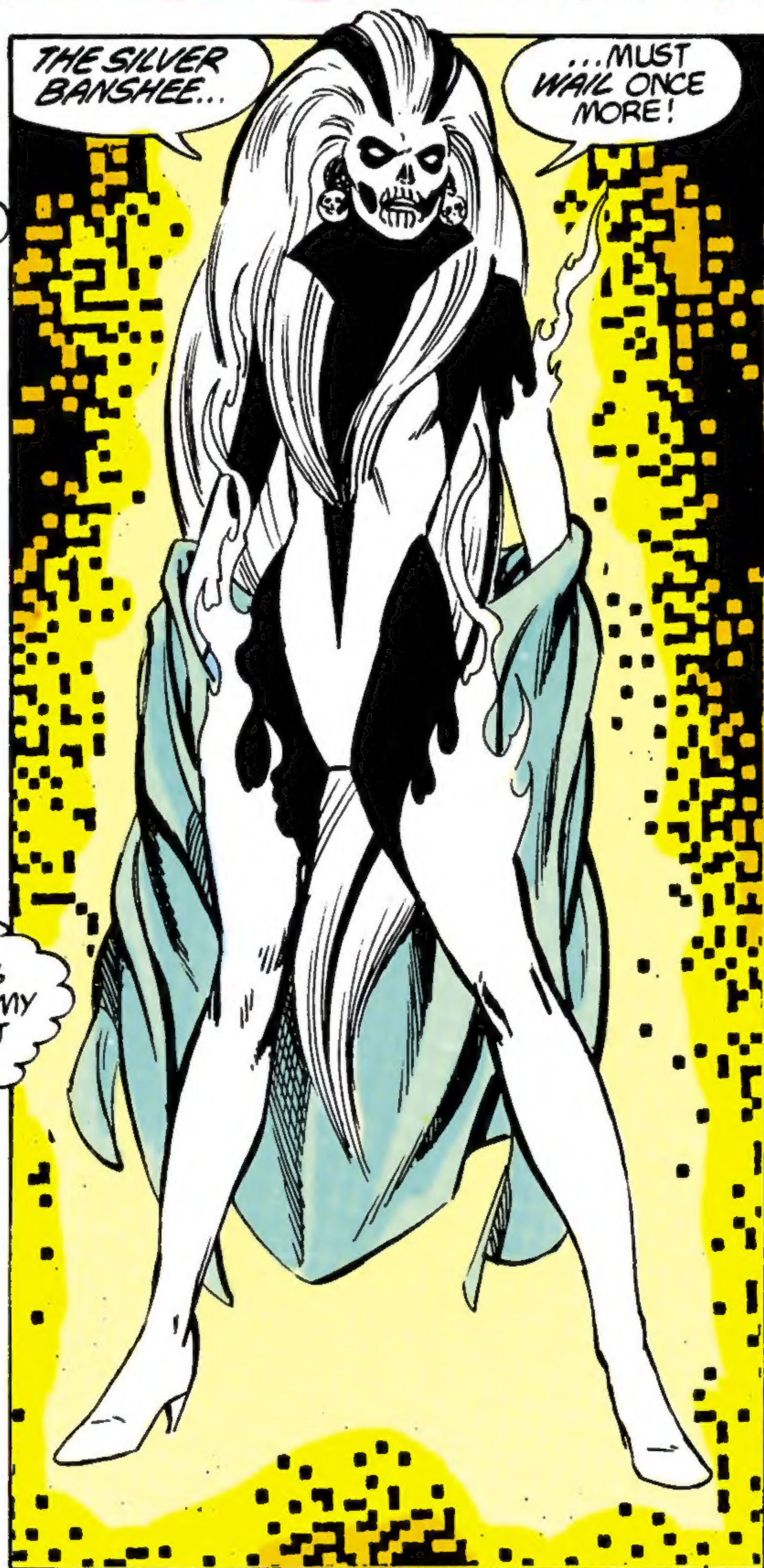
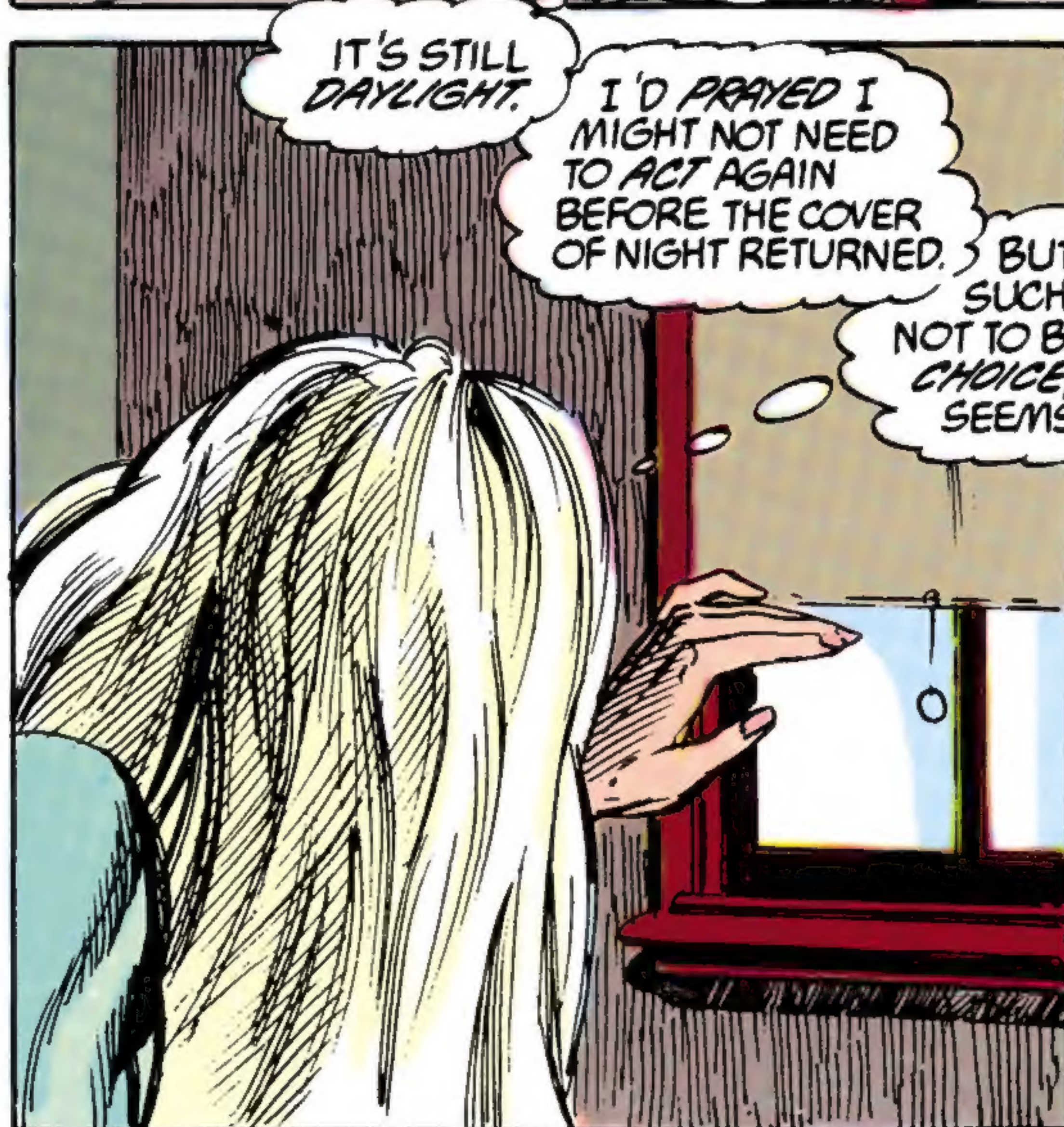
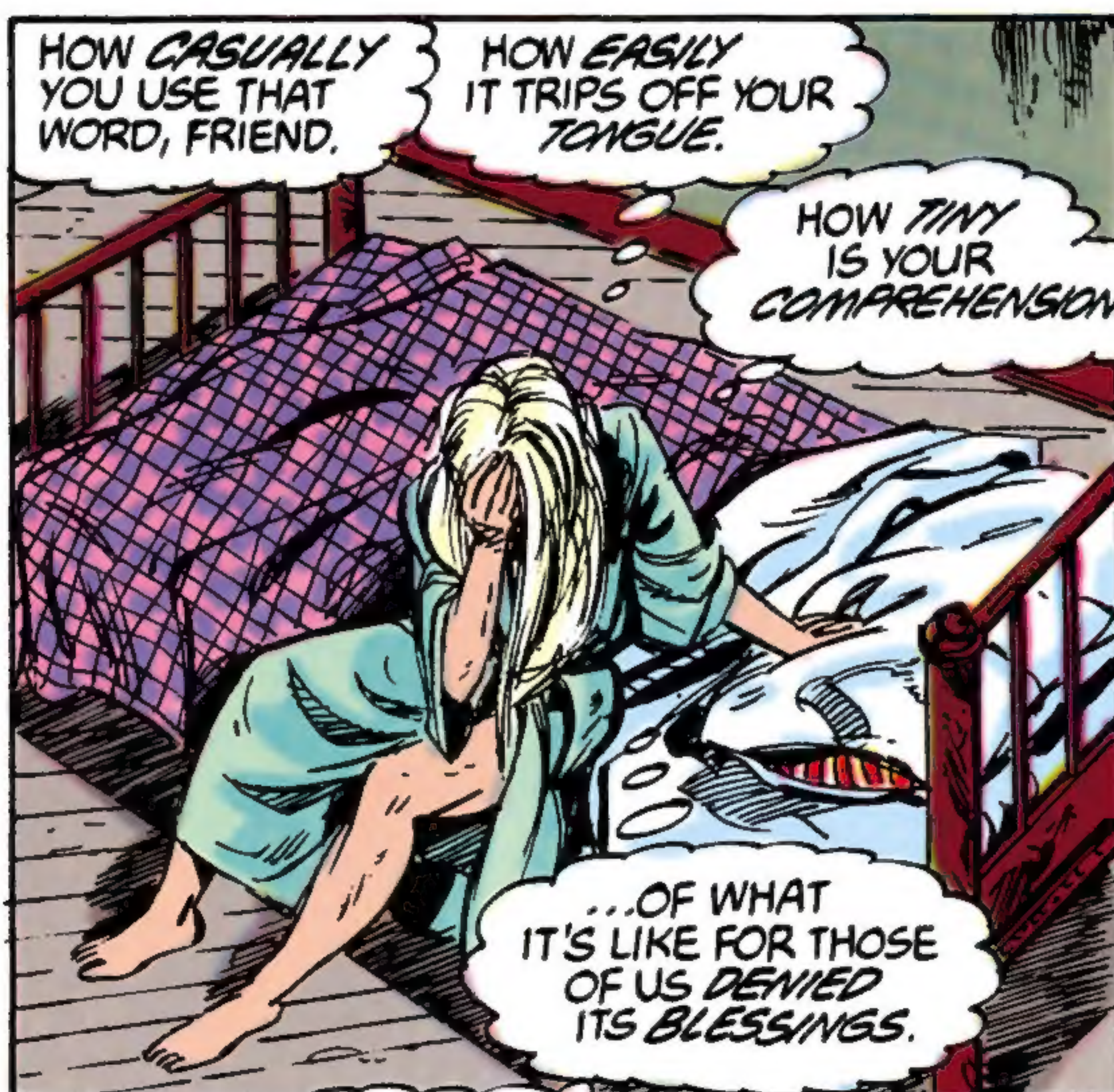
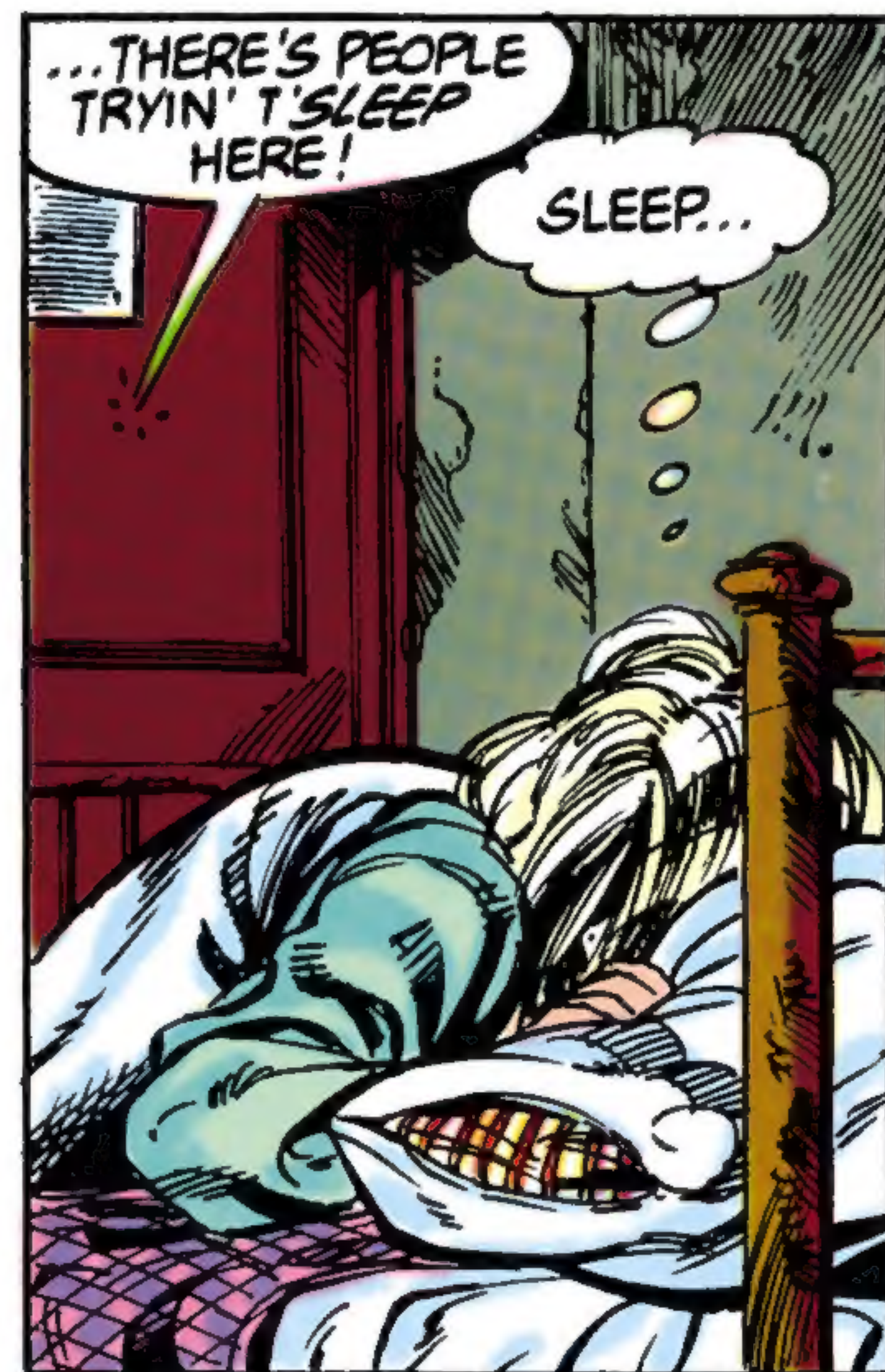
I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

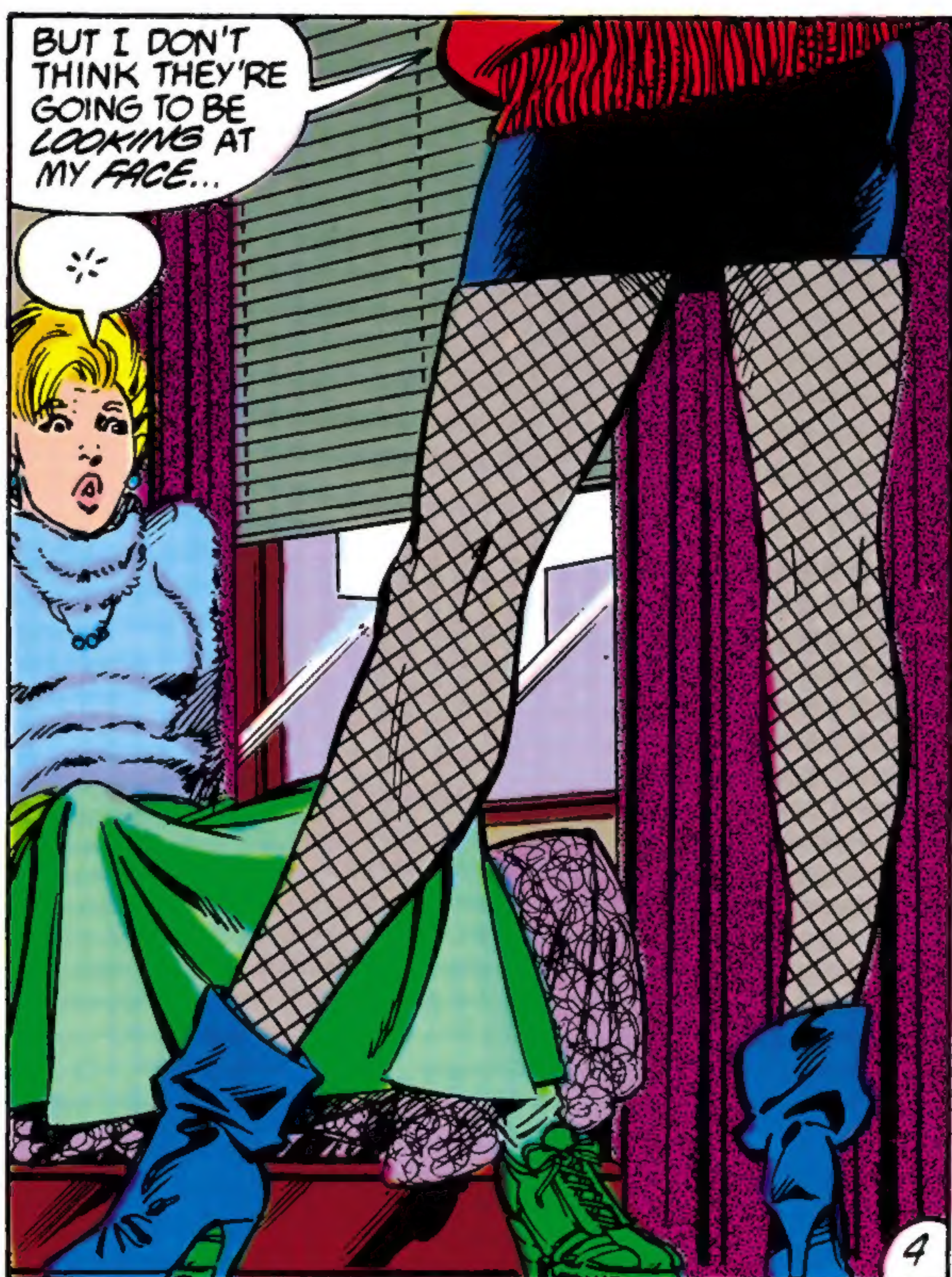
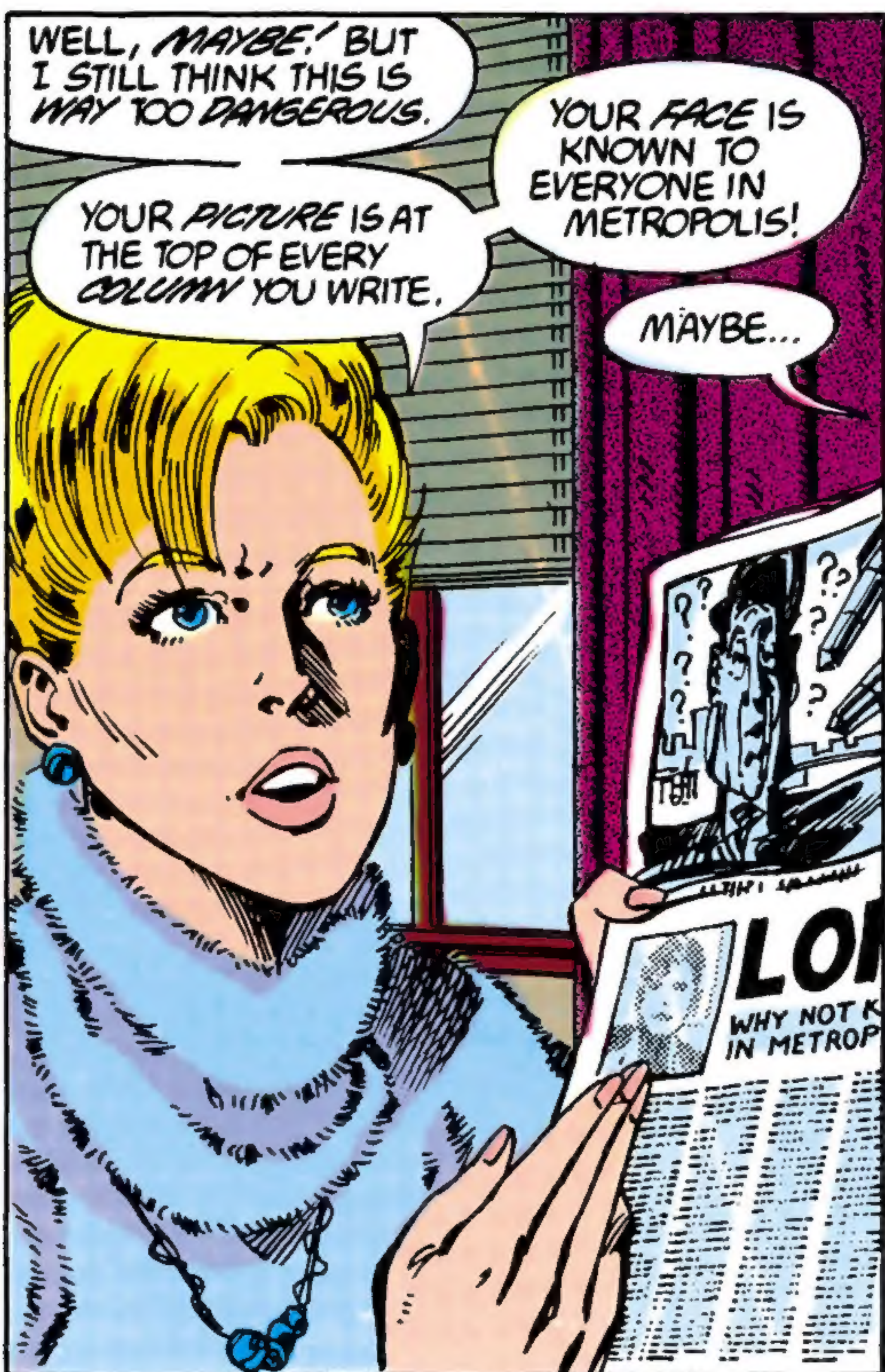
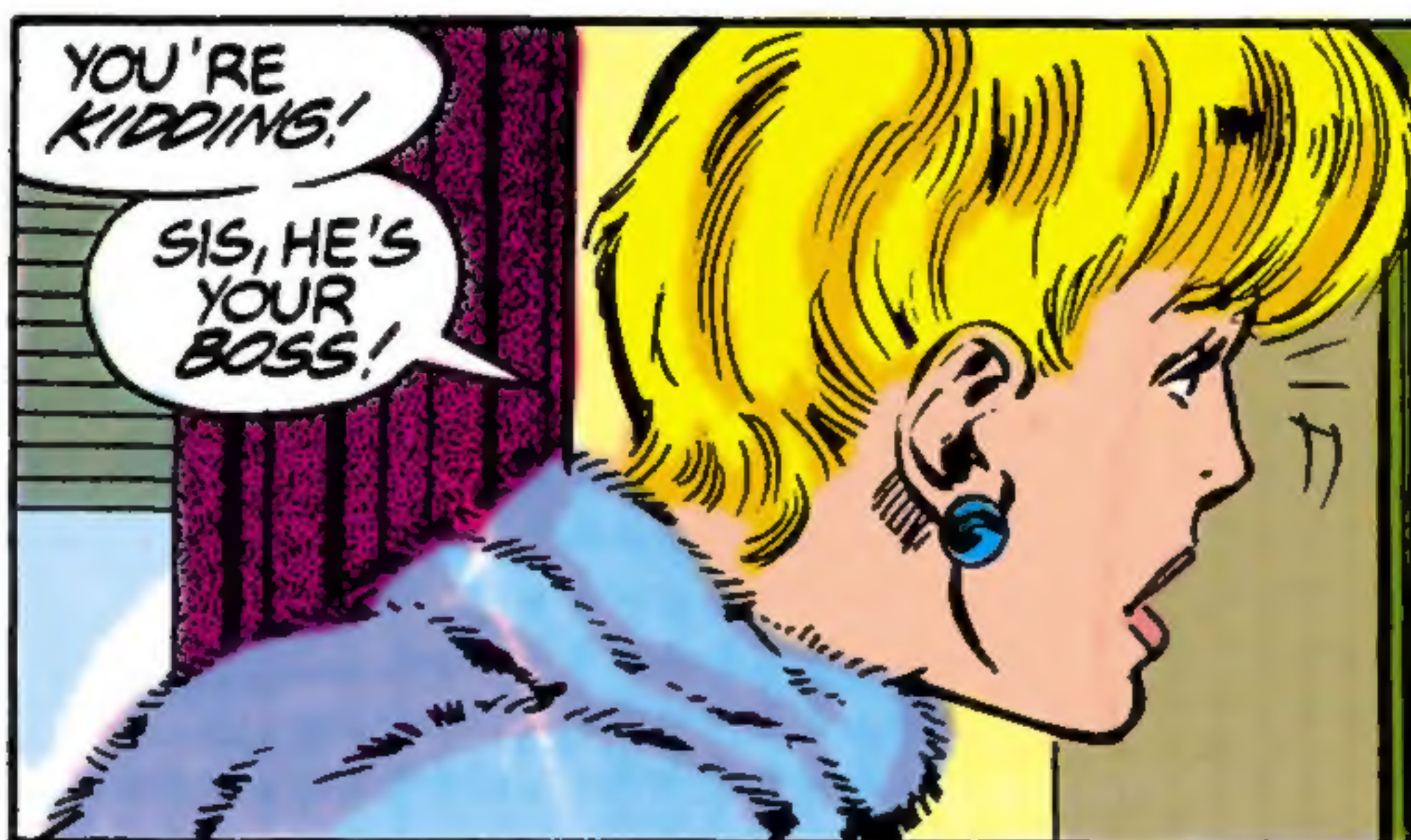
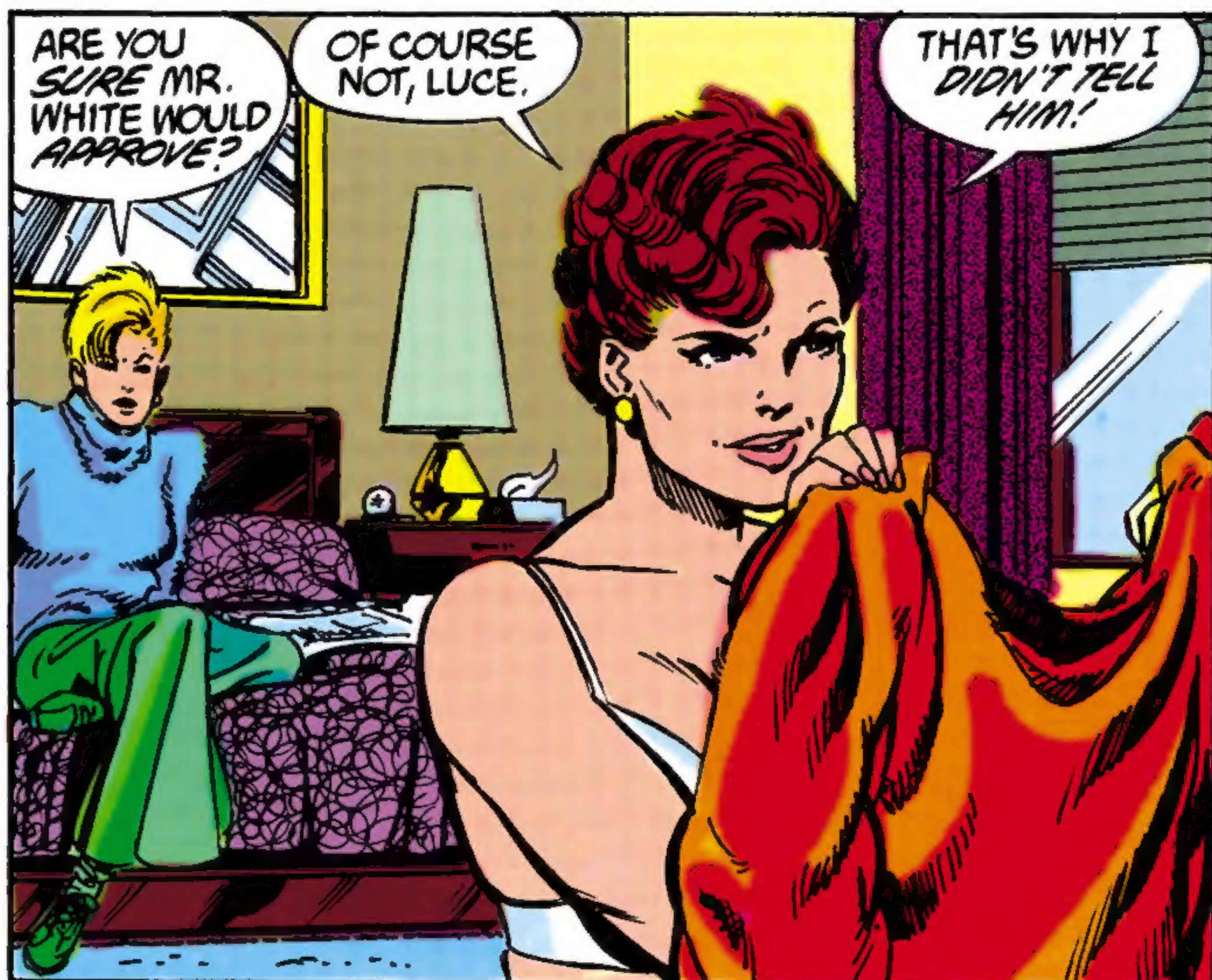


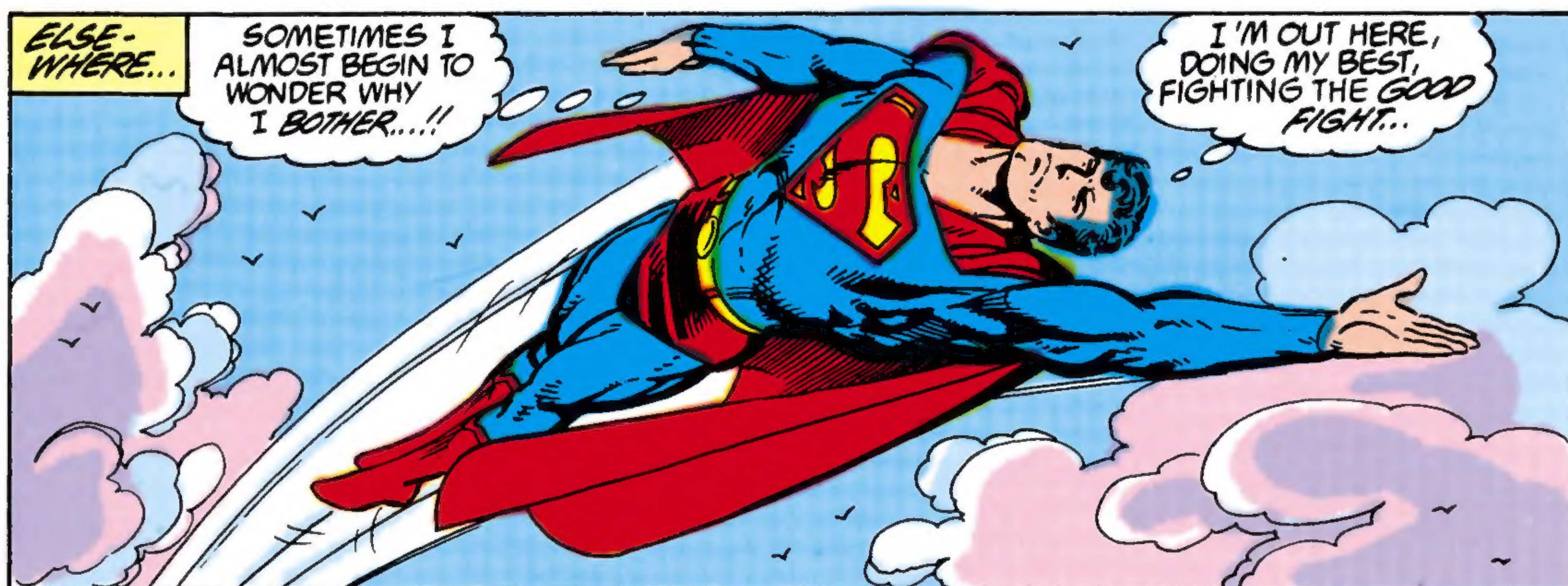
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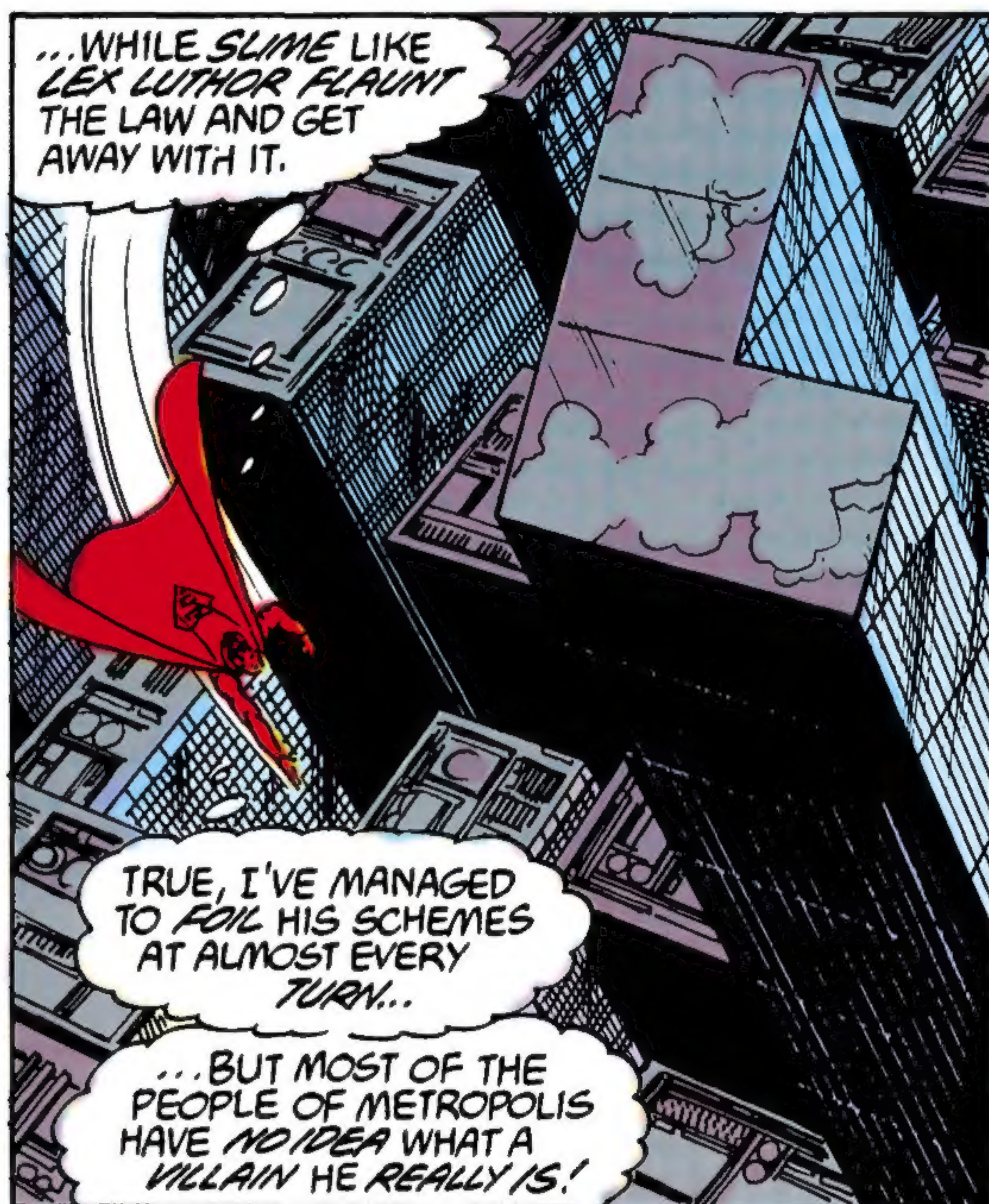




ELSE-WHERE...

SOMETIMES I ALMOST BEGIN TO WONDER WHY I BOTHER....!!

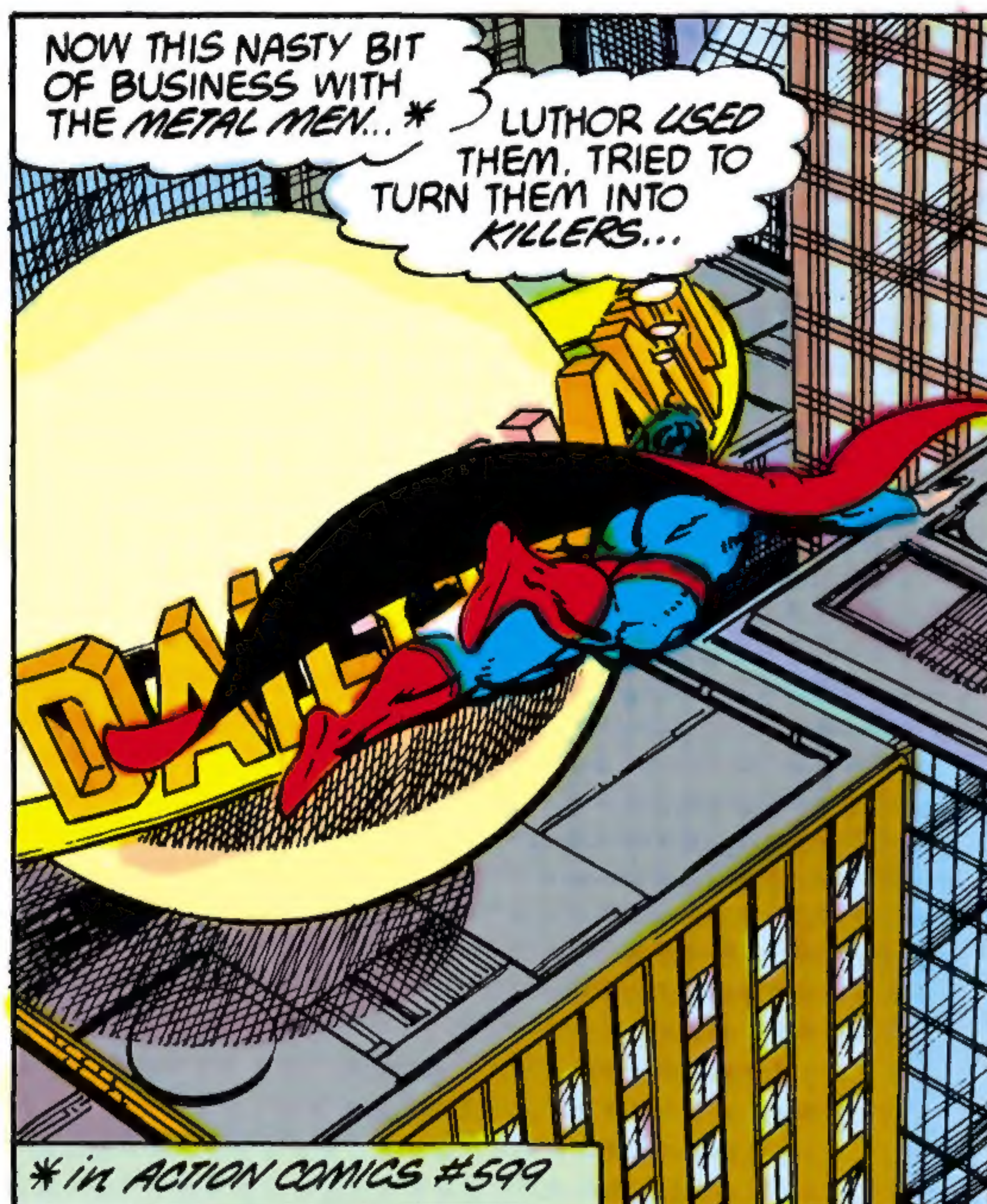
I'M OUT HERE, DOING MY BEST, FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT...



...WHILE SLIME LIKE LEX LUTHOR FLAUNT THE LAW AND GET AWAY WITH IT.

TRUE, I'VE MANAGED TO FOIL HIS SCHEMES AT ALMOST EVERY TURN...

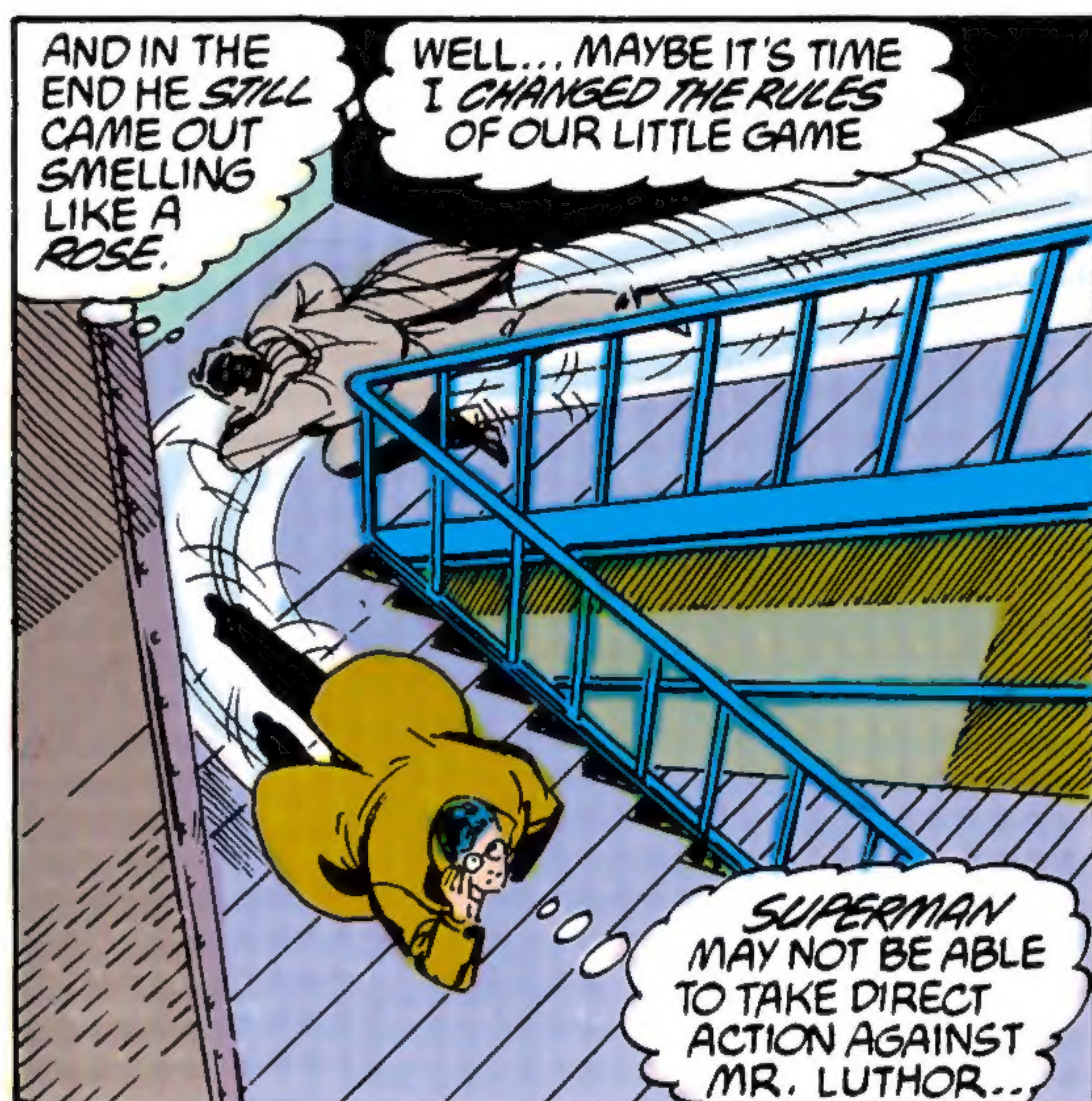
...BUT MOST OF THE PEOPLE OF METROPOLIS HAVE NO IDEA WHAT A VILLAIN HE REALLY IS!



NOW THIS NASTY BIT OF BUSINESS WITH THE METAL MEN... *

LUTHOR USED THEM, TRIED TO TURN THEM INTO KILLERS...

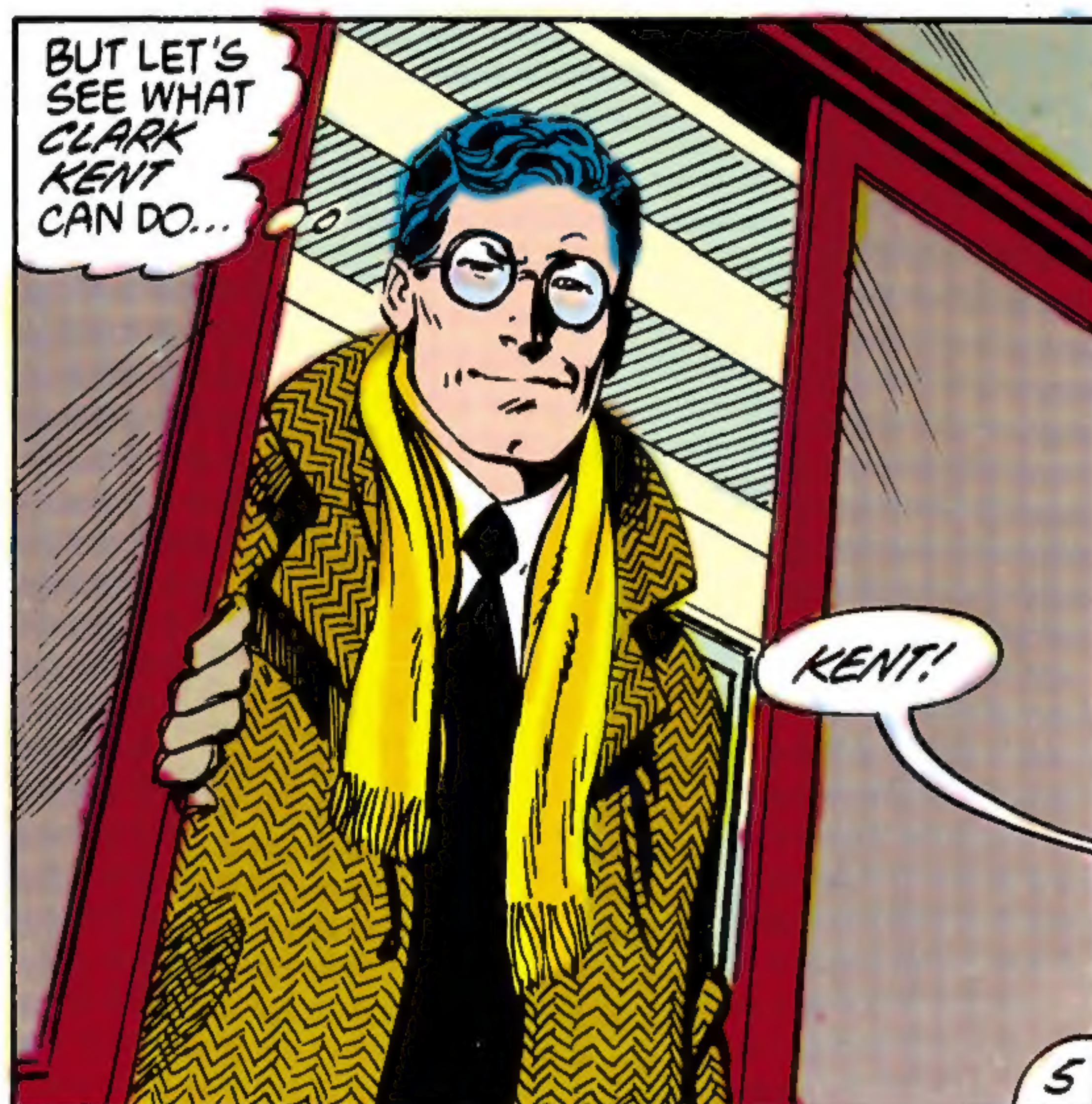
* in ACTION COMICS #599



AND IN THE END HE STILL CAME OUT SMELLING LIKE A ROSE.

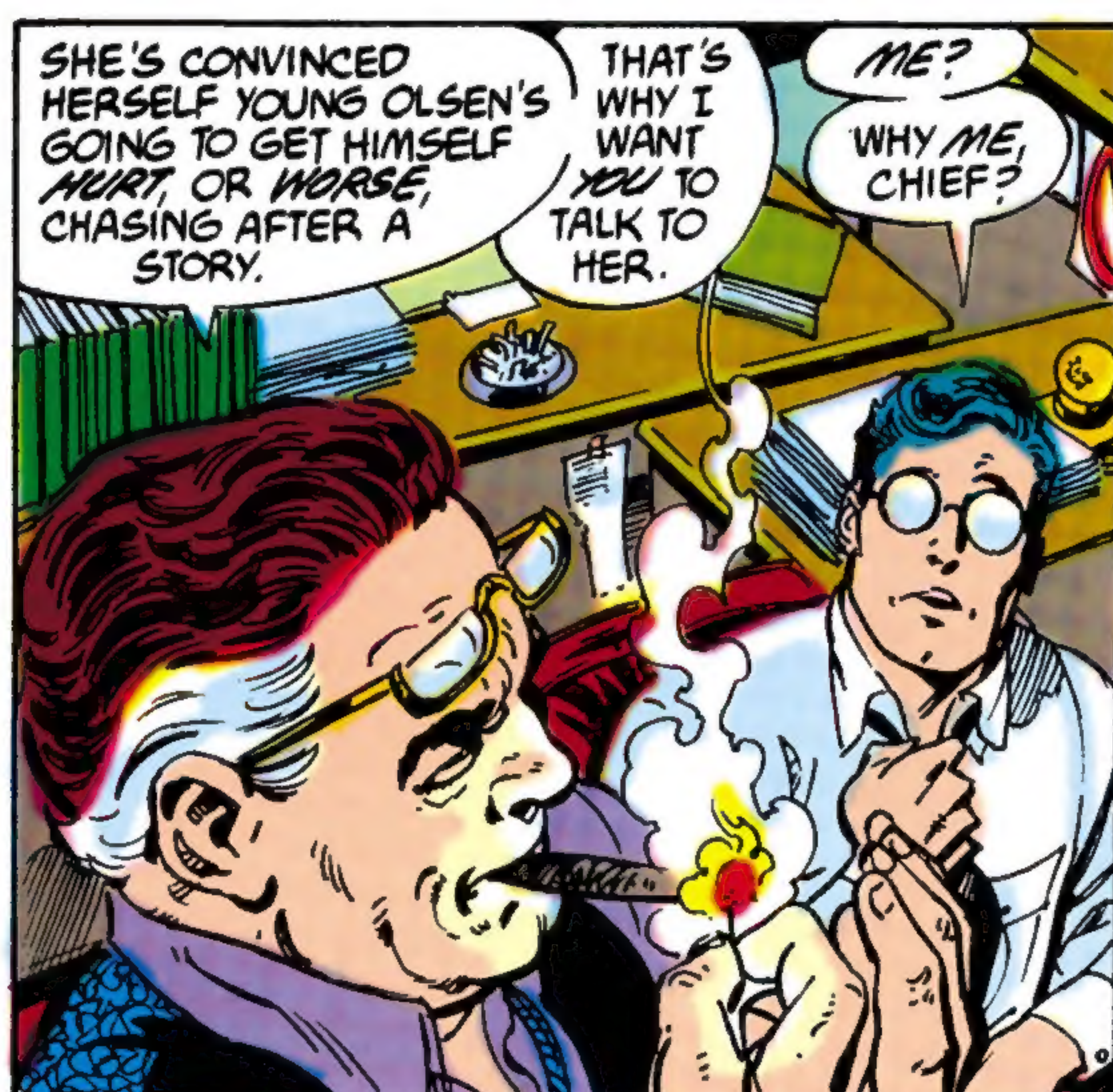
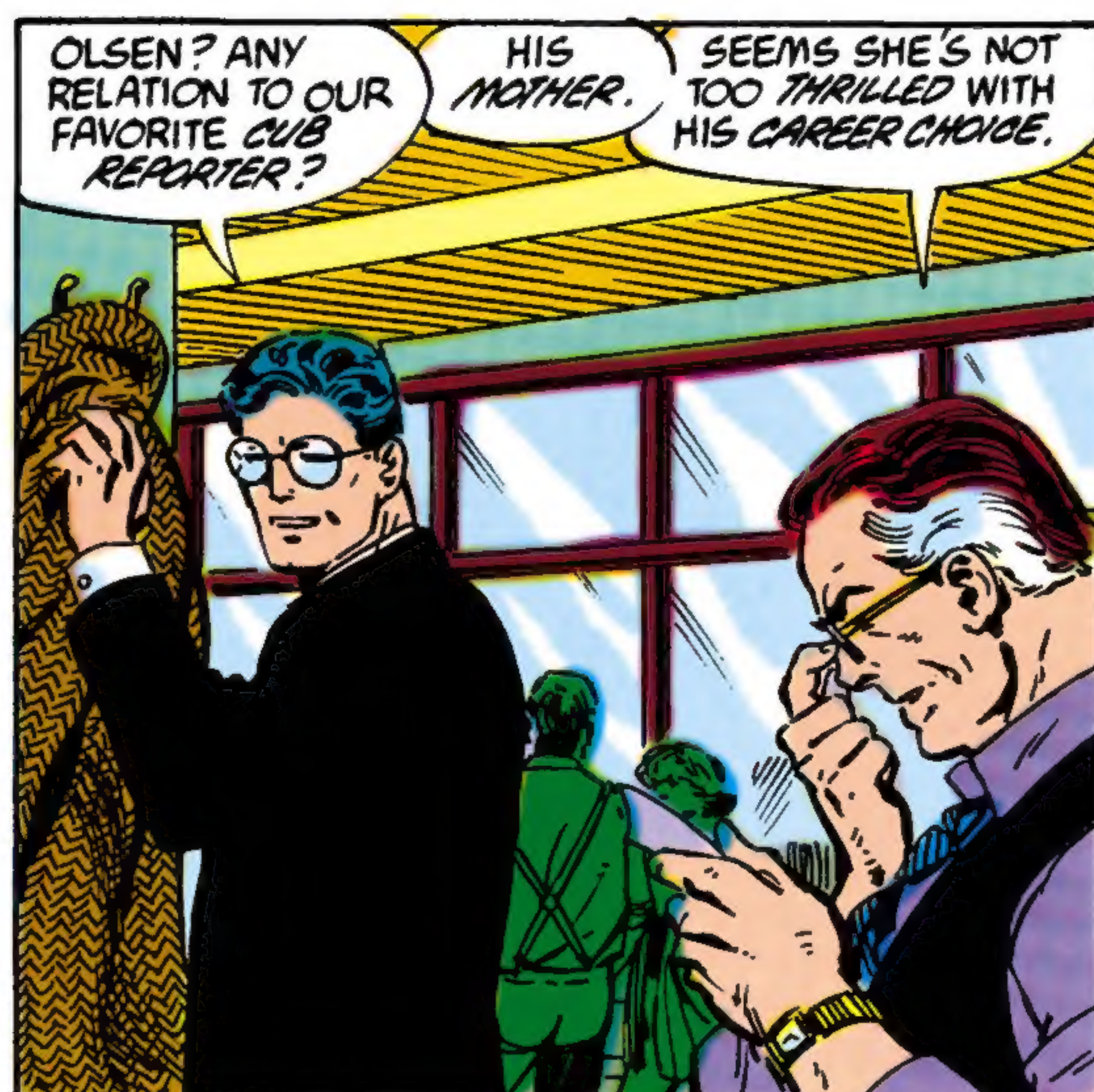
WELL... MAYBE IT'S TIME I CHANGED THE RULES OF OUR LITTLE GAME

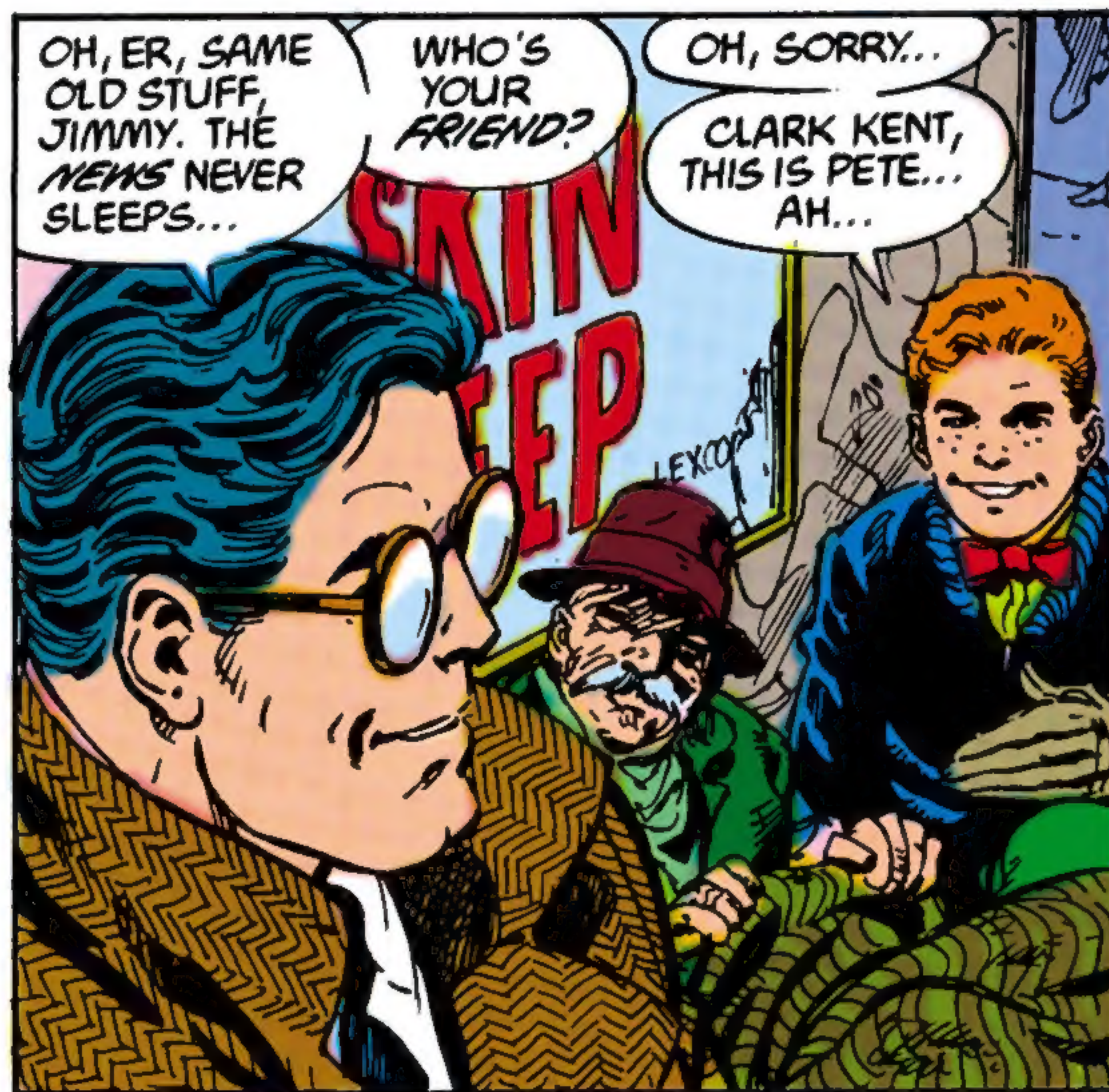
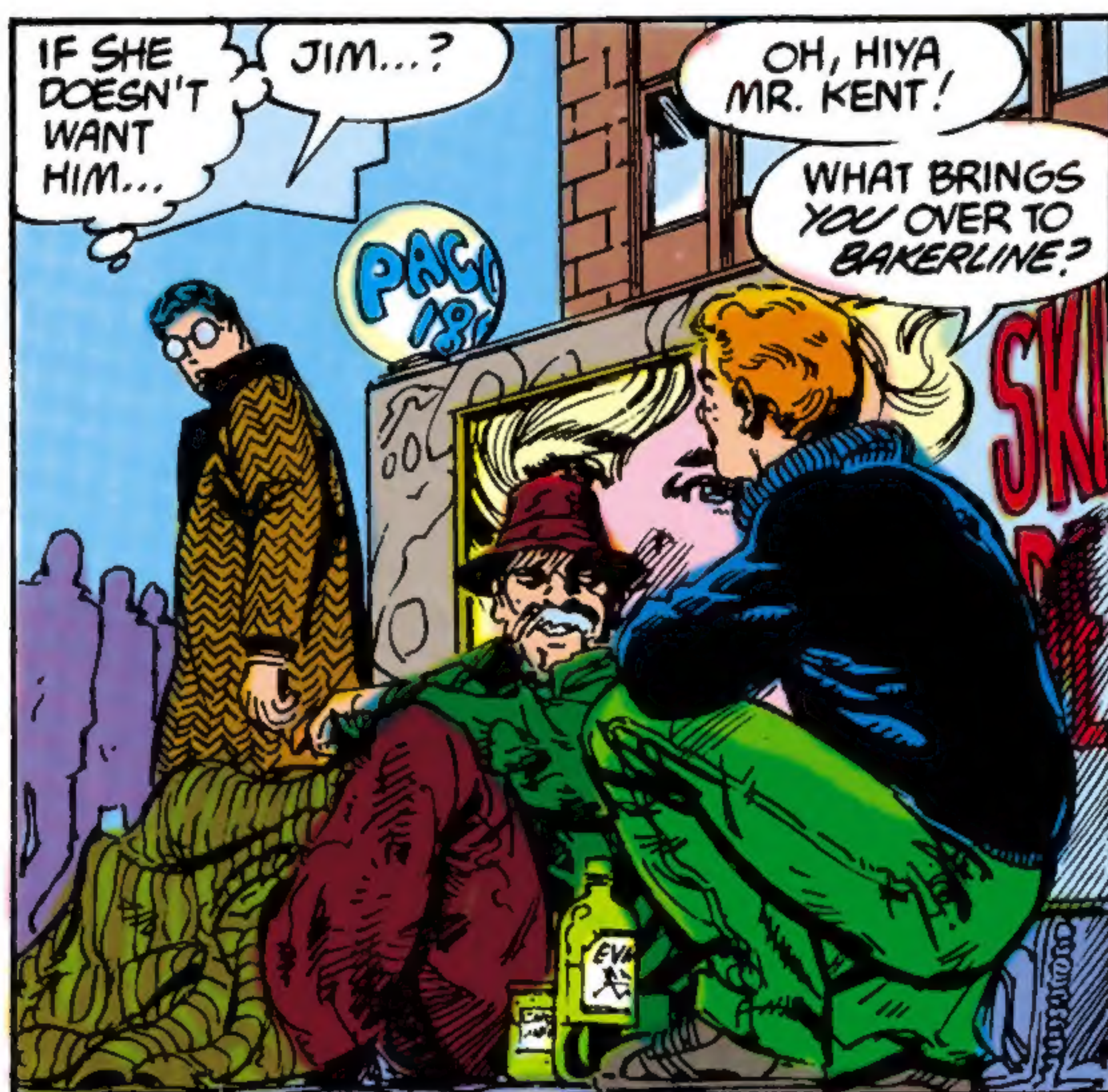
SUPERMAN MAY NOT BE ABLE TO TAKE DIRECT ACTION AGAINST MR. LUTHOR...

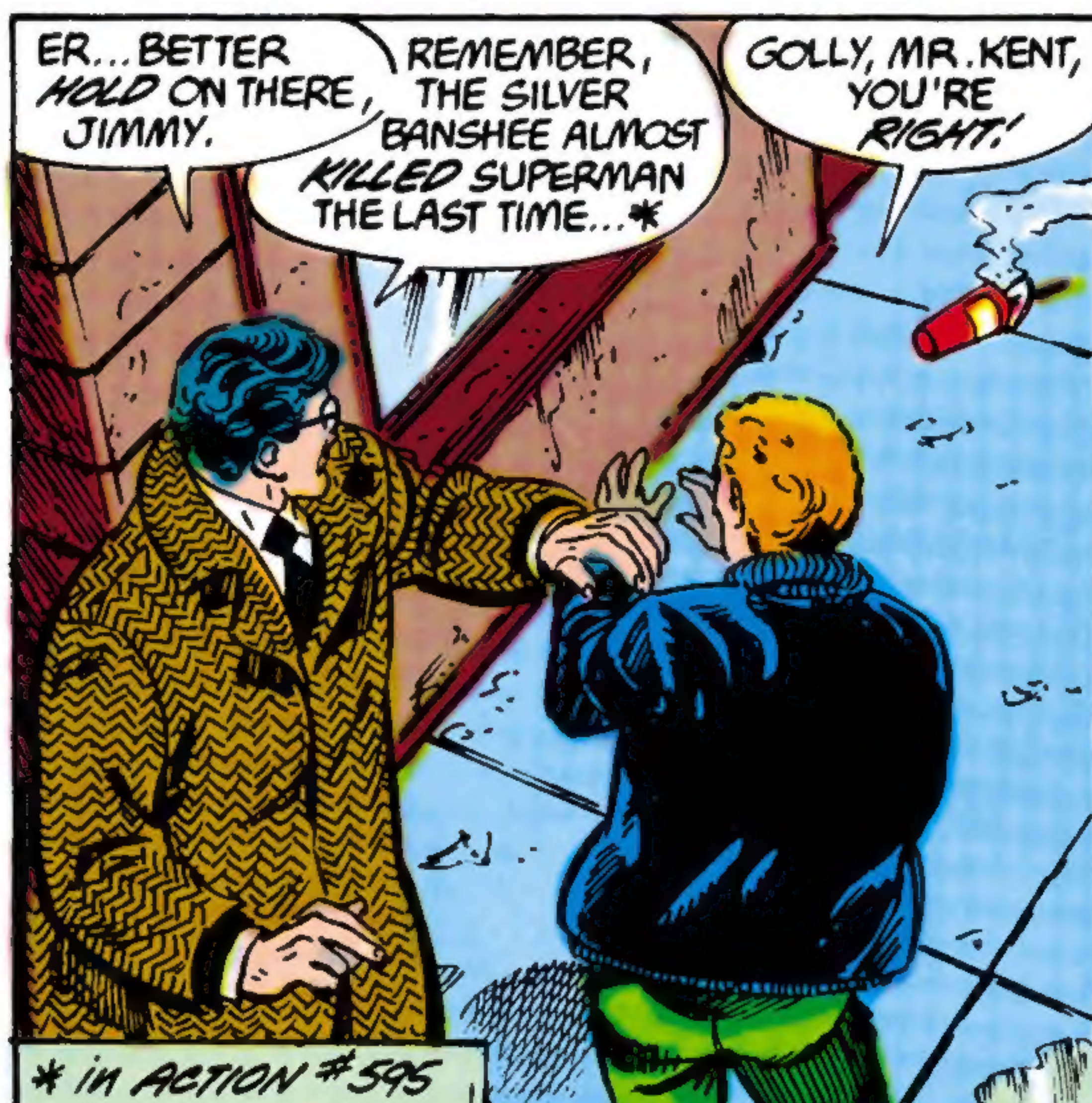
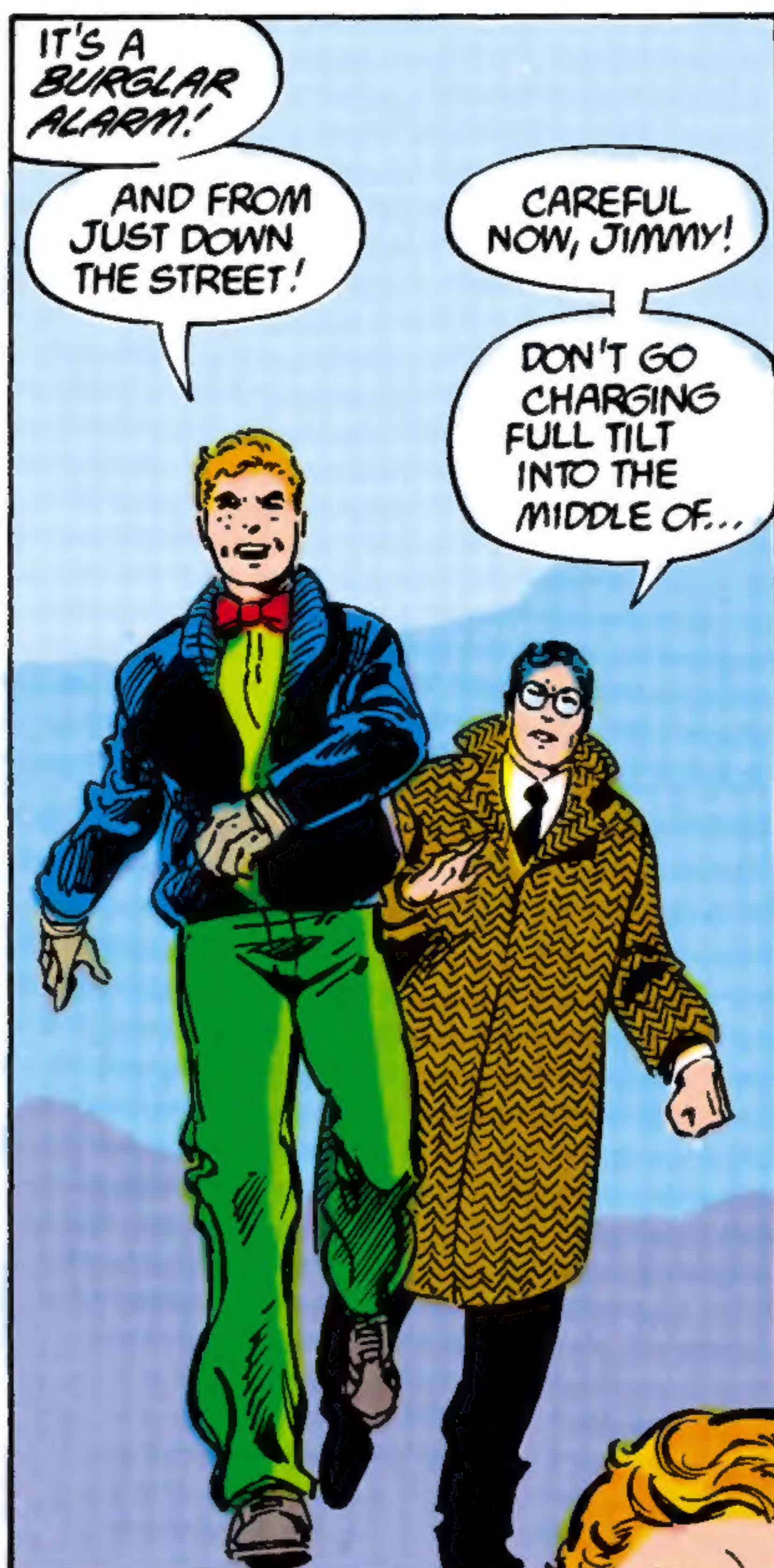


BUT LET'S SEE WHAT CLARK KENT CAN DO...

KENT!

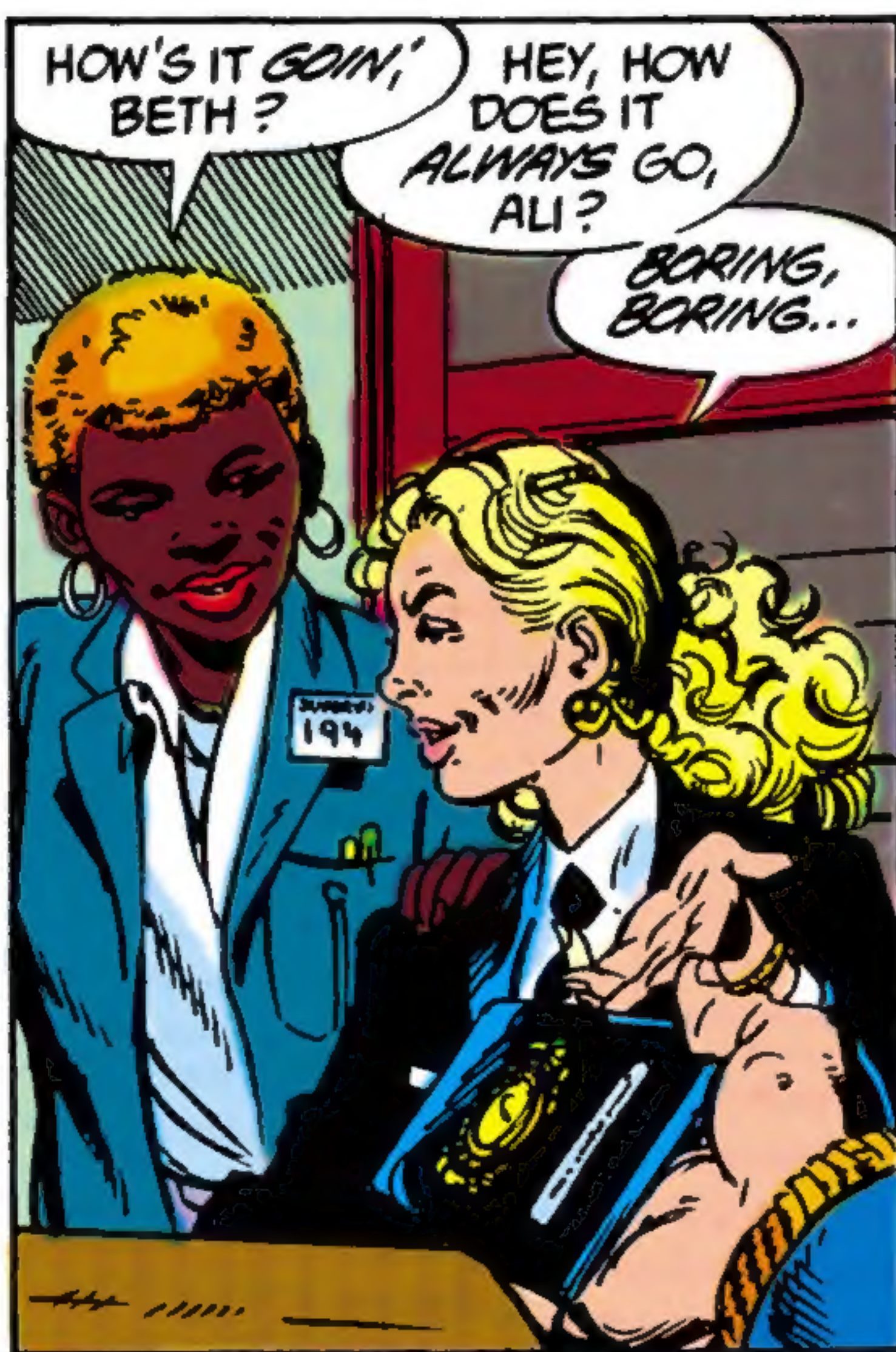




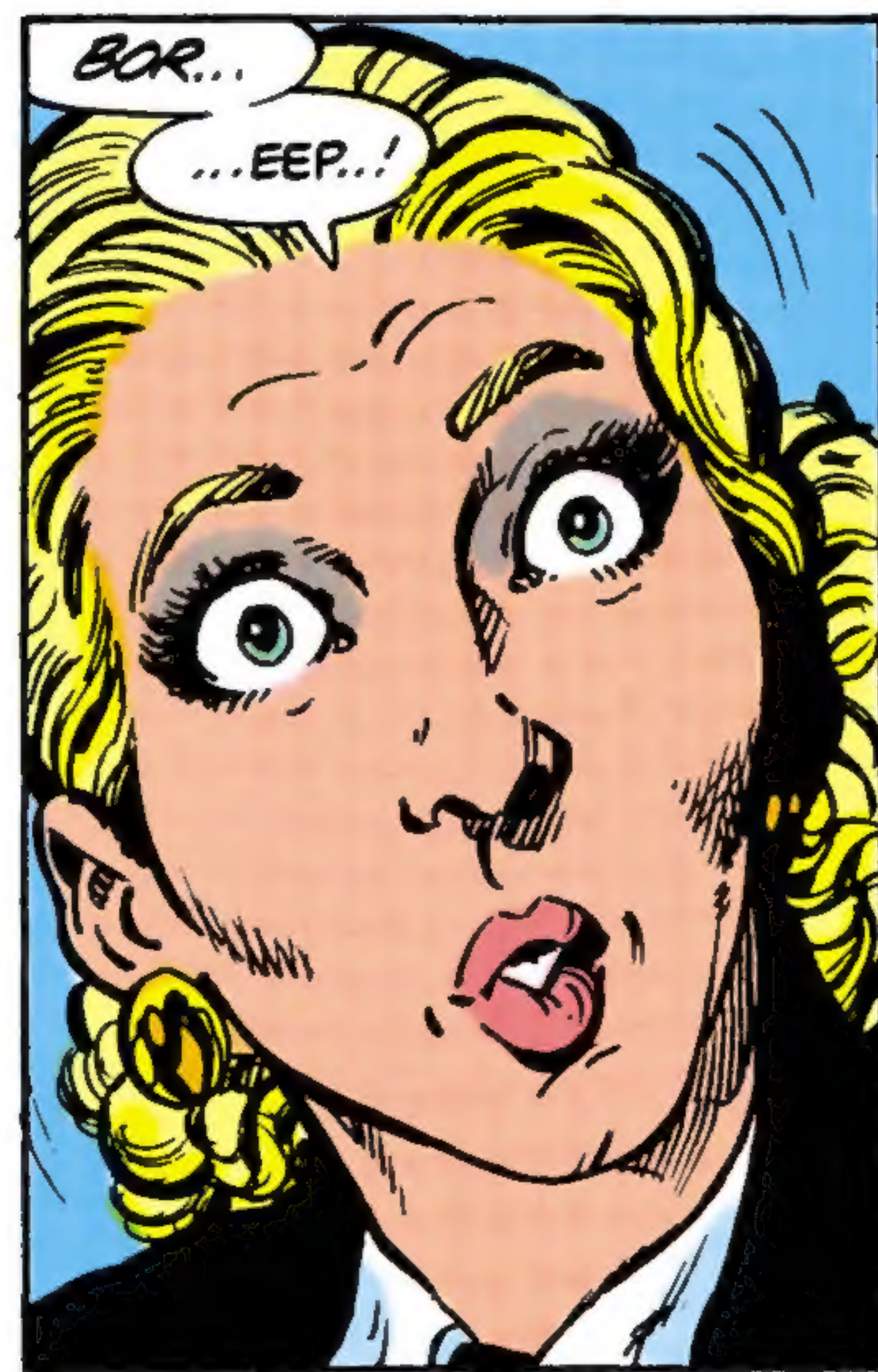




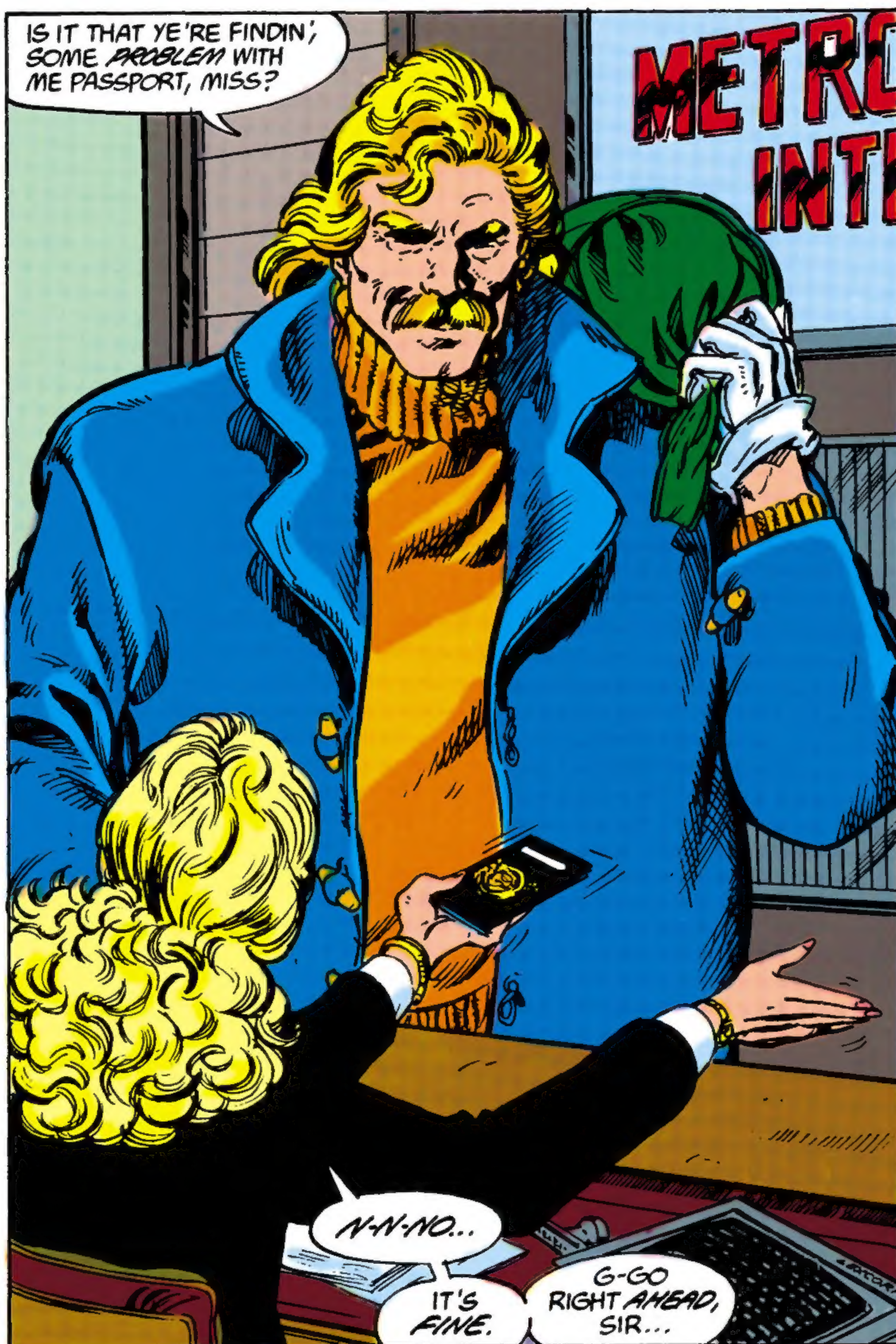
MEANWHILE...
THANK YOU. ENJOY YOUR VISIT TO AMERICA...
NEXT!



HOW'S IT GOIN', BETH?
HEY, HOW DOES IT ALWAYS GO, ALI?
BORING, BORING...



BOR...
...EEP...!

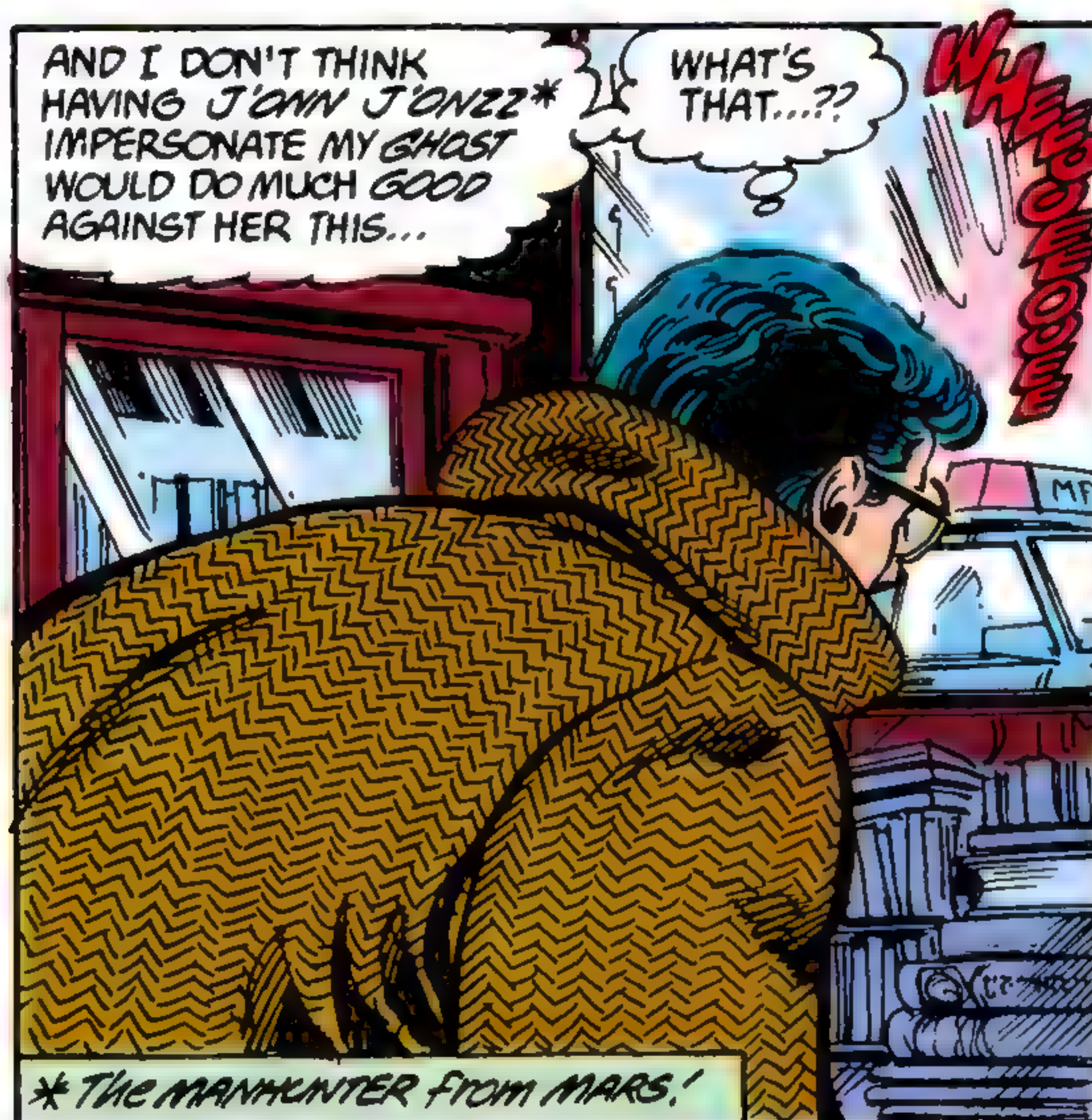
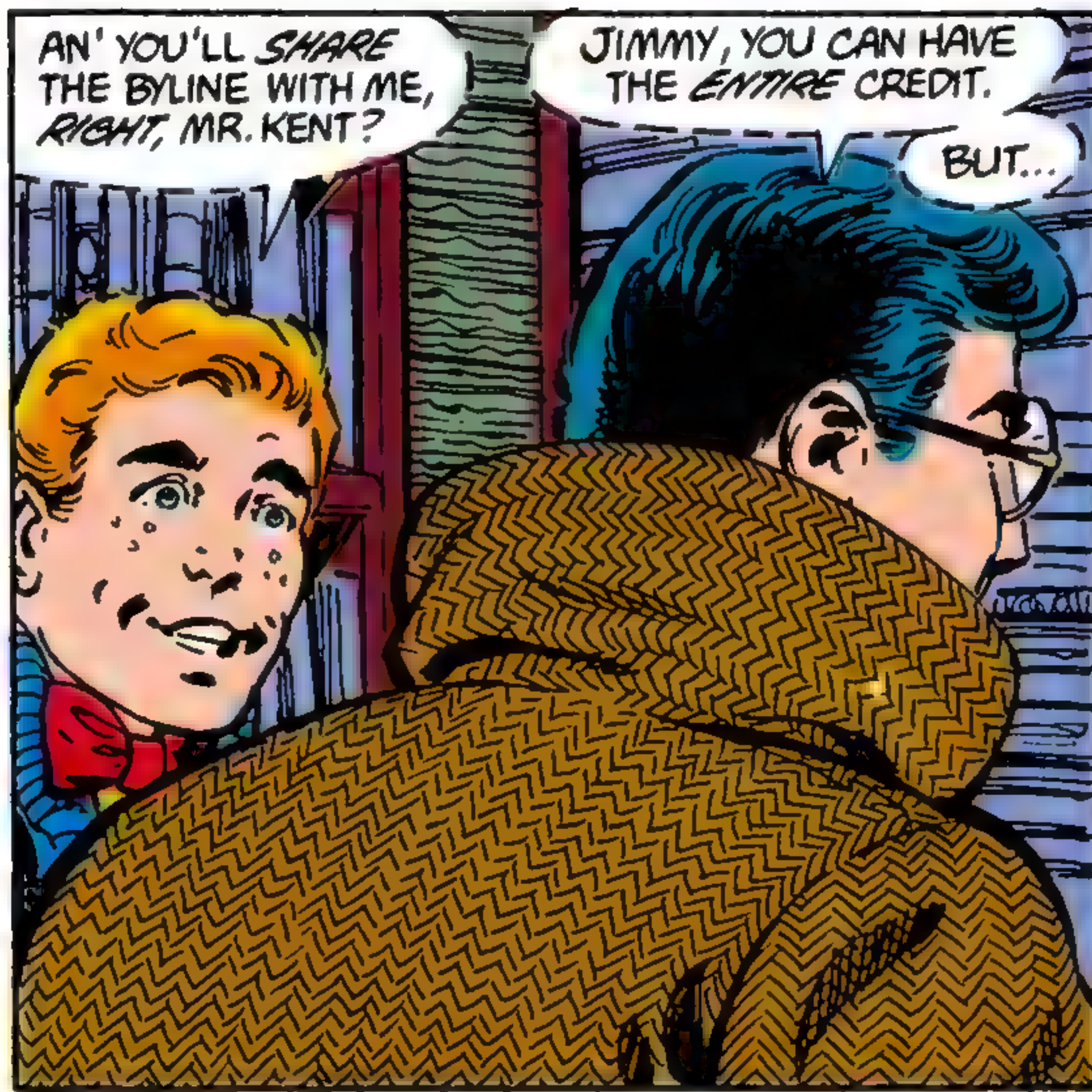


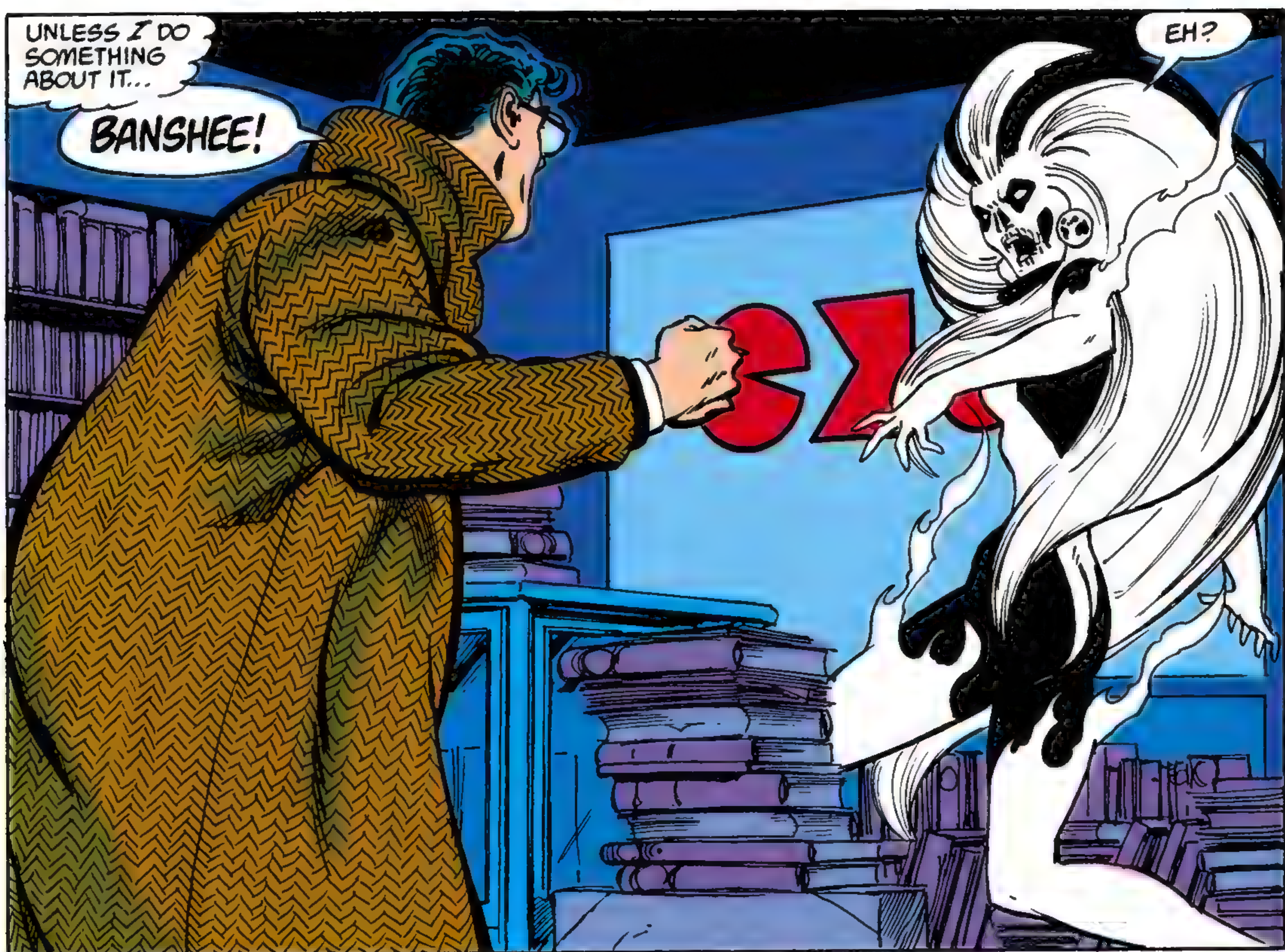
IS IT THAT YE'RE FINDIN' SOME PROBLEM WITH ME PASSPORT, MISS?

N-N-NO...
IT'S FINE.
G-GO RIGHT AHEAD, SIR...

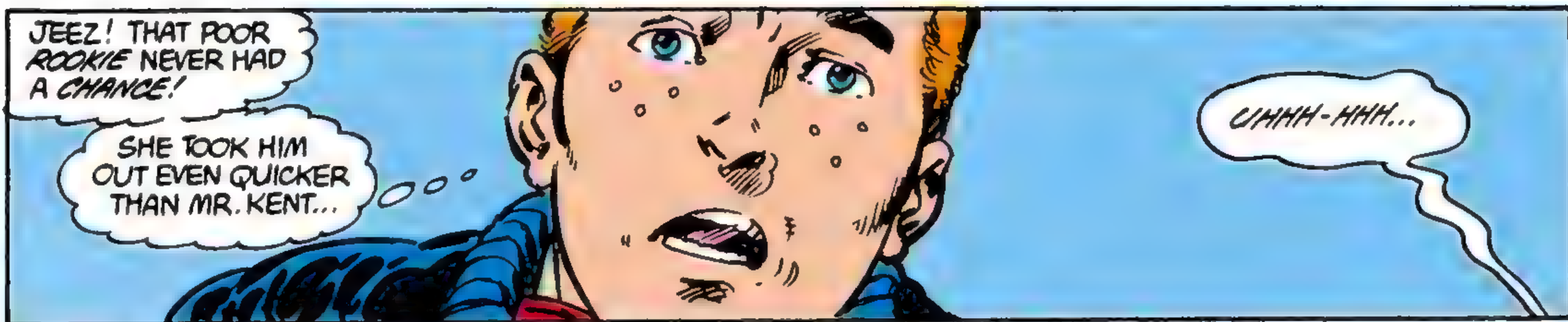


OH, WA-OHH!!
I DIDN'T THINK THEY MADE THEM LIKE THAT ANY MORE!









JEEZ! THAT POOR ROOKIE NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

SHE TOOK HIM OUT EVEN QUICKER THAN MR. KENT...

UHMM-HMM...



MR. KENT!?!?

YOU'RE... ALIVE?!? BUT... HOW???

I... DON'T KNOW, JIMMY.

MAYBE SHE... DIDN'T WANT ME DEAD, FOR SOME REASON.



OR MAYBE MY DESPERATE GAMBLE WAS ON THE MONEY!

SILVER BANSHEE'S SONIC POWER IS CUED VISUALLY. THAT'S WHY SHE WAS UNABLE TO KILL J'ONN WHEN HE WAS IMPERSONATING SUPERMAN!

I GAMBLLED THAT MY CLARK KENT IDENTITY MIGHT HAVE A SIMILARLY CONFUSING EFFECT...

...AND IT LOOKS LIKE I WAS RIGHT!



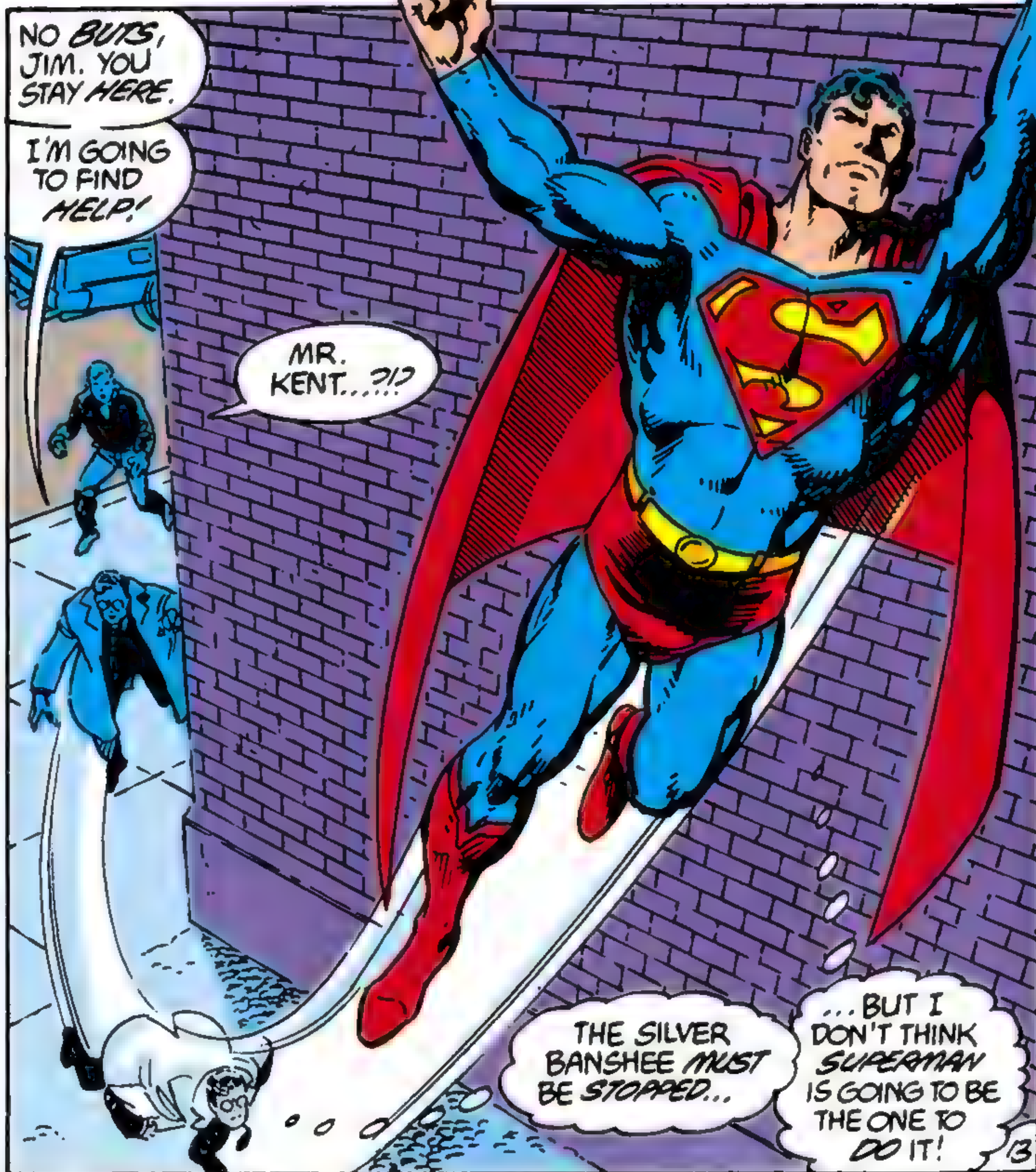
BUT I DON'T WANT TO RISK ANOTHER CONFRONTATION RIGHT NOW.

SHE MAY BE ABLE TO ADJUST HER POWER, IF SHE HAS TO.

C'MON, JIM! THE POLICE CAN'T HANDLE THE BANSHEE...

...AND NEITHER CAN WE!

BUT... BUT...



NO BUTS, JIM. YOU STAY HERE.

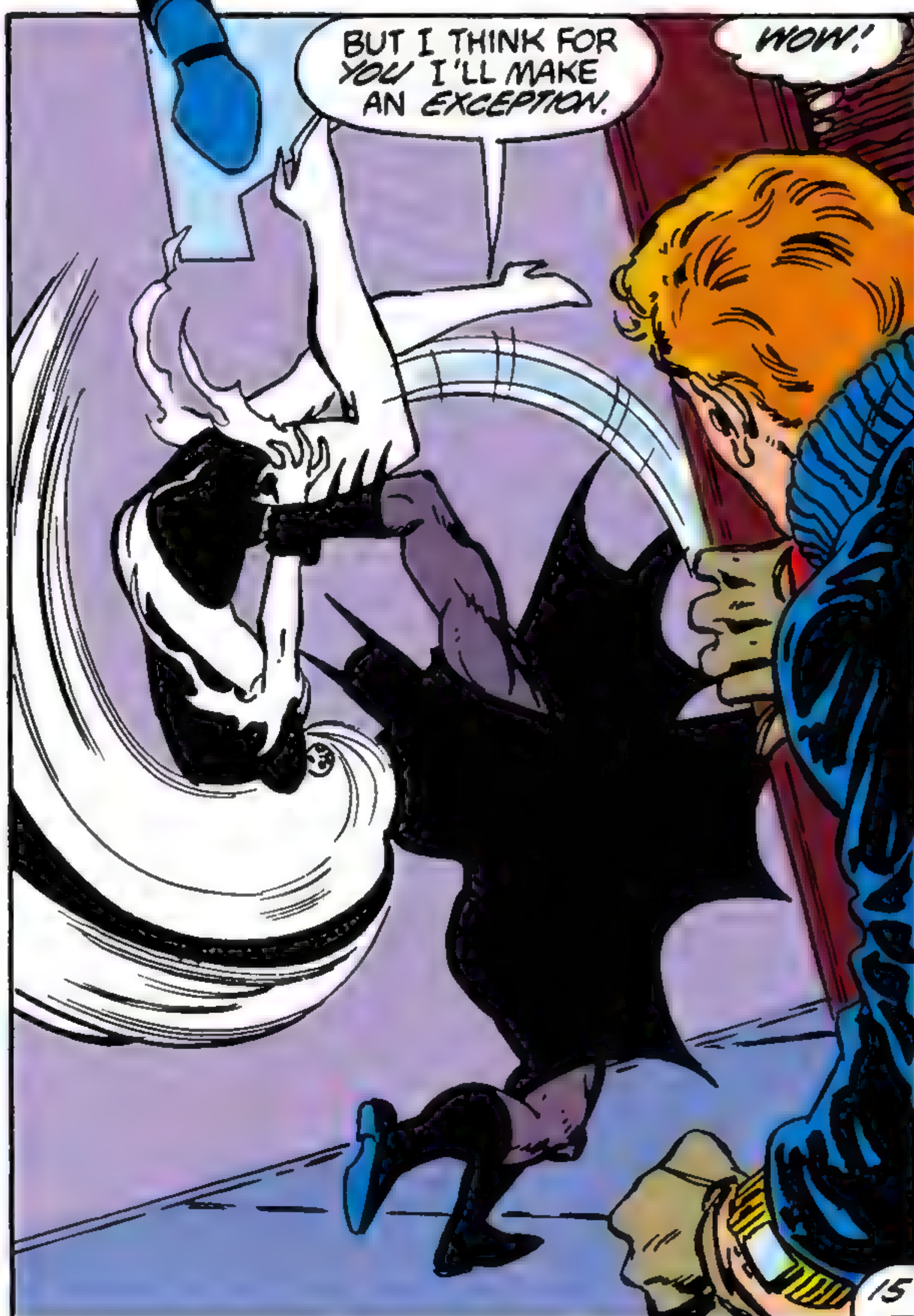
I'M GOING TO FIND HELP!

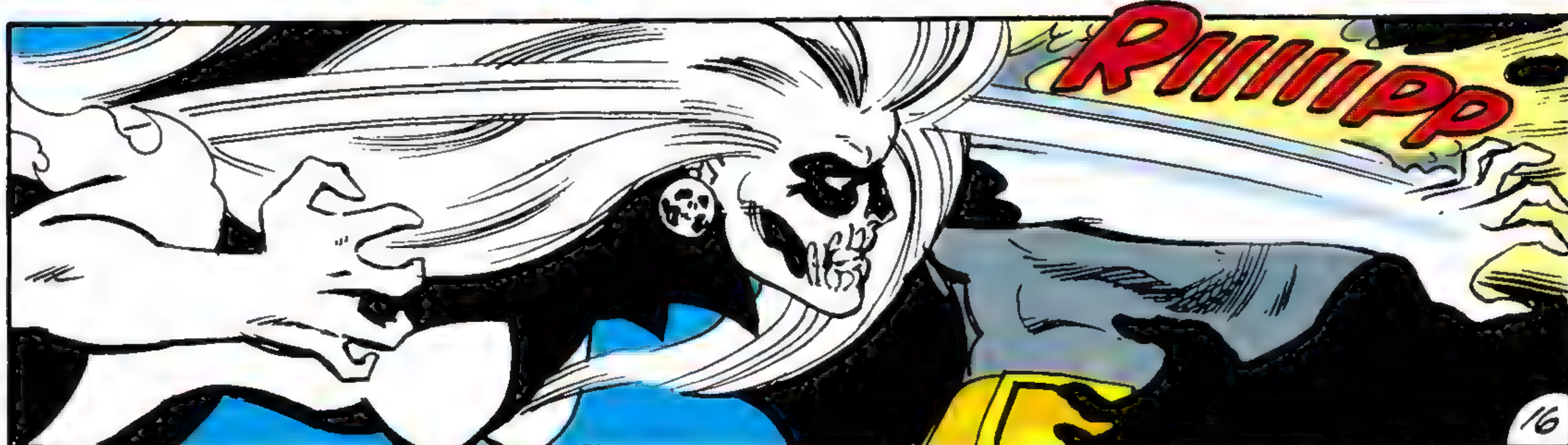
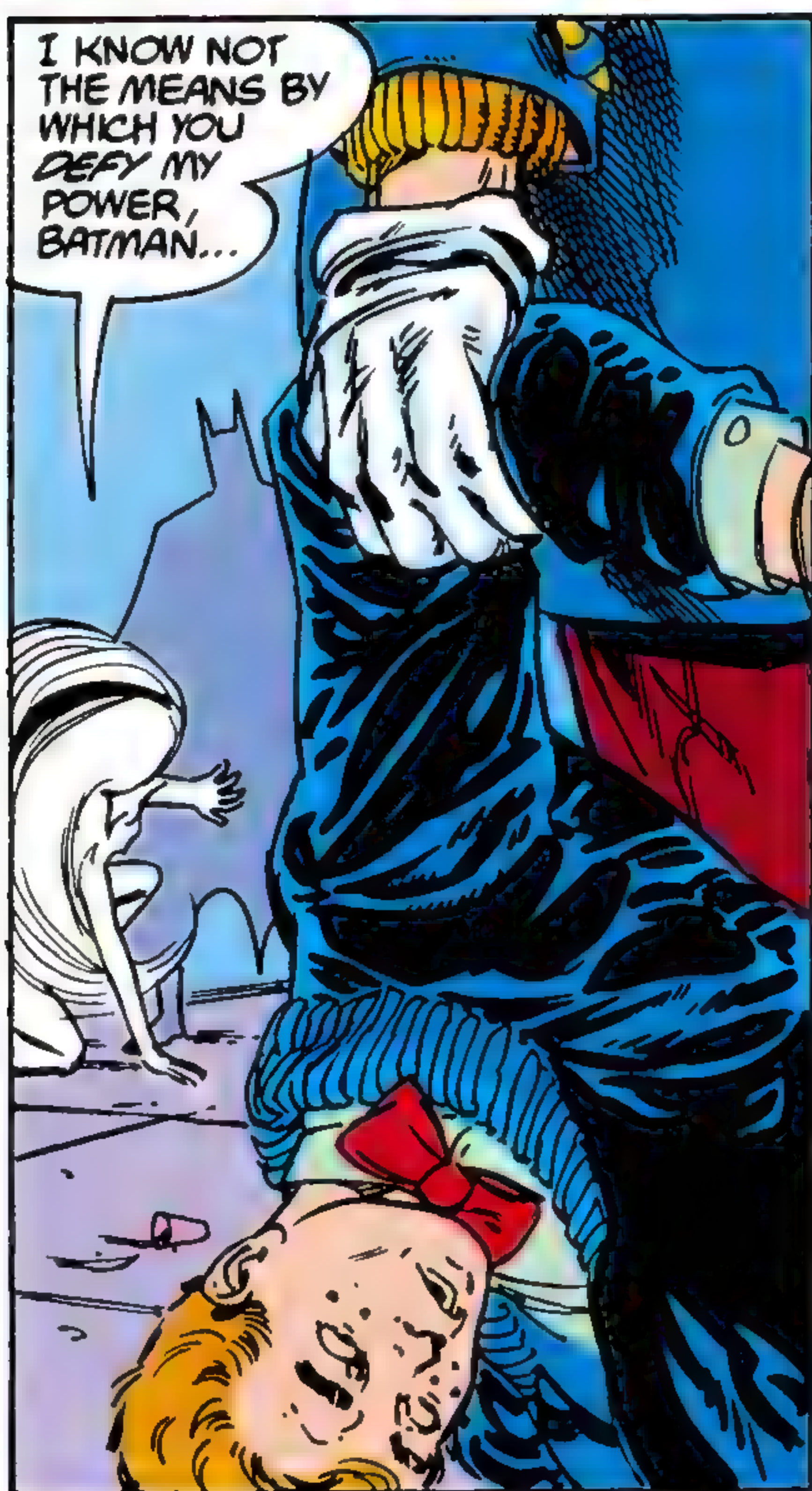
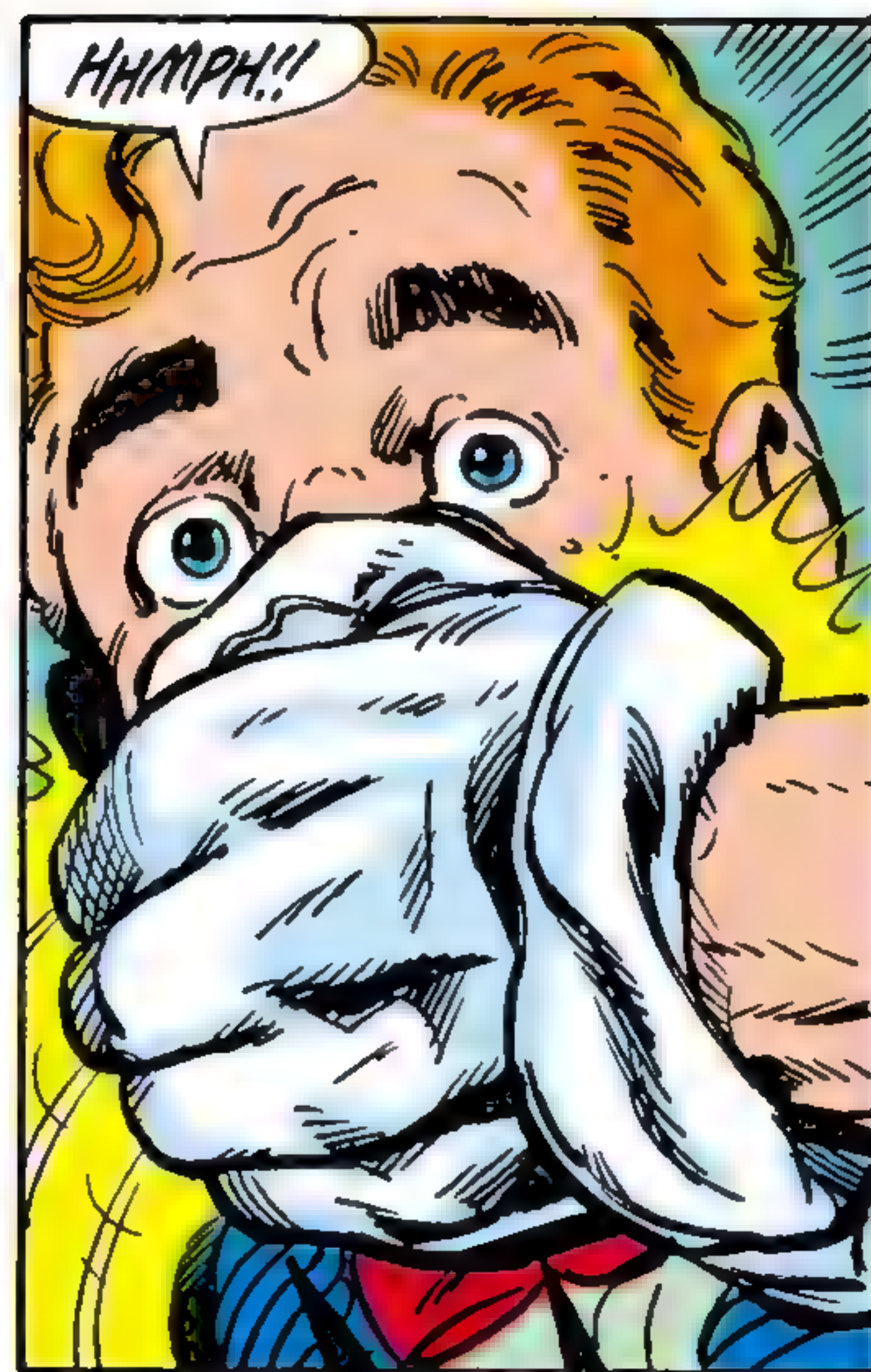
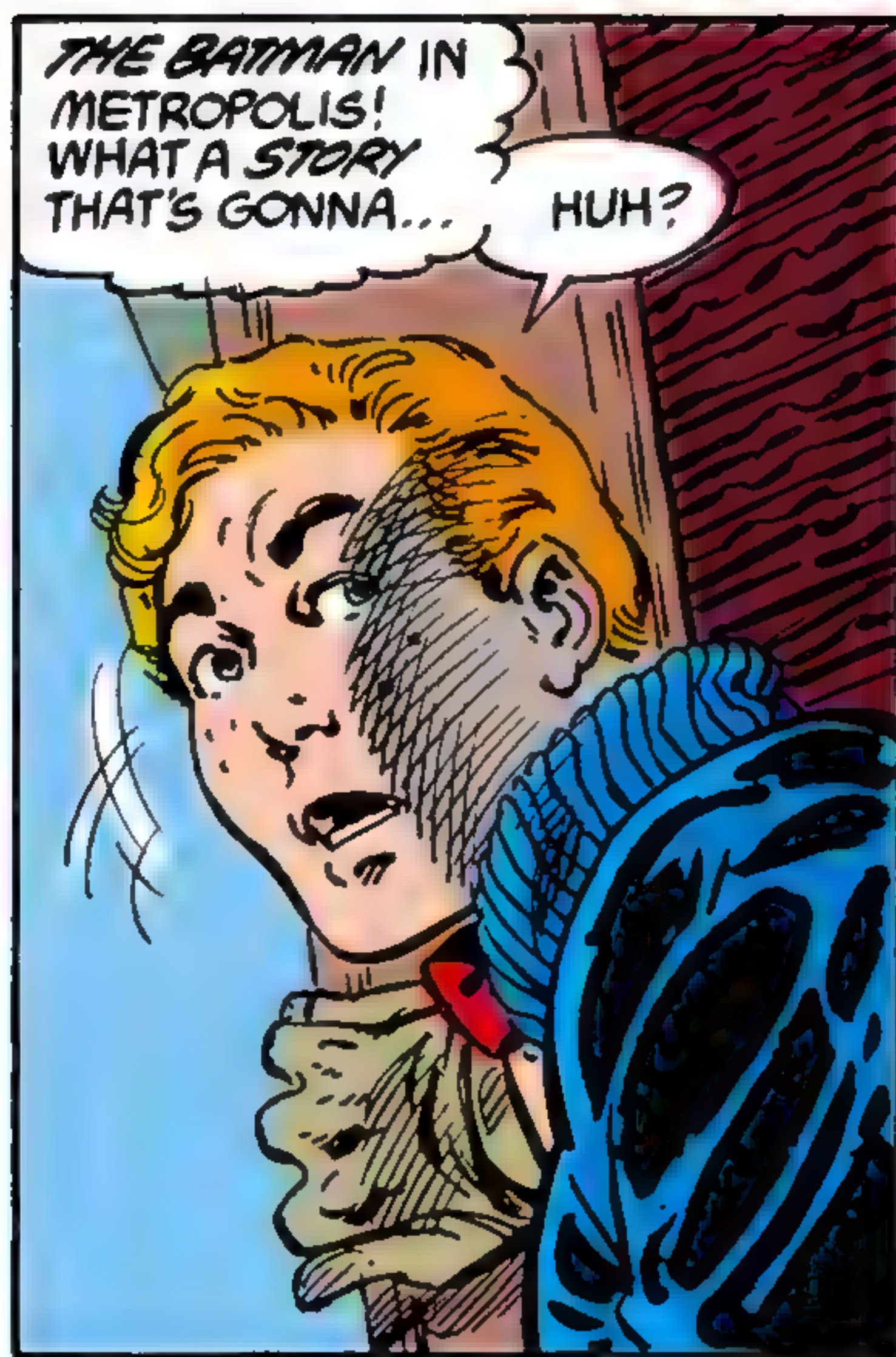
MR. KENT...?!?

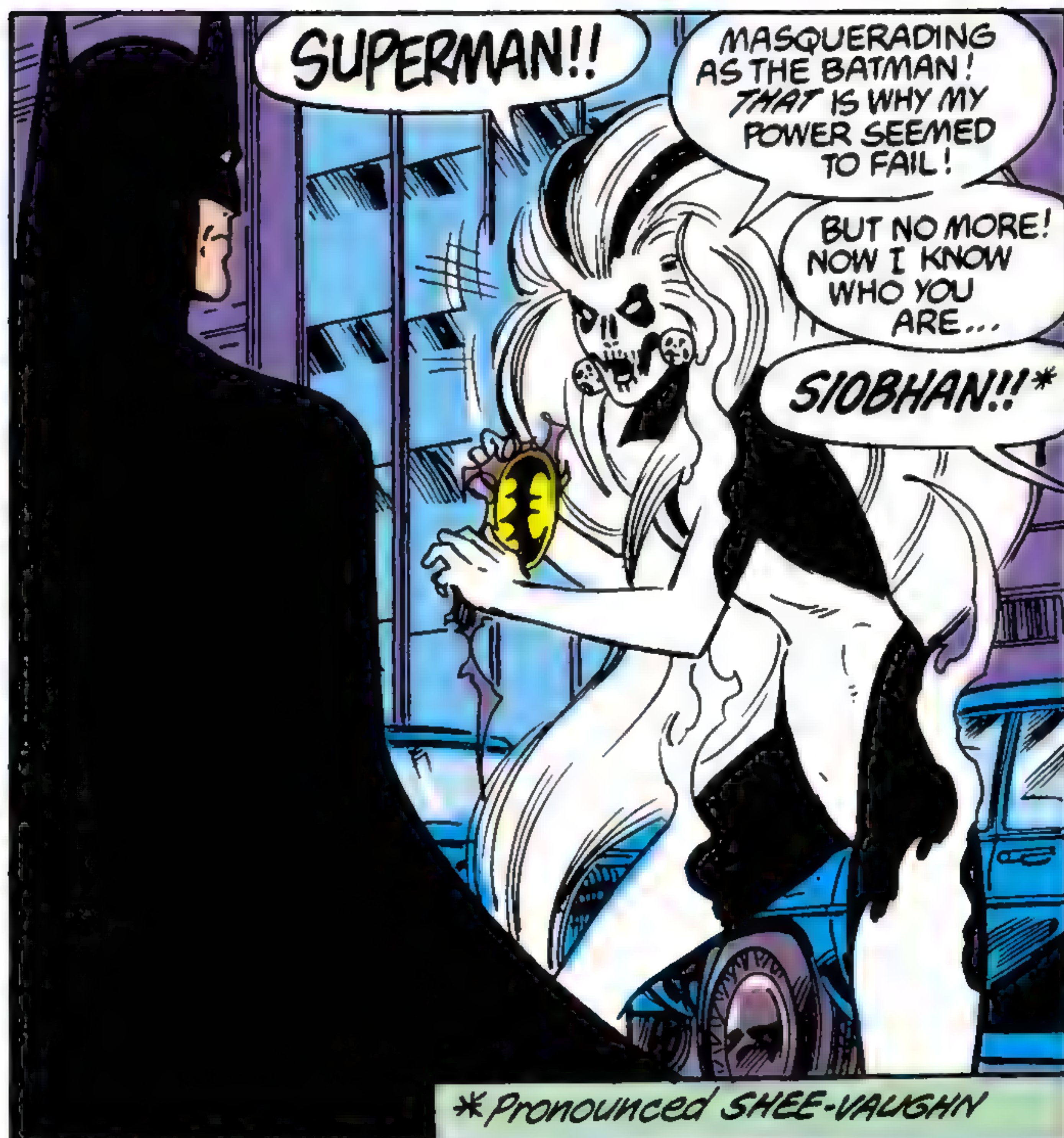
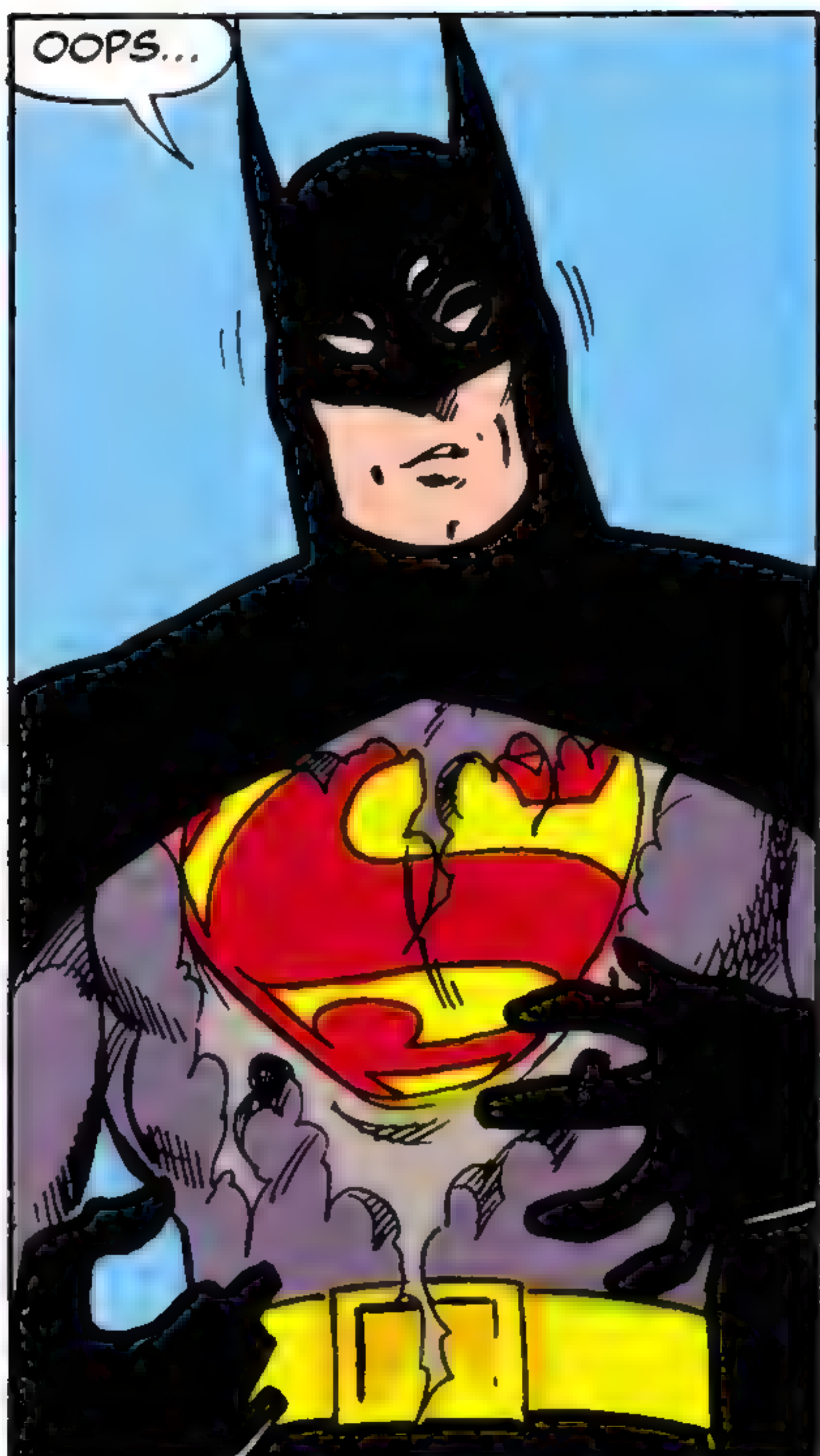
THE SILVER BANSHEE MUST BE STOPPED...

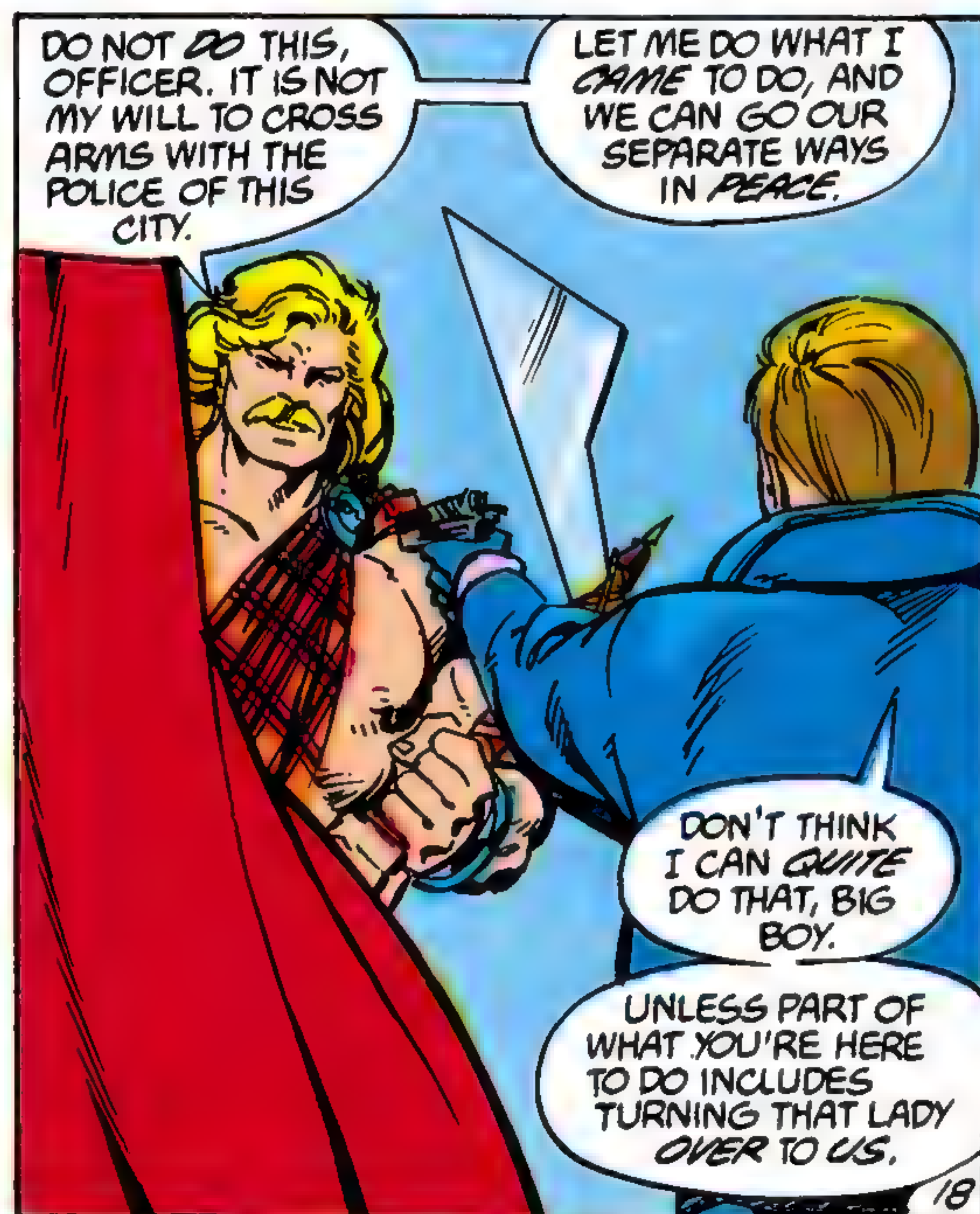
... BUT I DON'T THINK SUPERMAN IS GOING TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT!













I... CANNOT DO THAT, OFFICER.

THE WOMAN WHO CALLS HERSELF THE SILVER BANSHEE HAS BROKEN AN ANCIENT AND HALLOWED RITUAL OF MY CLAN.

SHE MUST BE RETURNED, TO ANSWER FOR HER CRIME.



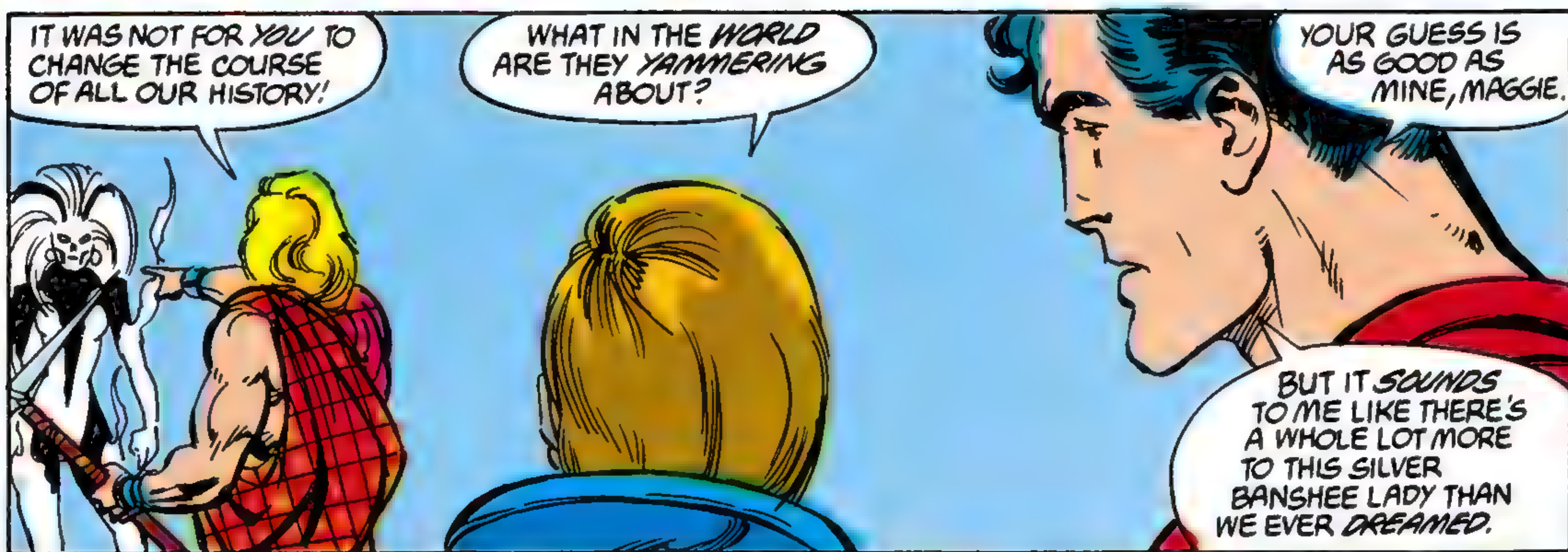
CRIME?

CRIME??

YOU DARE ACCUSE ME OF A CRIME, BEVAN MCDUGAL? YOU WHO STOLE FROM ME MY BIRTHRIGHT?

DO NOT SOIL THE AIR WITH YOUR NONSENSE, SIOBHAN.

THE RITUAL YOU DERIED HAS KEPT THE CLAN MCDUGAL WHOLE AND STRONG FOR A THOUSAND GENERATIONS



IT WAS NOT FOR YOU TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF ALL OUR HISTORY!

WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE THEY YAMMERING ABOUT?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, MAGGIE.

BUT IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THERE'S A WHOLE LOT MORE TO THIS SILVER BANSHEE LADY THAN WE EVER DREAMED.



NOW, ENOUGH WORDS, SIOBHAN.

THE TIME HAS COME TO RETURN HOME... UNLESS YOU MEAN TO USE YOUR POWER AGAINST ME.

I... ALMOST WISH I COULD, BROTHER.

BUT I'LL NOT GIVE YOU THE SATISFACTION.

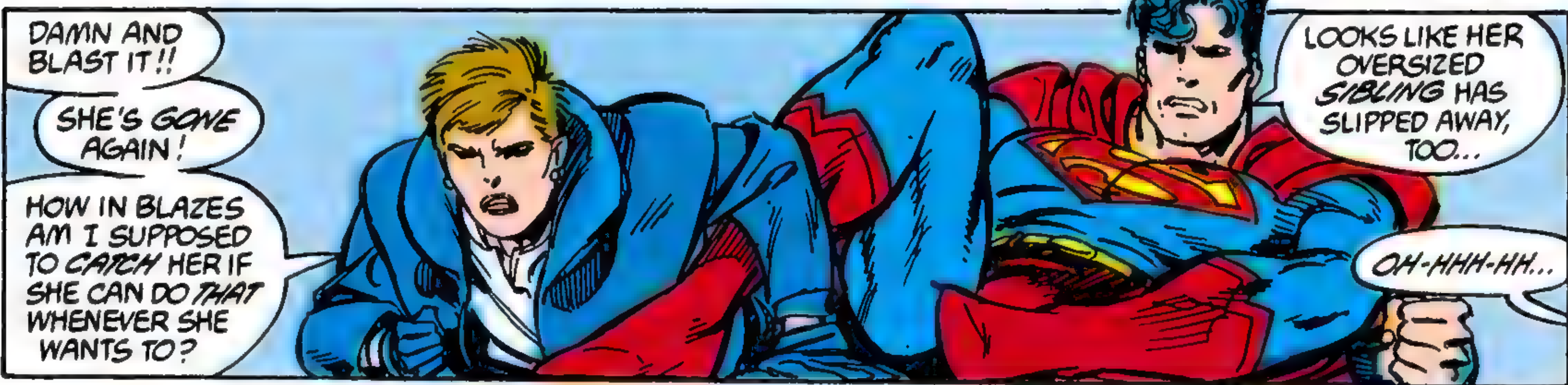
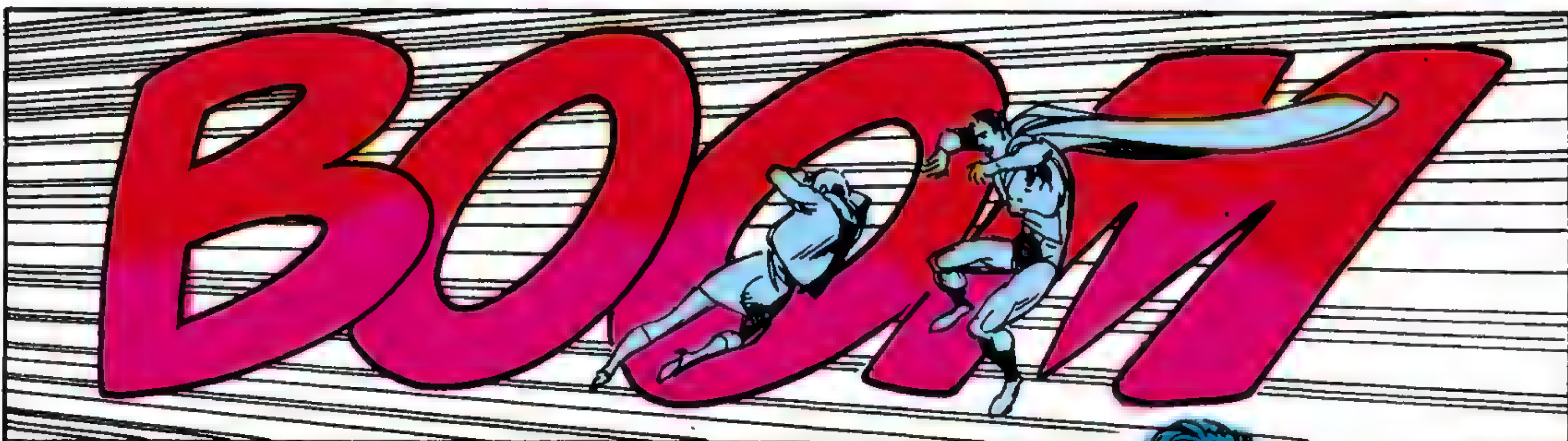
INSTEAD...



I'LL TAKE MY LEAVE OF YOU ALL...

AS ONCE I DID BEFORE...

SIOBHAN...!!



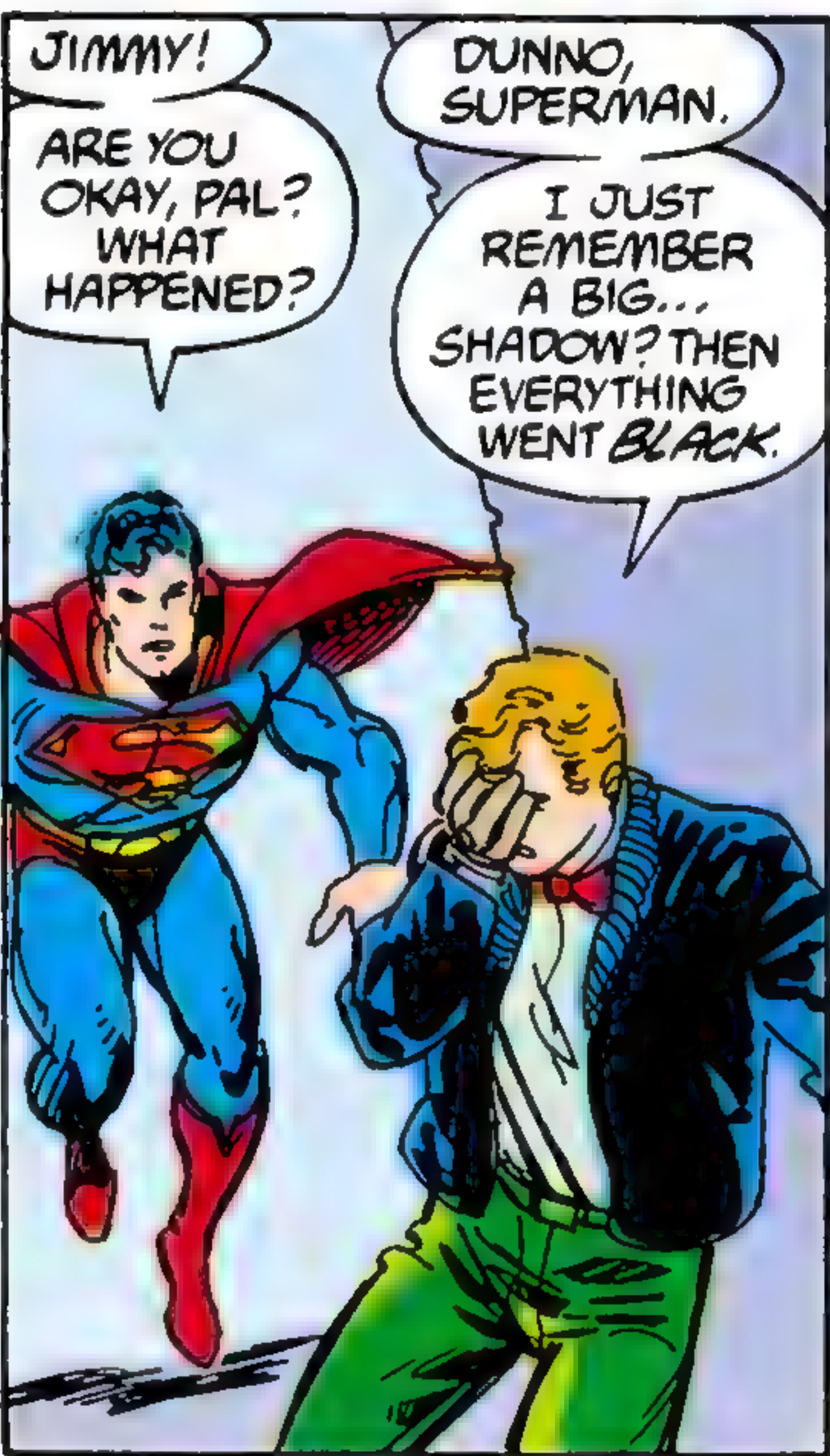
DAMN AND BLAST IT!!

SHE'S GONE AGAIN!

HOW IN BLAZES AM I SUPPOSED TO CATCH HER IF SHE CAN DO THAT WHENEVER SHE WANTS TO?

LOOKS LIKE HER OVERSIZED SIBLING HAS SLIPPED AWAY, TOO...

OH-HHH-HH...

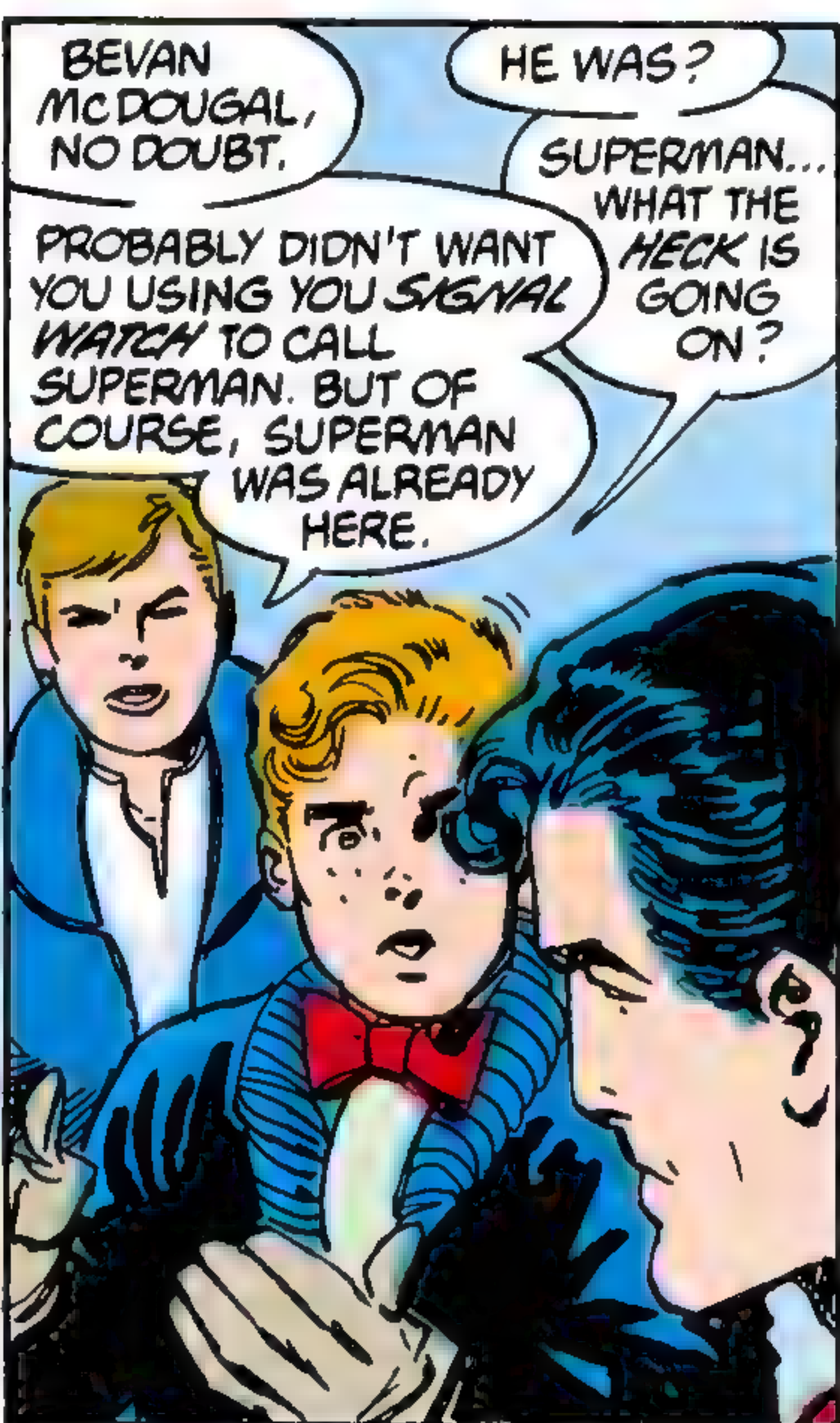


JIMMY!

ARE YOU OKAY, PAL? WHAT HAPPENED?

DUNNO, SUPERMAN.

I JUST REMEMBER A BIG... SHADOW? THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK.



BEVAN MCDUGAL, NO DOUBT.

PROBABLY DIDN'T WANT YOU USING YOUR SIGNAL WATCH TO CALL SUPERMAN. BUT OF COURSE, SUPERMAN WAS ALREADY HERE.

HE WAS?

SUPERMAN... WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON?



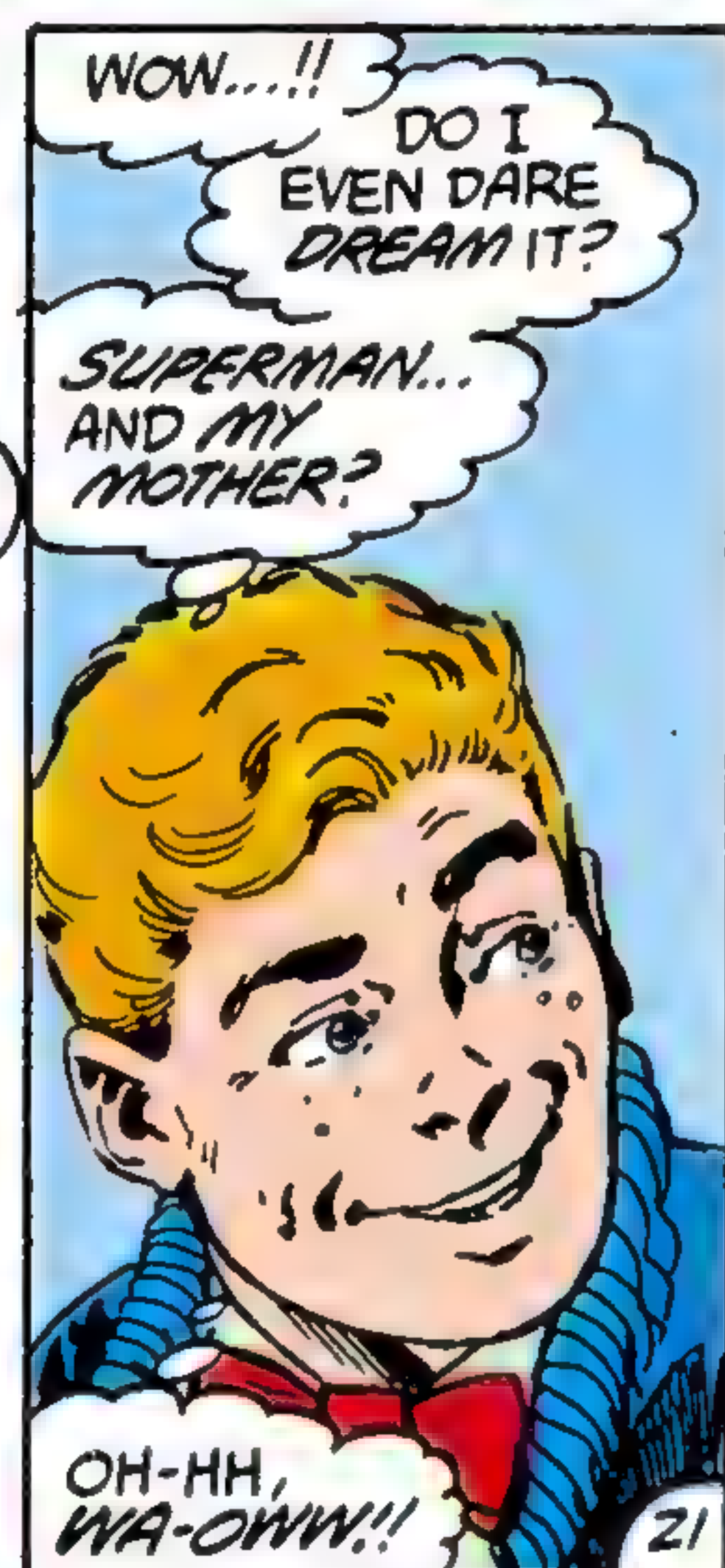
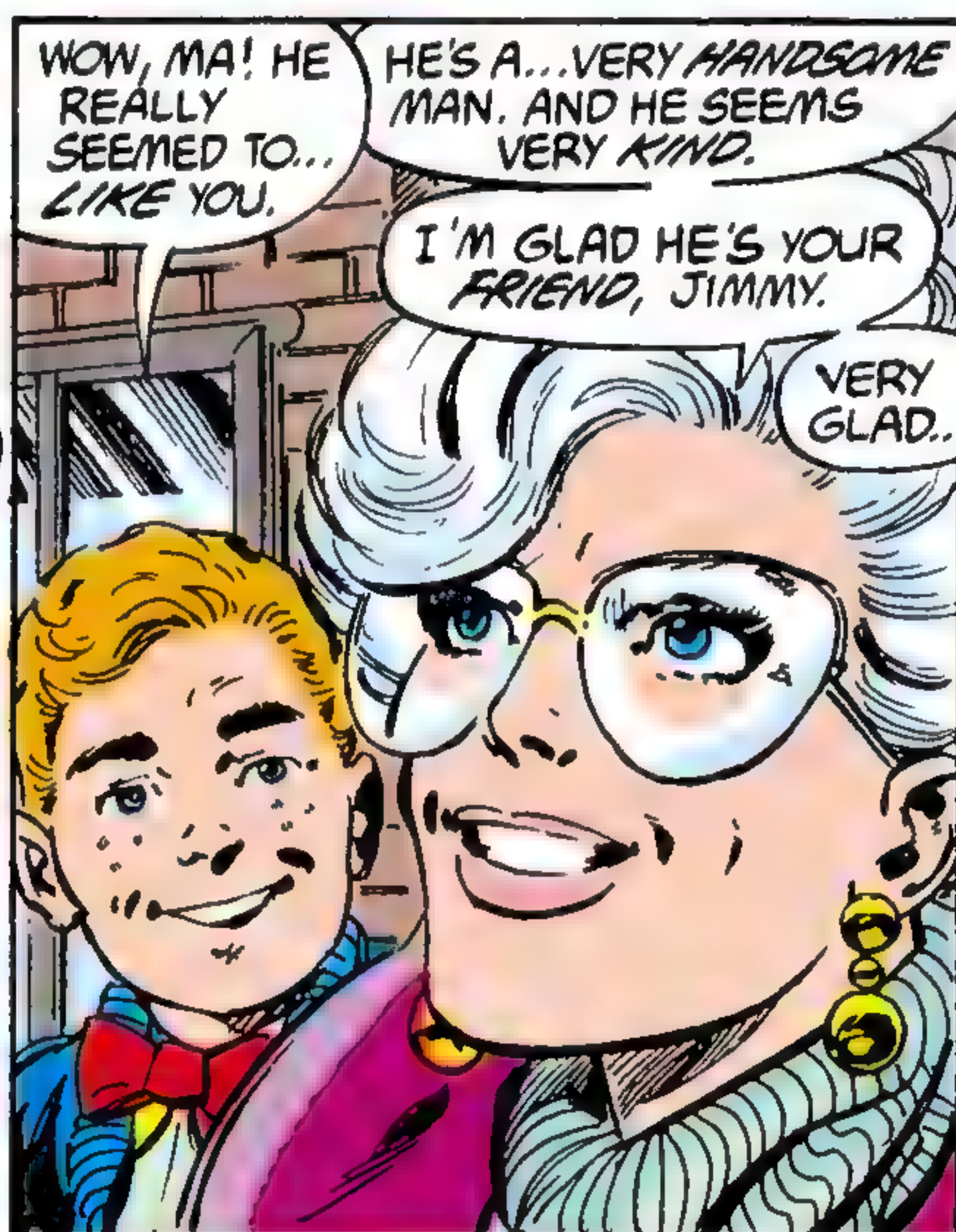
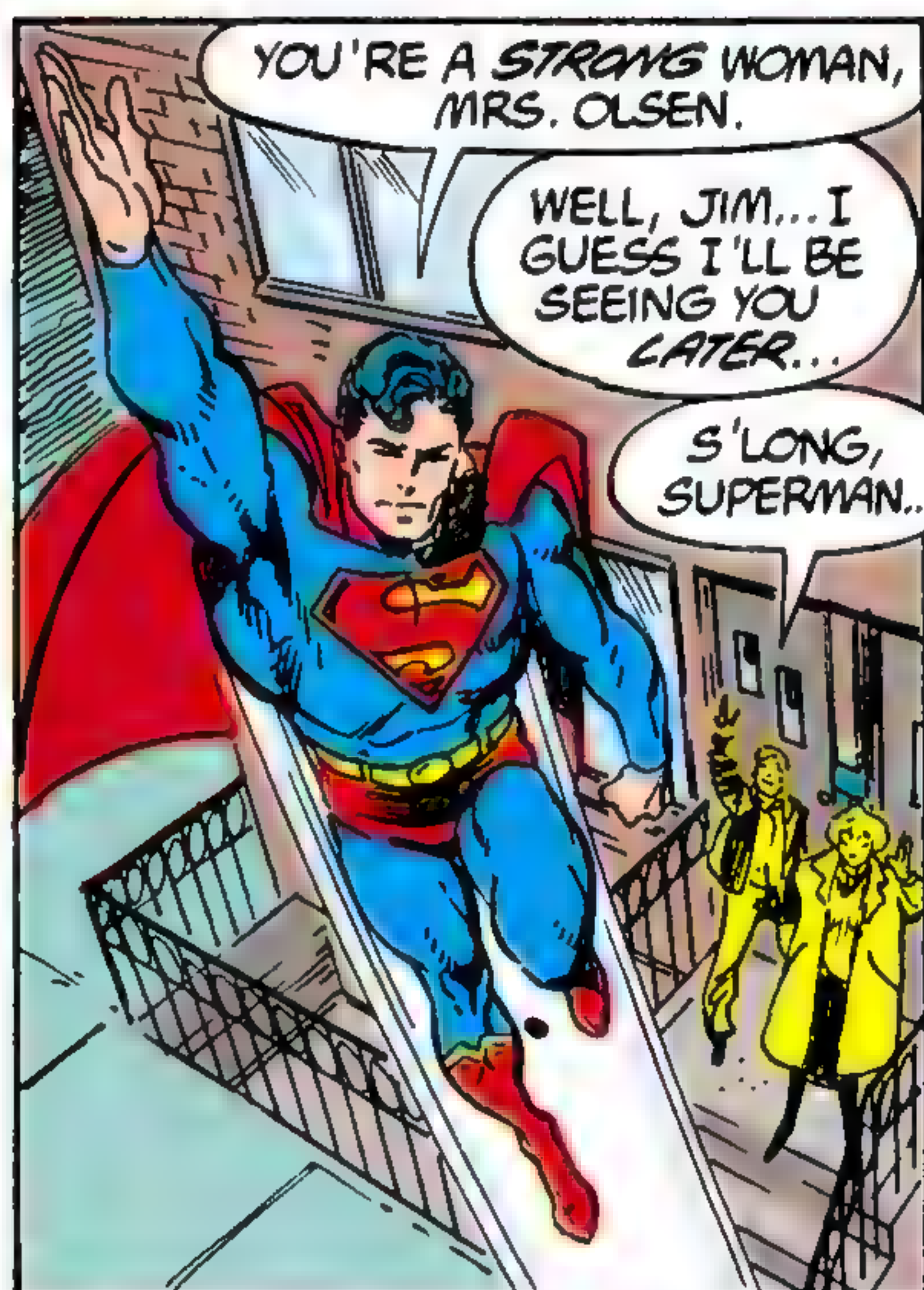
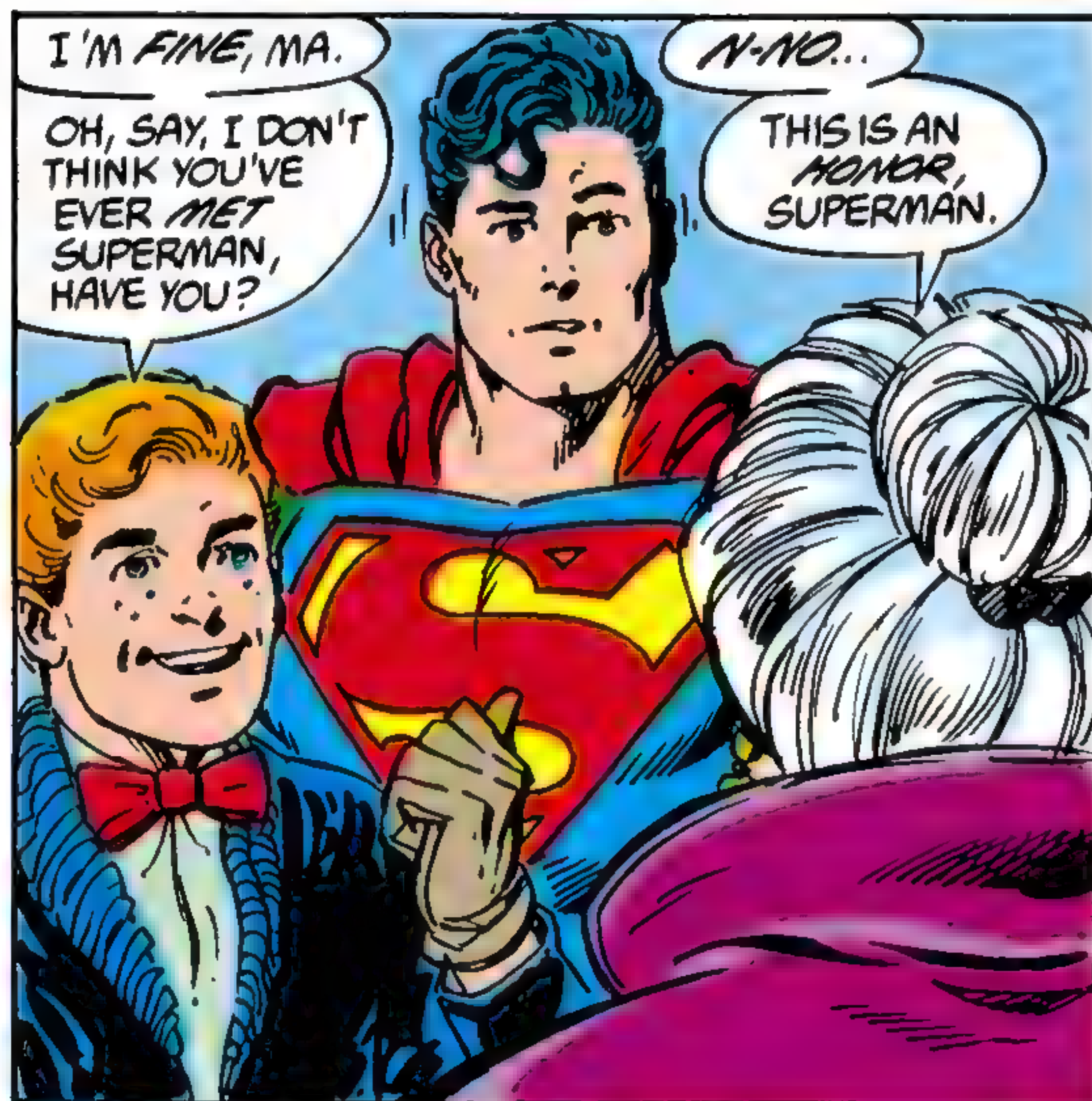
EXPLANATIONS IN DUE COURSE, JIM.

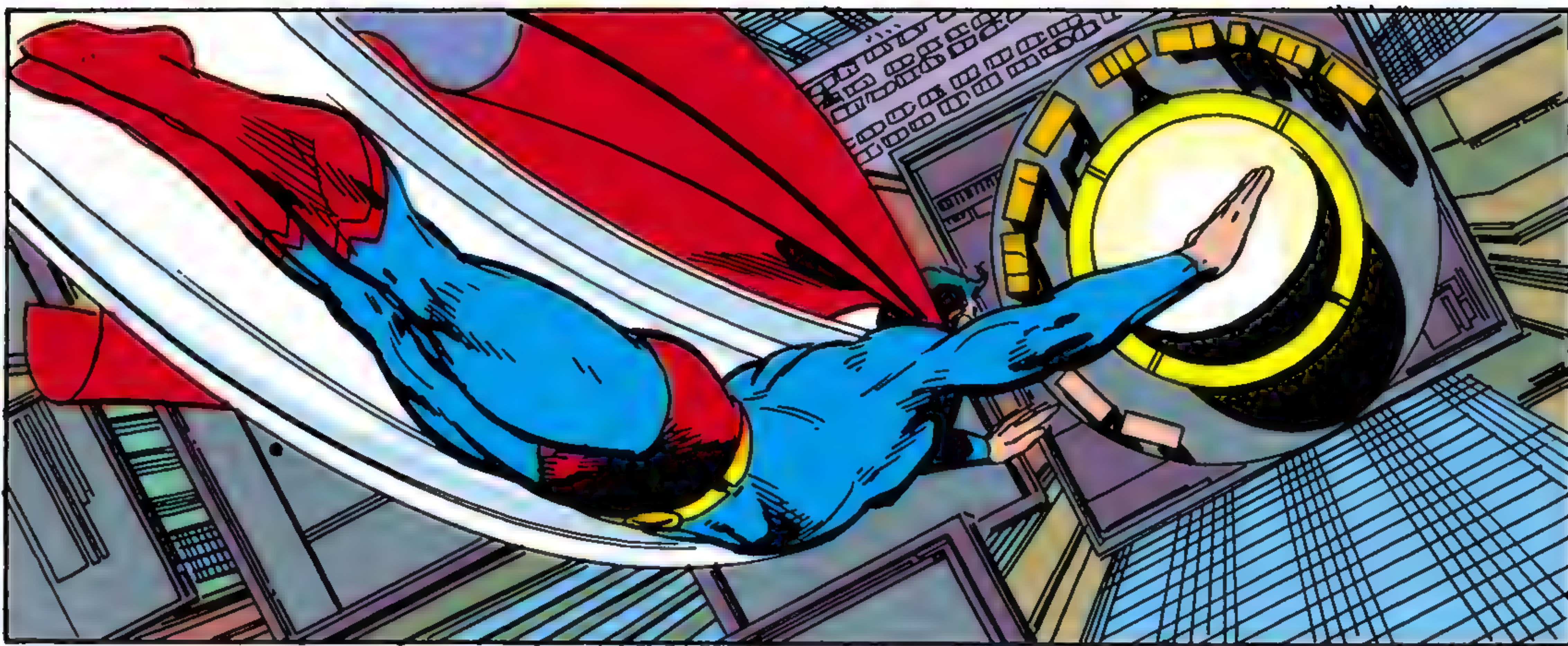
FIRST I THINK WE'D BETTER GET YOU HOME. YOU'LL HANDLE THE REST OF THIS, MAGGIE?

SURE. I'LL PUT OUT AN A.P.B. * ON THIS MCDUGAL --AND THE SILVER BANSHEE.

ANY BETS ON HOW MUCH GOOD THAT'LL DO?

* ALL POINTS BULLETIN





WELL, KENT?

DID YOU TALK TO MRS. OLSEN?

ER...

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, CHIEF. BUT I'M GOING TO. BELIEVE ME...

...I'M GOING TO!

OH, HI, CLARK.

THERE WAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU, WHILE YOU WERE OUT.

SOMEBODY NAMED MYNDI MAYER, UP IN BOSTON.

SHE MUSTA CALLED ABOUT TEN TIMES.

MAYER?

SHE'S WONDER WOMAN'S PUBLIC RELATIONS FLAK...

WAR ENDS

CIGI-PLTS

THANKS, ALICE. I'LL CALL HER RIGHT BACK...

CALL MYNDI MAYER
910 AL-44

FIRST CHECK OUT WONDER WOMAN #16 THEN, JOIN US IN ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #440 SUPERMAN HAS A DATE WITH AN ANGEL... IF HE CAN JUST GET THERE... DON'T MISS - "THE HURRIEDER I GO..." in one week!!

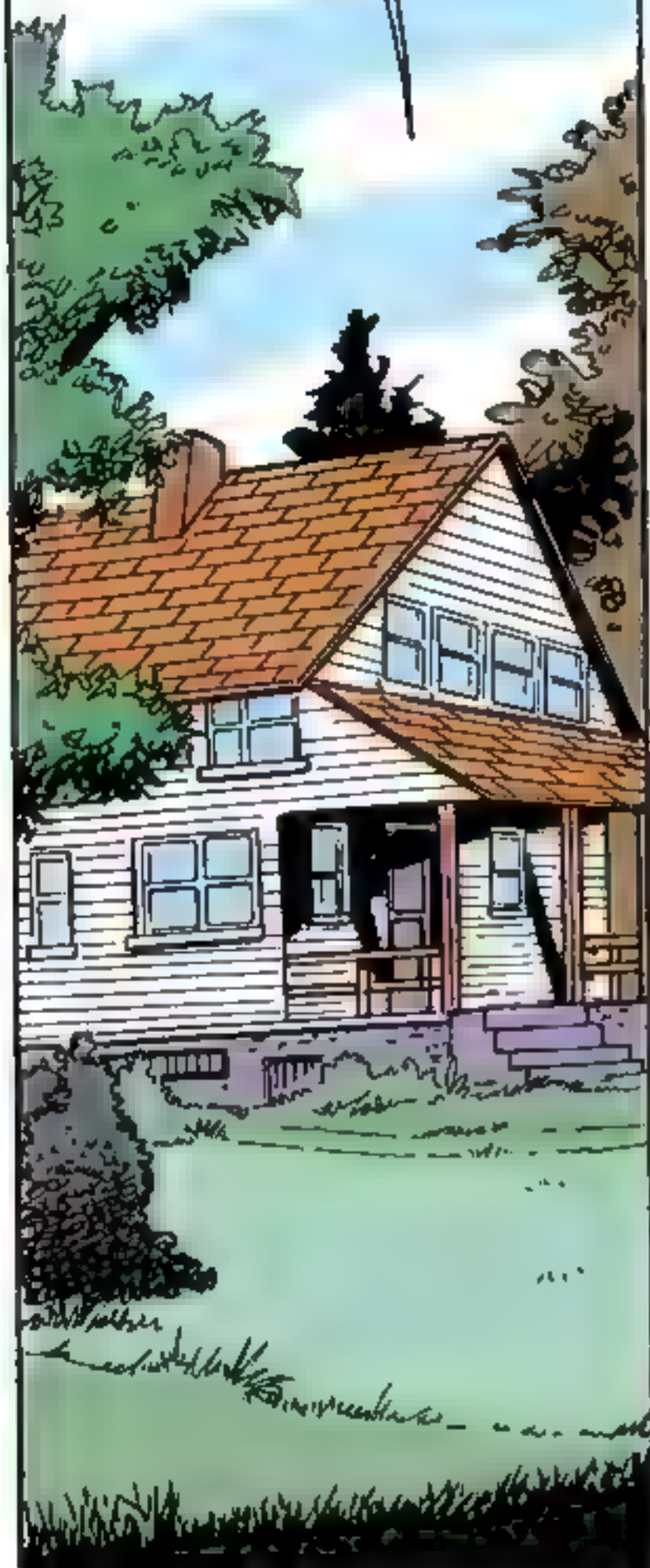
22

prolog

WAKEFIELD,
MASSACHUSETTS:

THE SUMMER HOME
OF JULIA KAPATELIS,
ON THE MORNING OF
A BRAND-NEW DAY...

OKAY, DIANA--
WE'RE GONNA
FINISH THIS
RIGHT HERE AND
NOW!



LOOK, I KNOW WE'RE
FRIENDS AN' ALL,
BUT WE'RE ALSO BOTH
WOMEN!



I MEAN, I'VE
SEEN HOW BARRY
STARES AT YOU--
AND IT'S GOTTA
STOP!

SO WHY DON'T YOU FIND
YOUR OWN GUY-- AN'
STOP TEMPTING ME!?

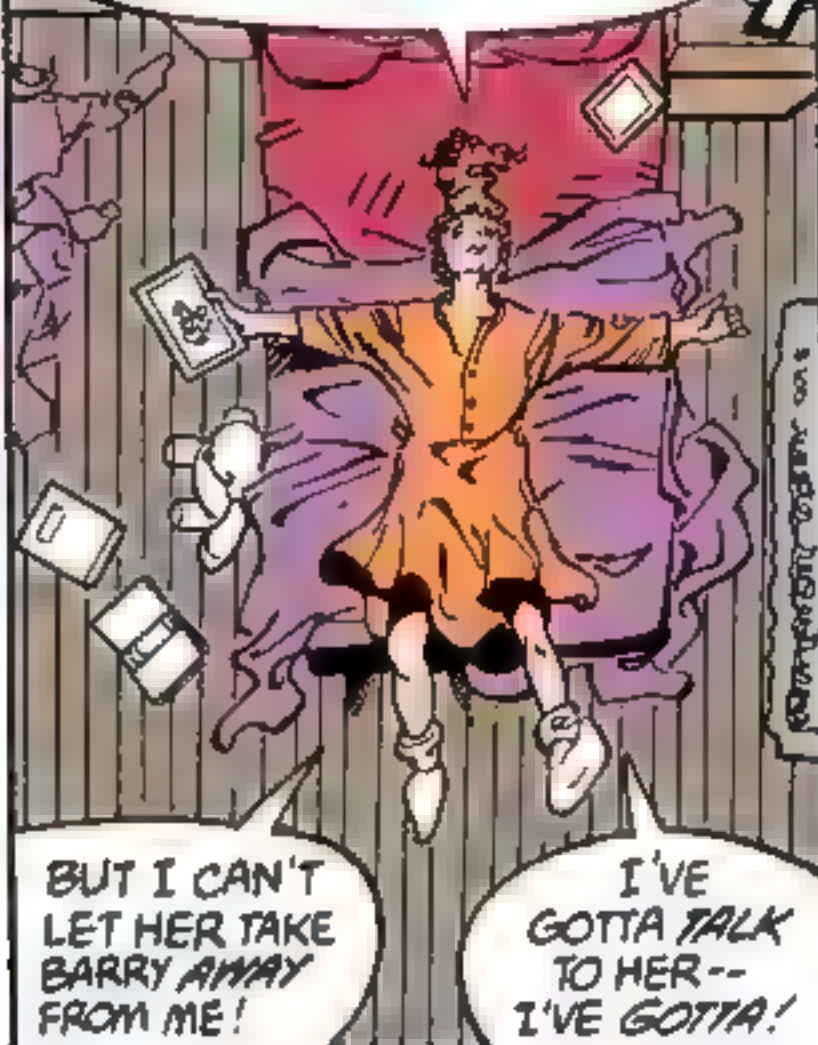
BARRY'S JUST NOT
BIG ENOUGH FOR
BOTH OF US!



SIGH

WHO ARE
YOU
KIDDIN',
VANESSA
KAPATELIS?

YOU COULDN'T TALK TO DIANA
LIKE THAT IF YOUR LIFE
DEPENDS ON IT!



BUT I CAN'T
LET HER TAKE
BARRY AWAY
FROM ME!

I'VE
GOTTA TALK
TO HER--
I'VE GOTTA!

VANESSA,
SHOULDN'T
YOU BE
DRESSING
FOR SCHOOL?

I PROMISED YOUR
MOTHER I'D
WATCH AFTER
YOU, AND--



I GOT A
BELLY
ACHE!

YOU'RE
ALL? THEN
I MUST
CALL--

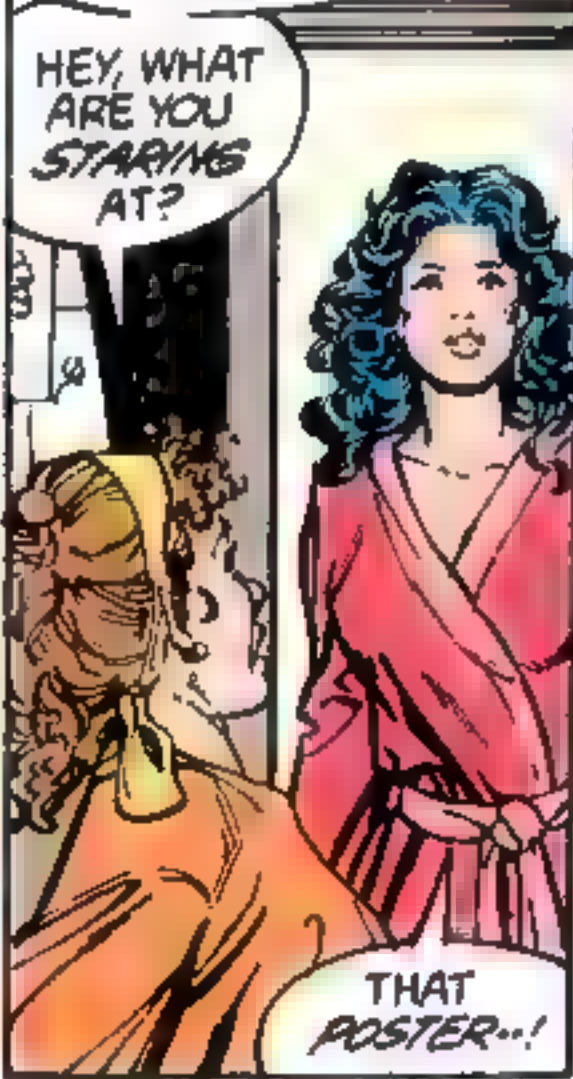
NO, IT
ISN'T
THAT!



WE'VE JUST
GOTTA TALK--!

ABOUT YOU AN' ME
AN' BARRY AN'
HOW HE--

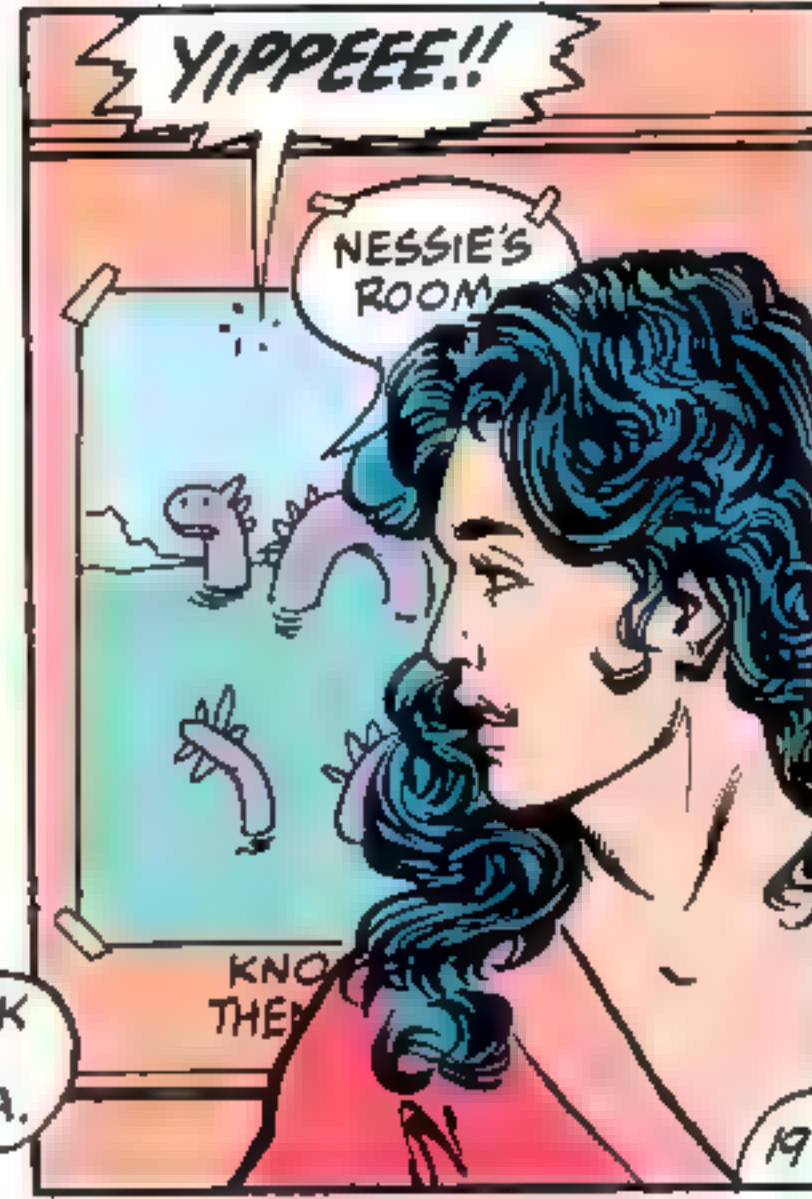
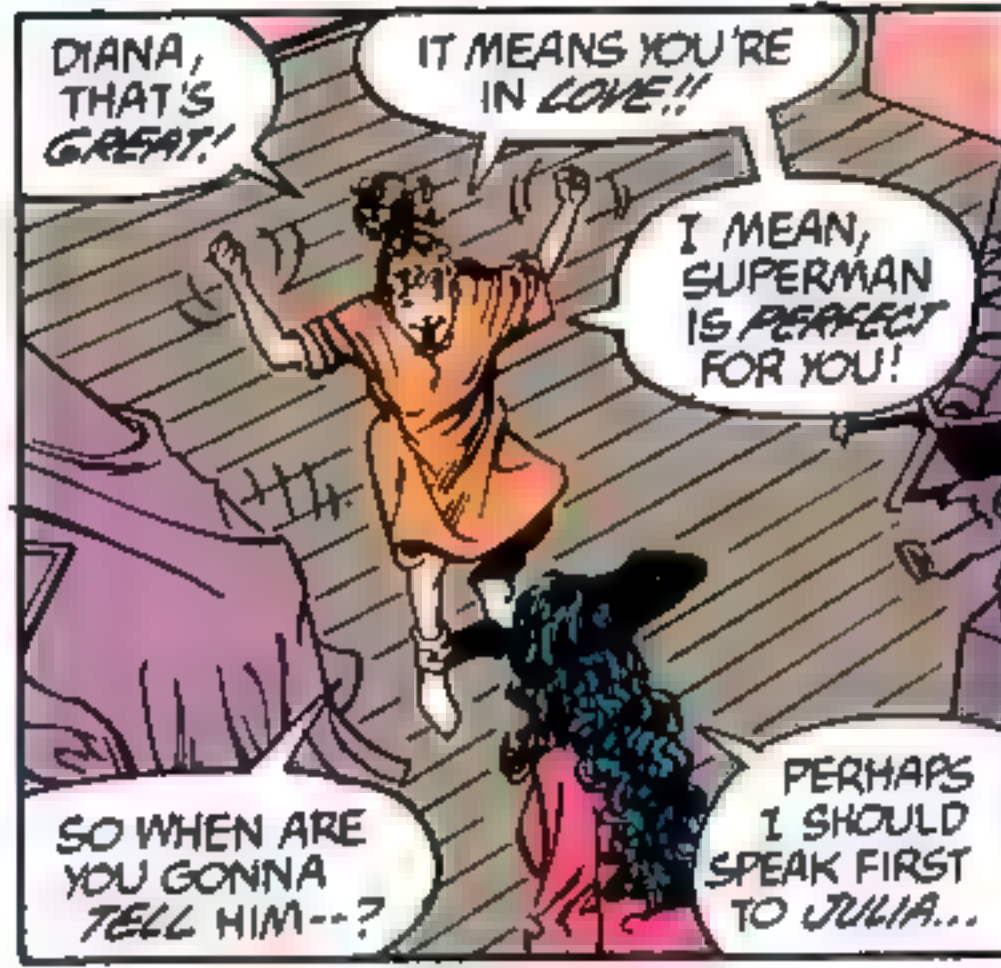
HEY, WHAT
ARE YOU
STARING
AT?

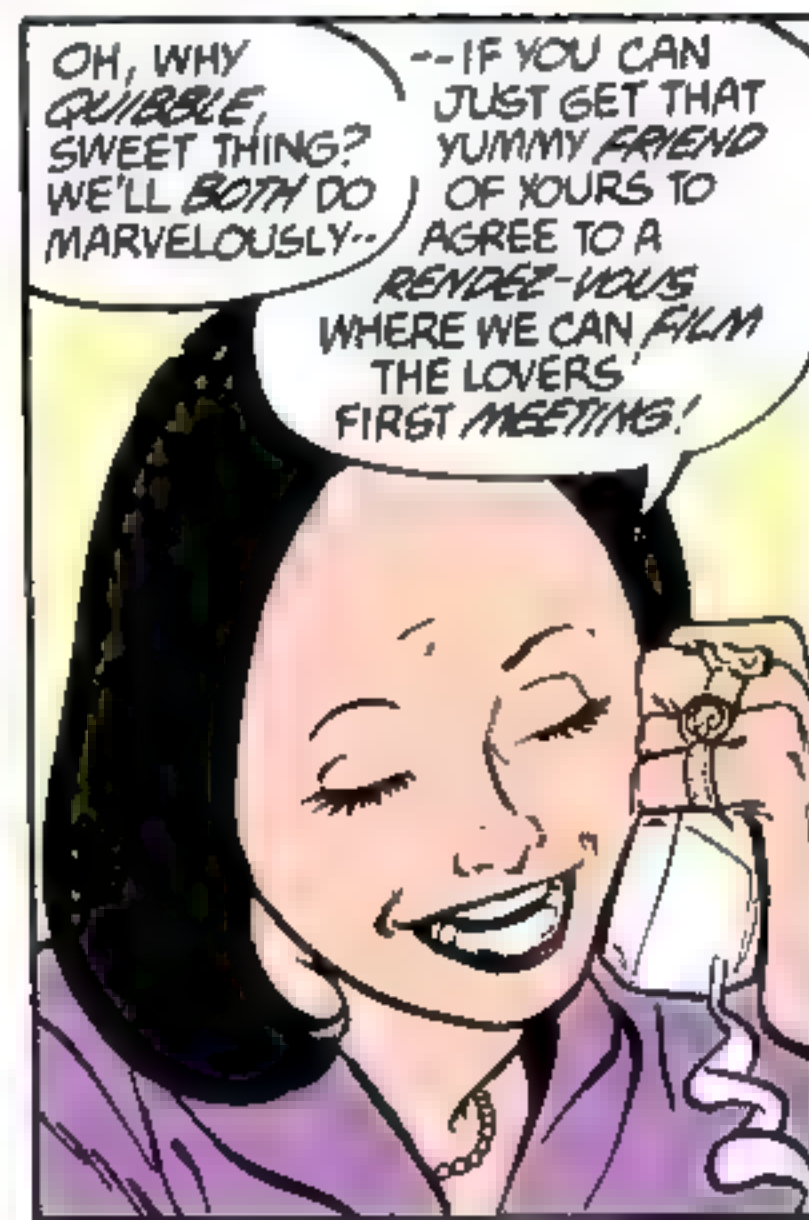
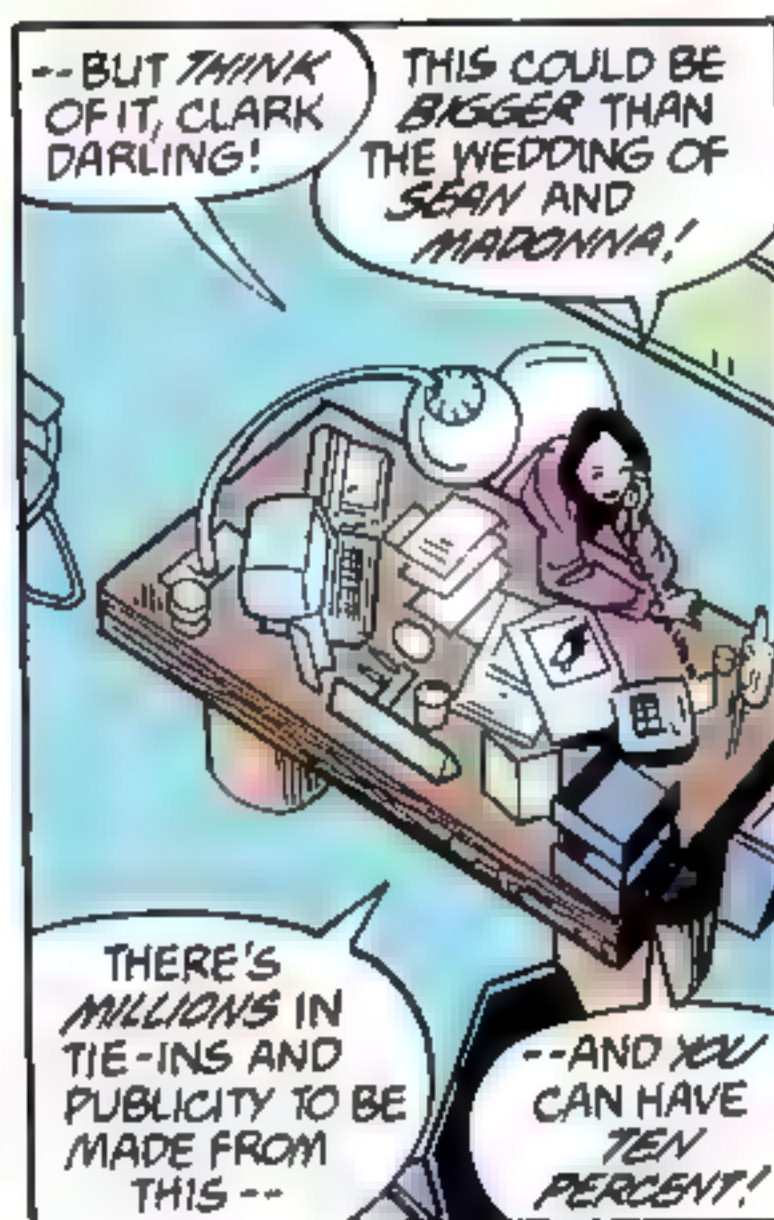
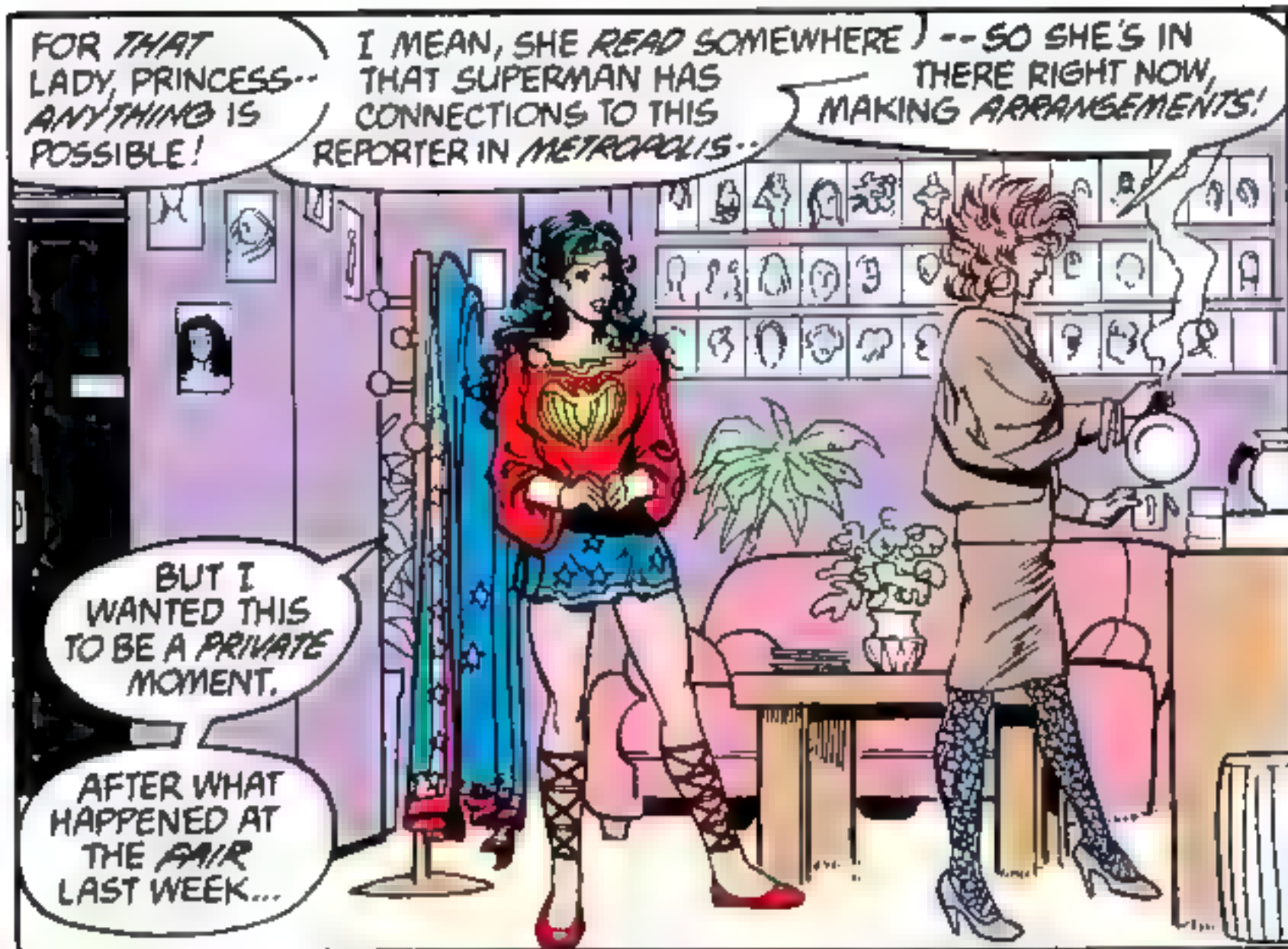
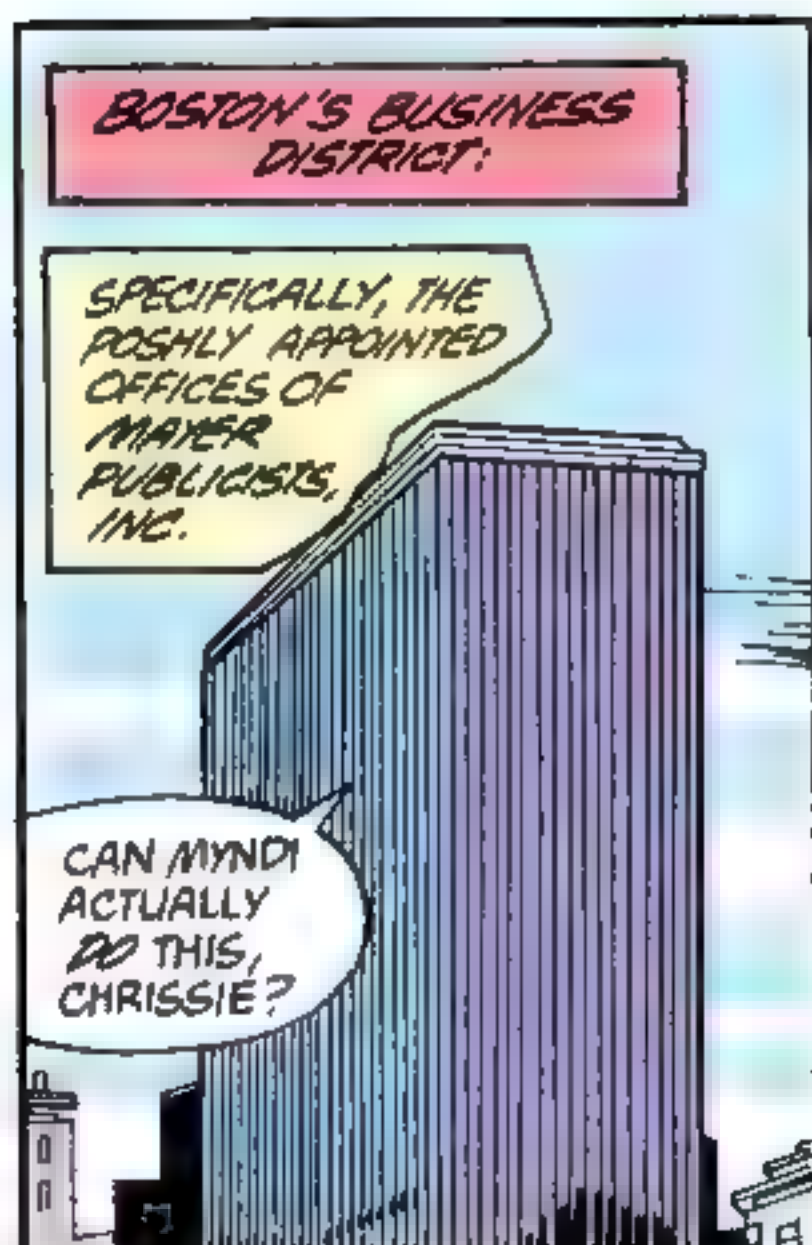


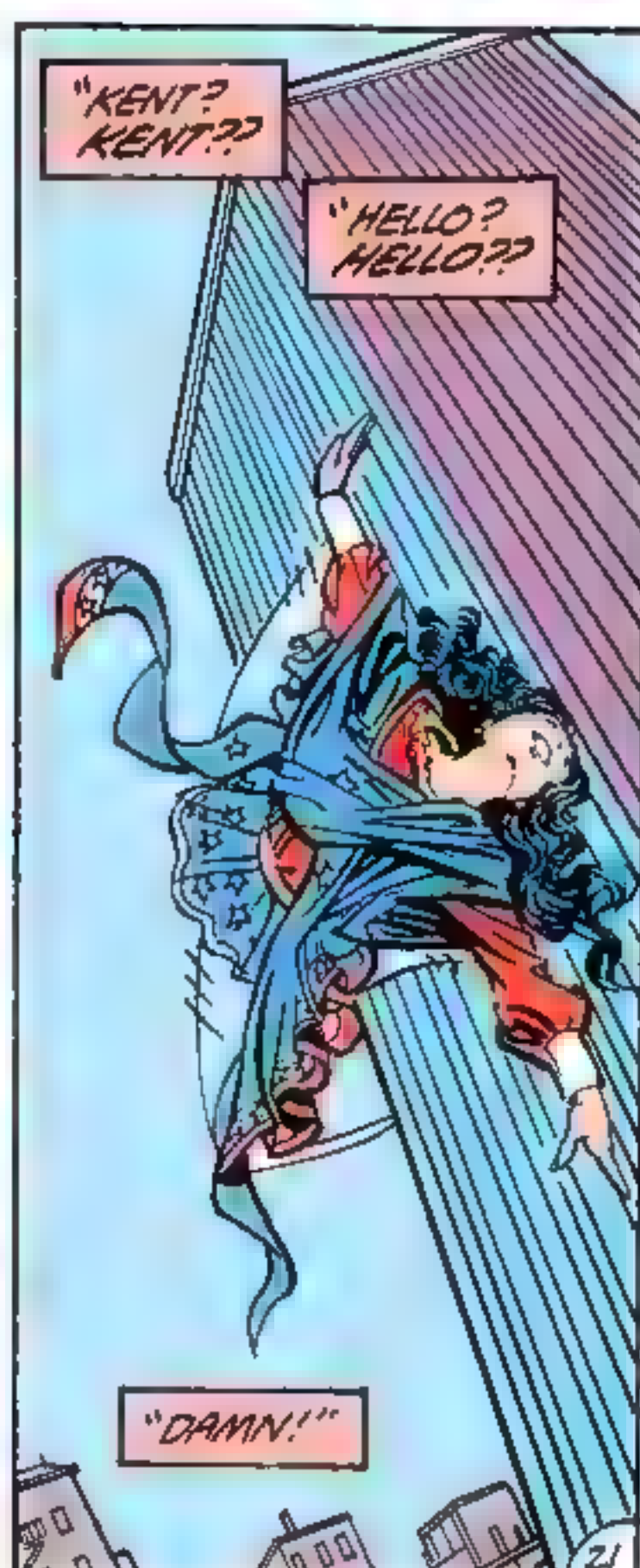
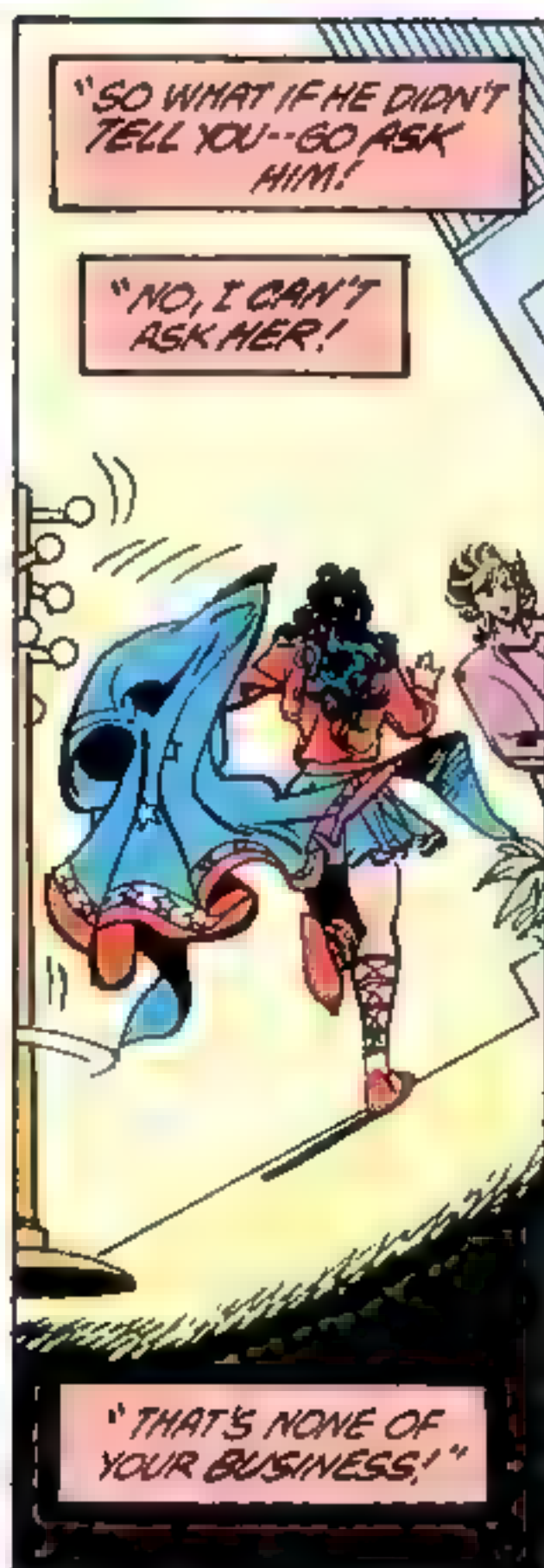
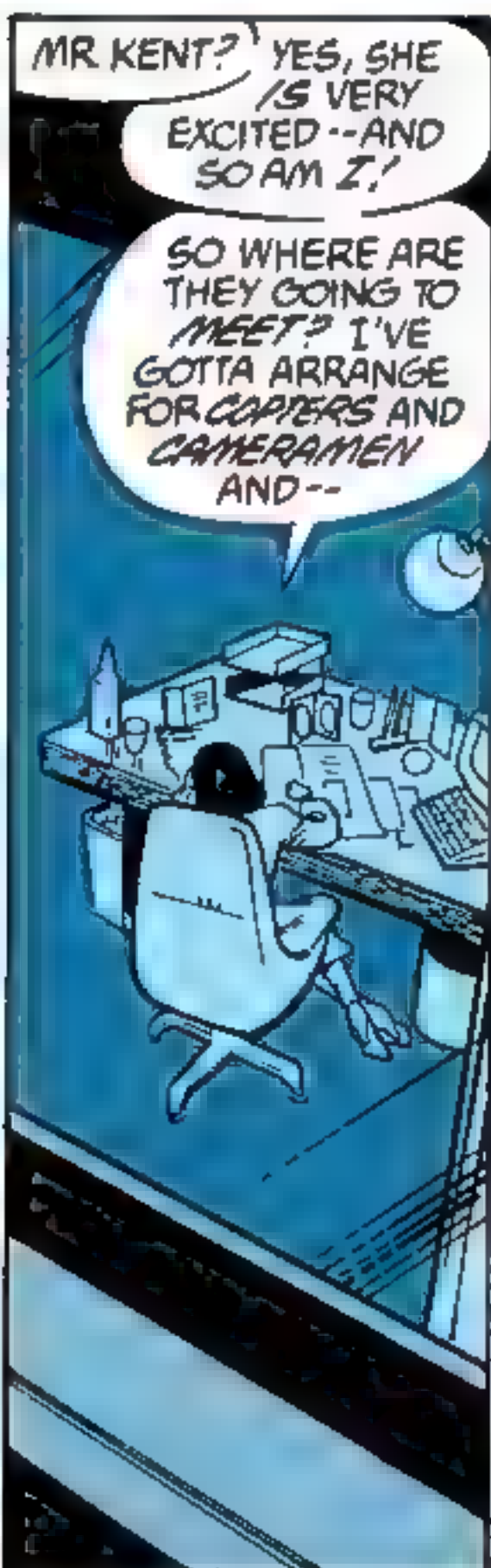
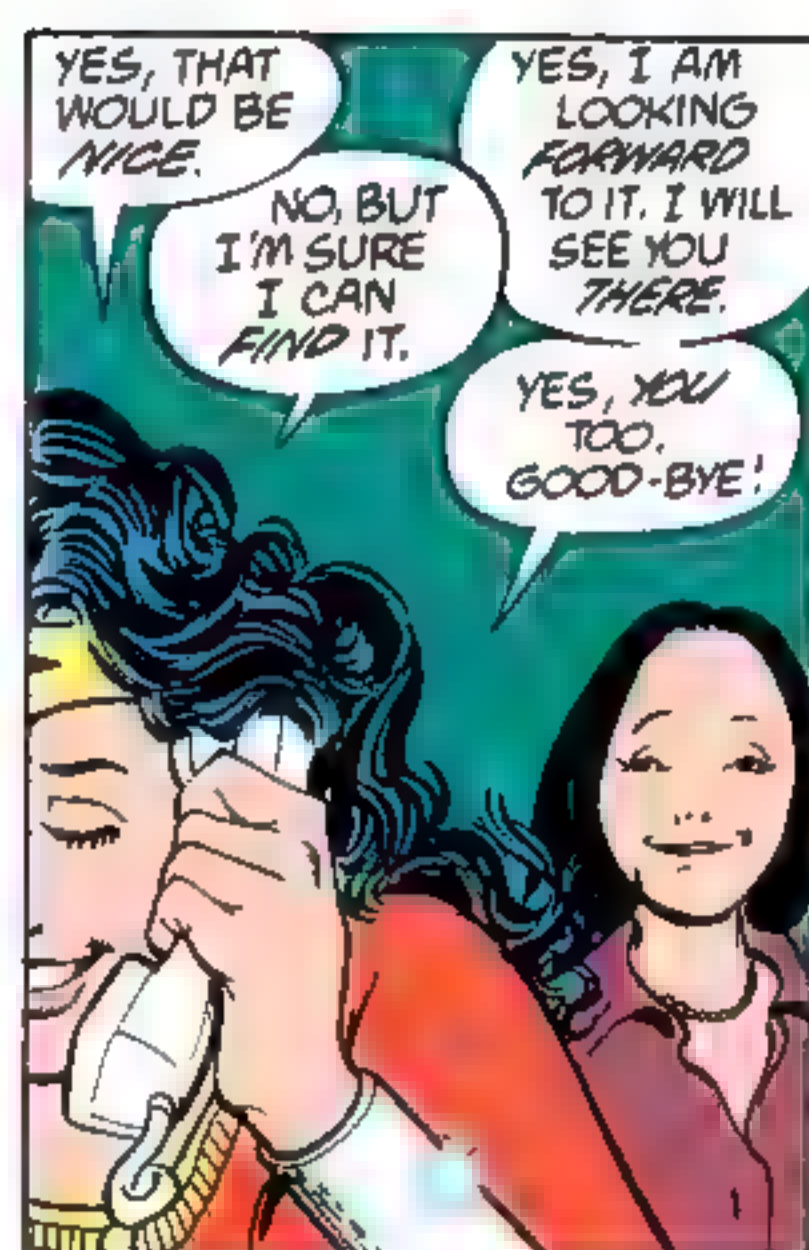
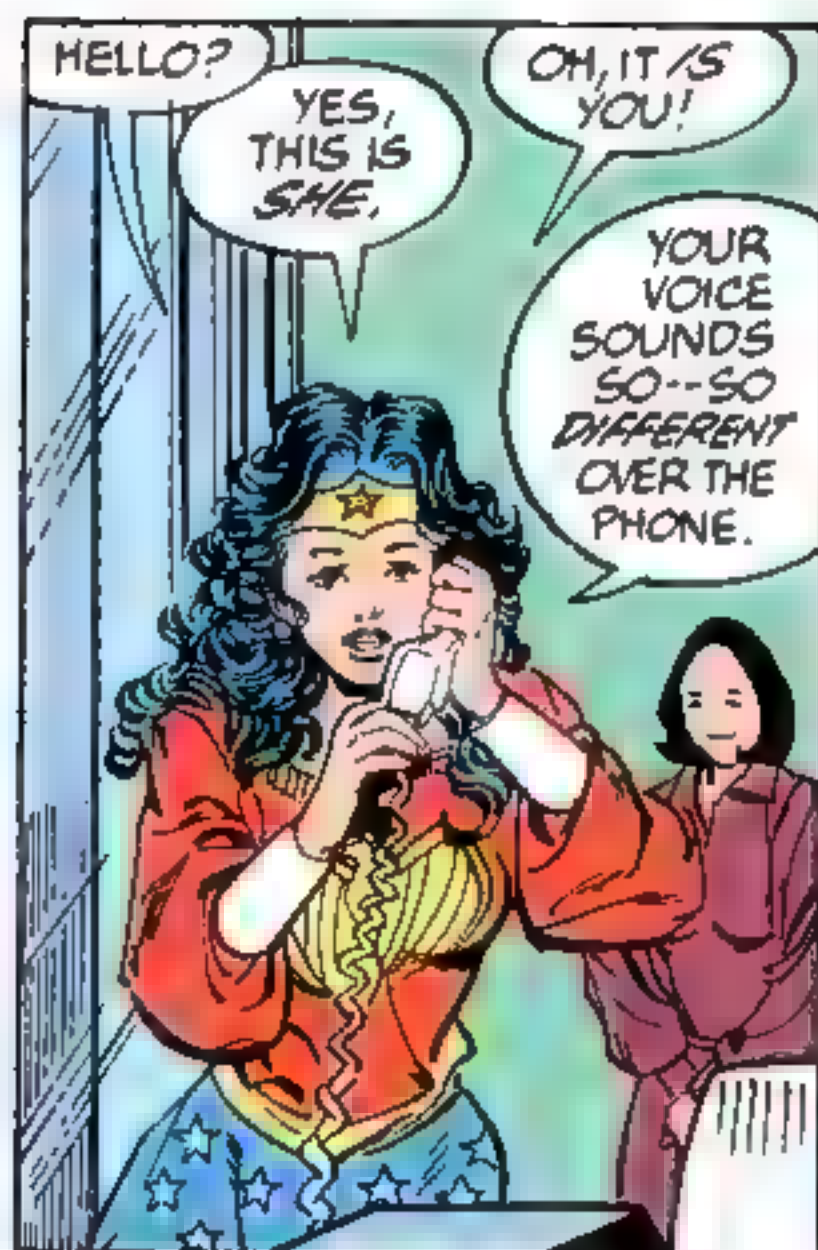
THAT
POSTER--!

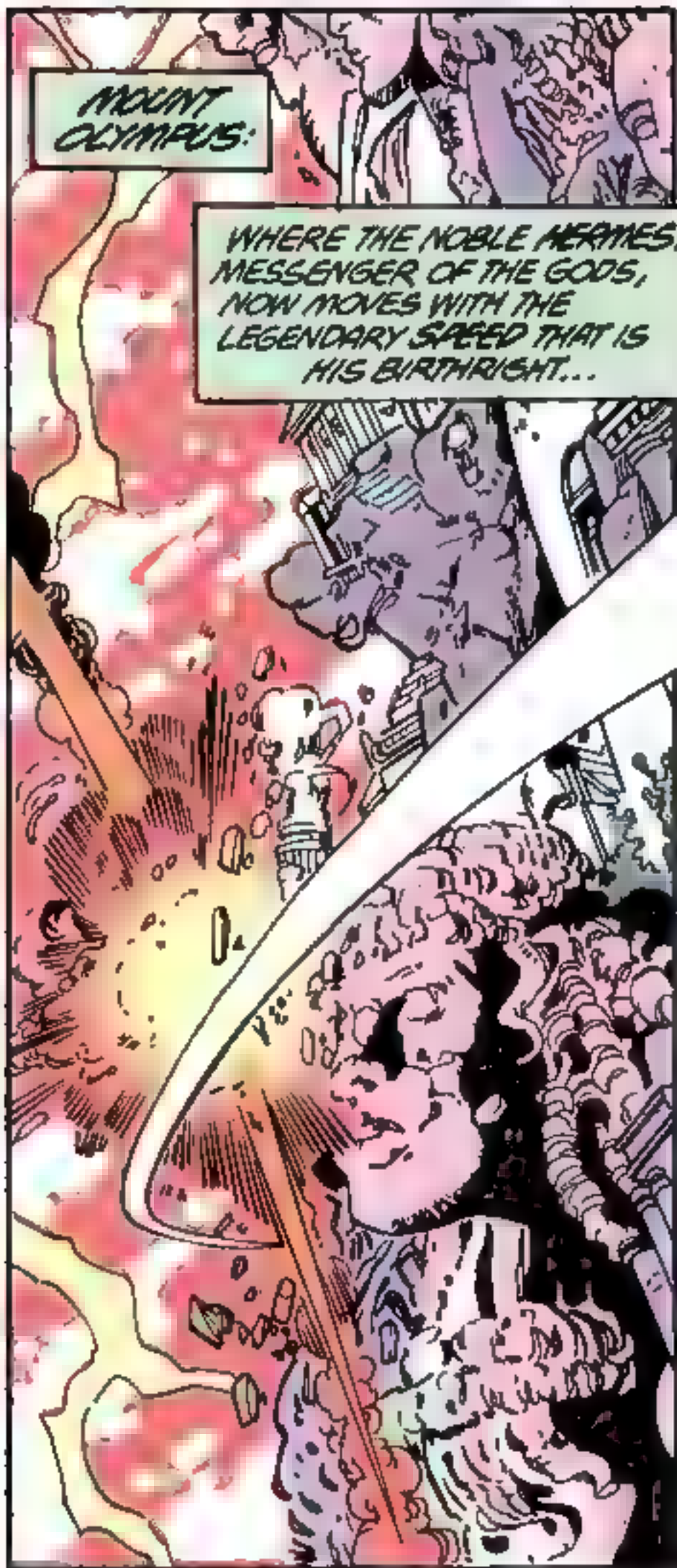
HUH? WHICH
POSTER???





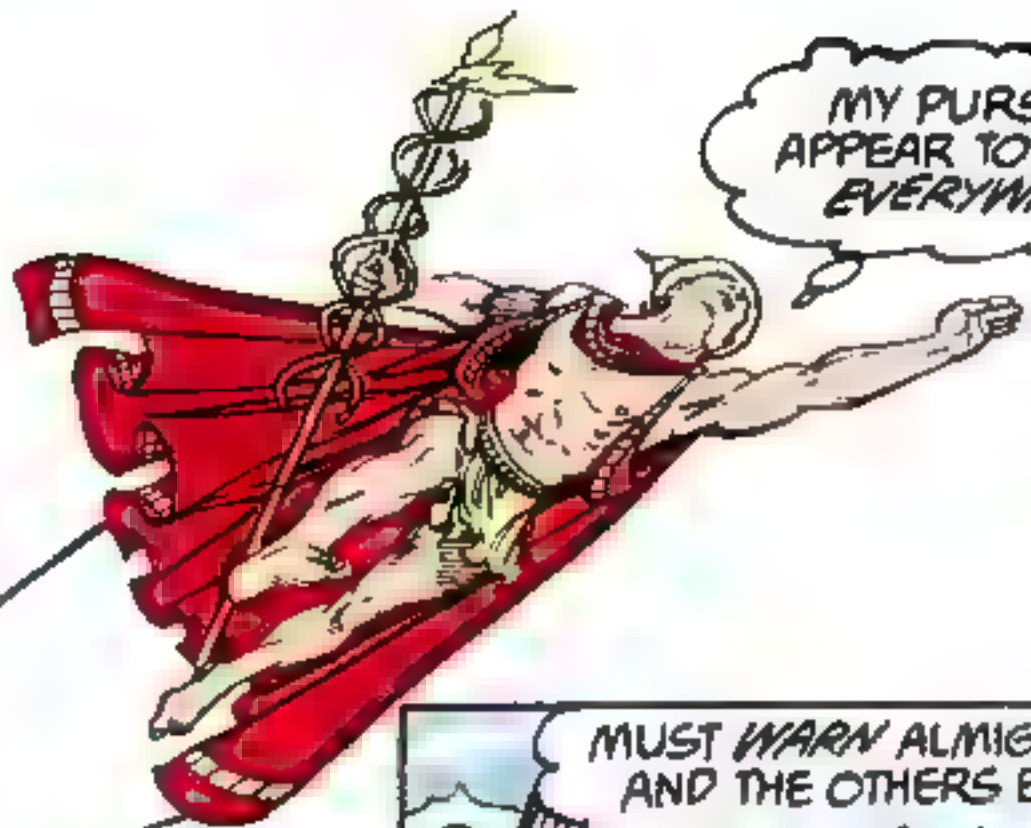




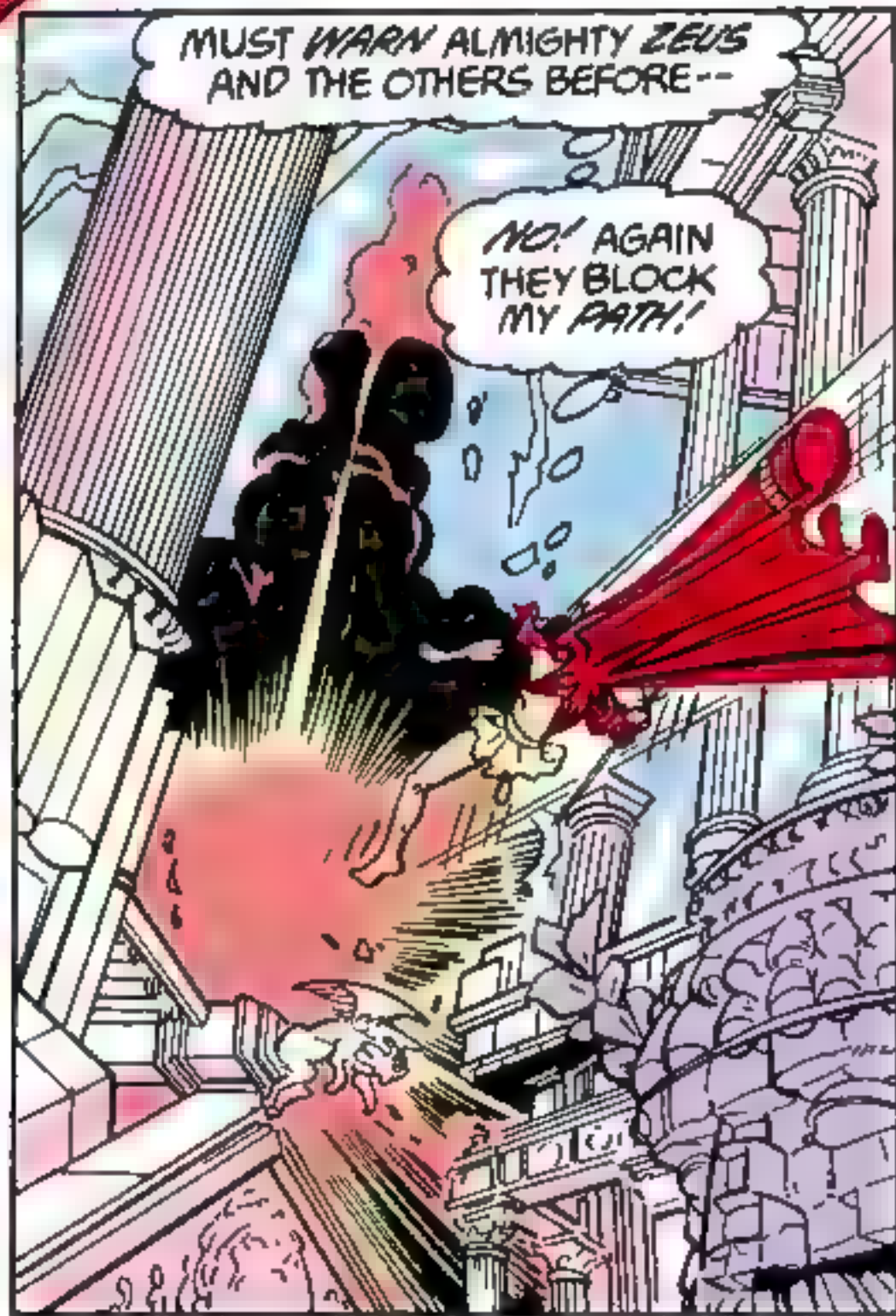


MOUNT OLYMPUS:

WHERE THE NOBLE HERMES,
MESSENGER OF THE GODS,
NOW MOVES WITH THE
LEGENDARY SPEED THAT IS
HIS BIRTHRIGHT...



MY PURSUERS
APPEAR TO BE
EVERYWHERE!



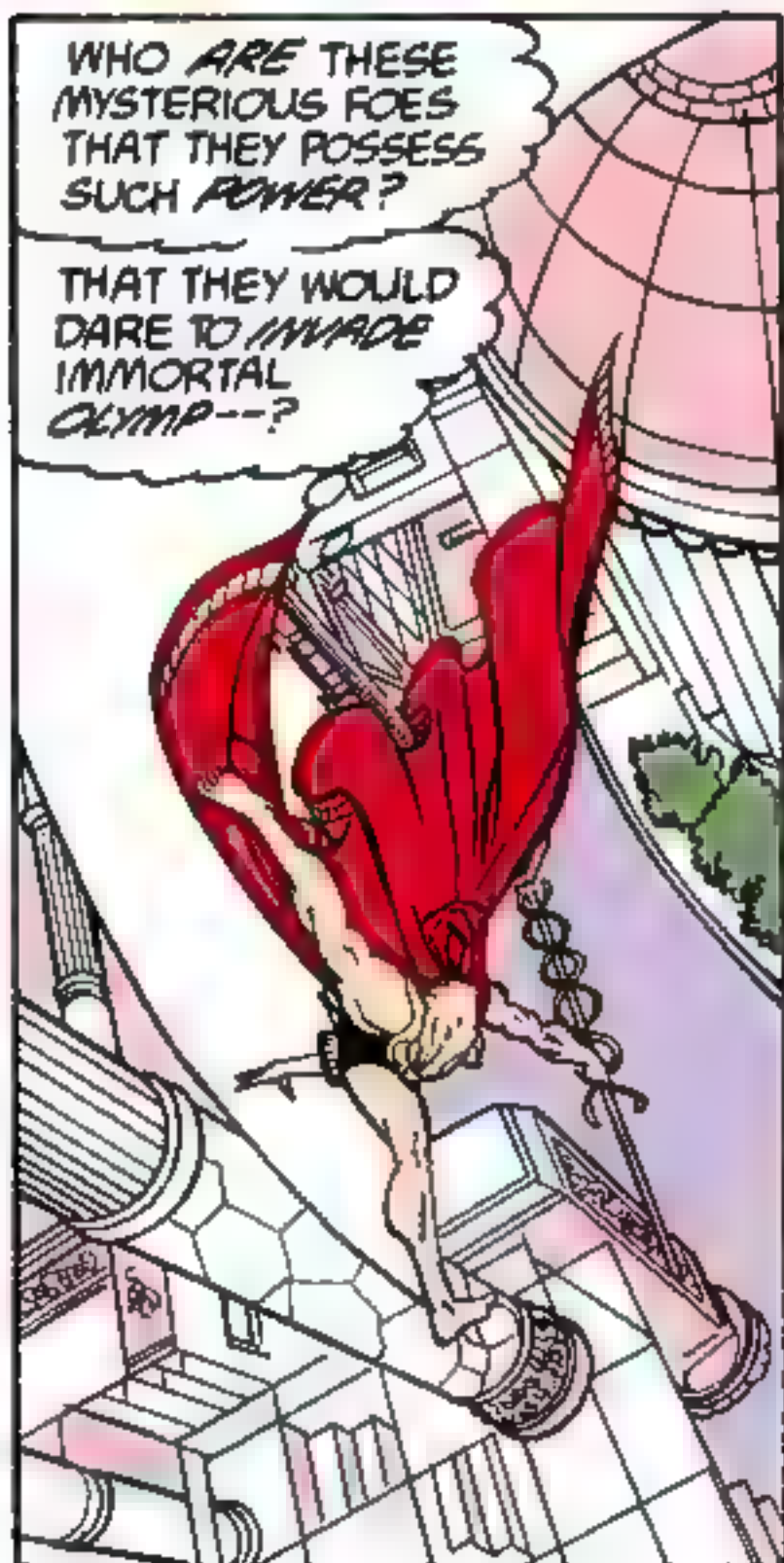
MUST WARN ALMIGHTY ZEUS
AND THE OTHERS BEFORE--

NO! AGAIN
THEY BLOCK
MY PATH!



FLEET THOUGH
I MAY BE--

-- 'TIS OBVIOUS I
CANNOT FIGHT
THEM ALONE!



WHO ARE THESE
MYSTERIOUS FOES
THAT THEY POSSESS
SUCH POWER?

THAT THEY WOULD
DARE TO INVAD
IMMORTAL
OLYMP--?

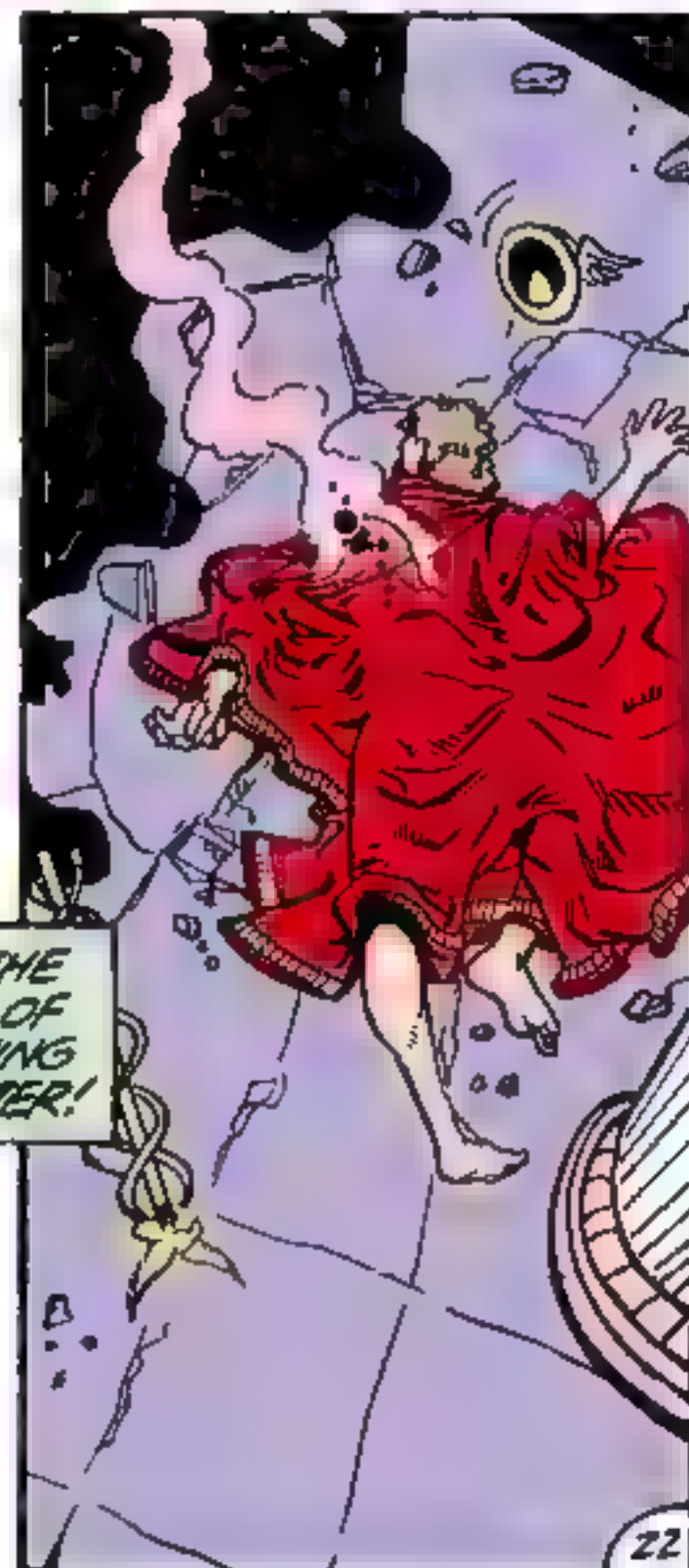


BUT THERE COMES
NO ANSWER TO
THE SWIFTEST OF
THE GODS--

--SAVE ONE
LAST SHATTERING
EXPLOSION--



--AND THE
ECHO OF
MOCKING
LAUGHTER!



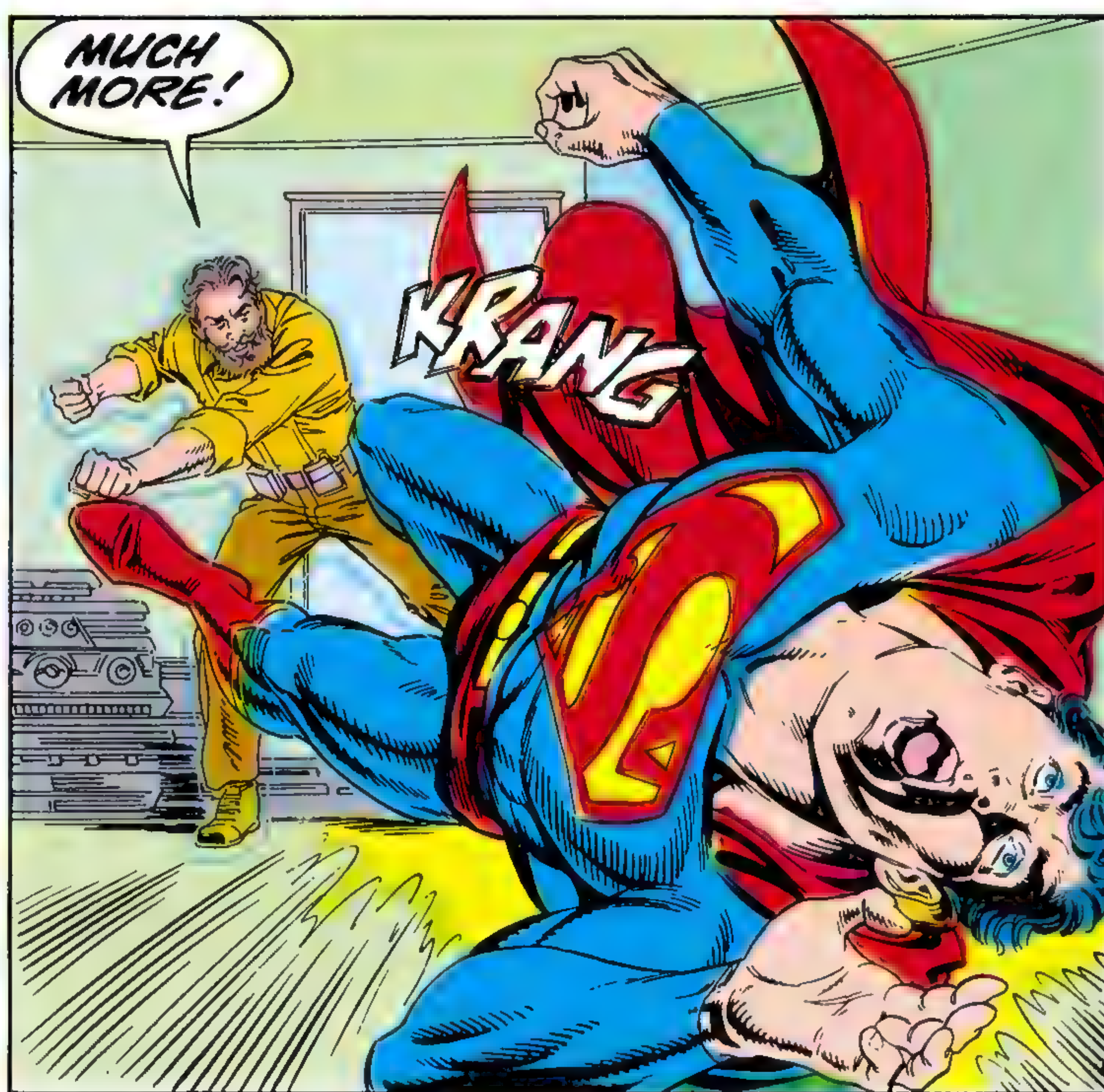
THE HURRIEDER I GO

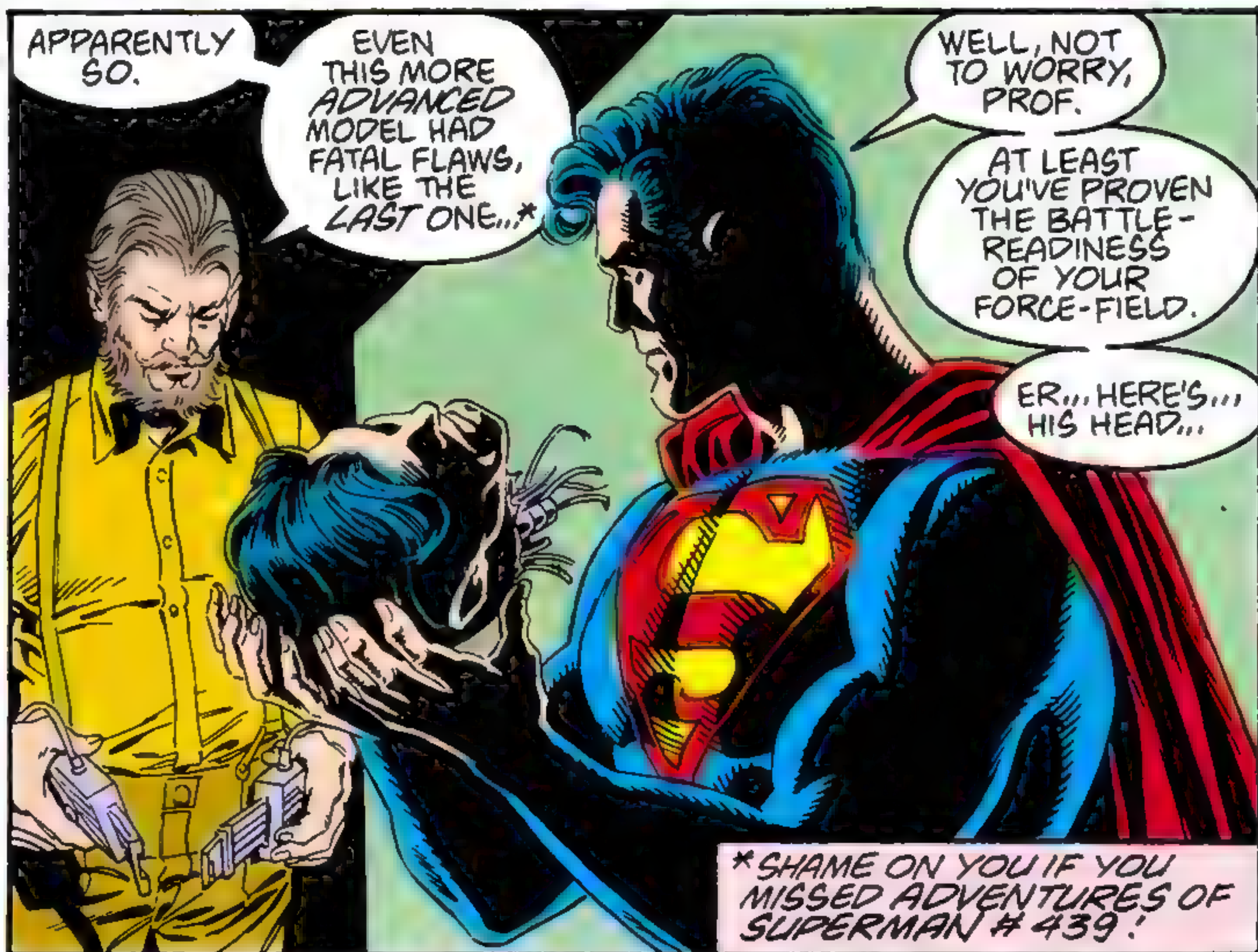
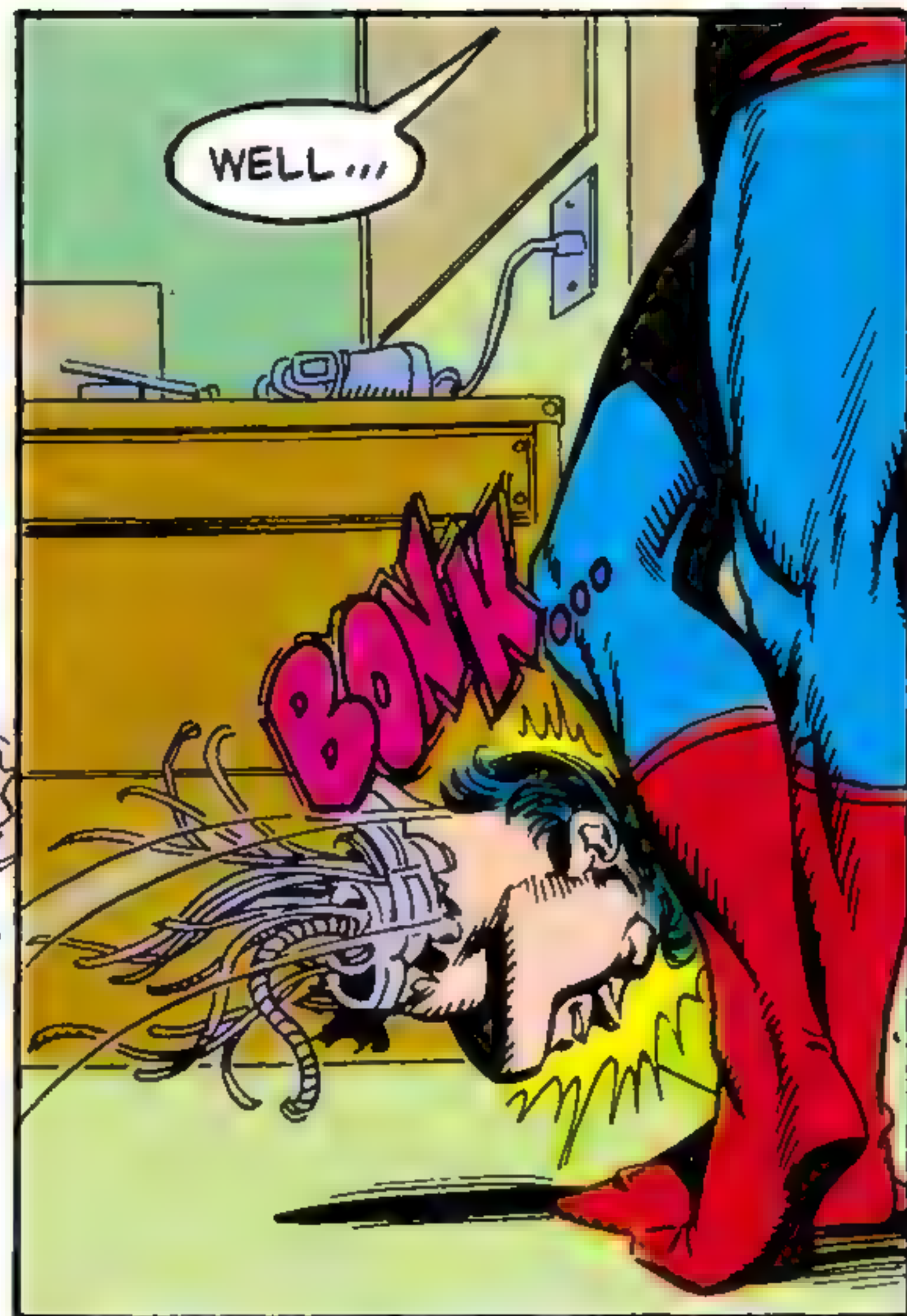
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TONY TOLLIN • **ALBERT DE GUZMAN** • **MIKE CARLIN**
COLORIST LETTERER EDITOR & NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS

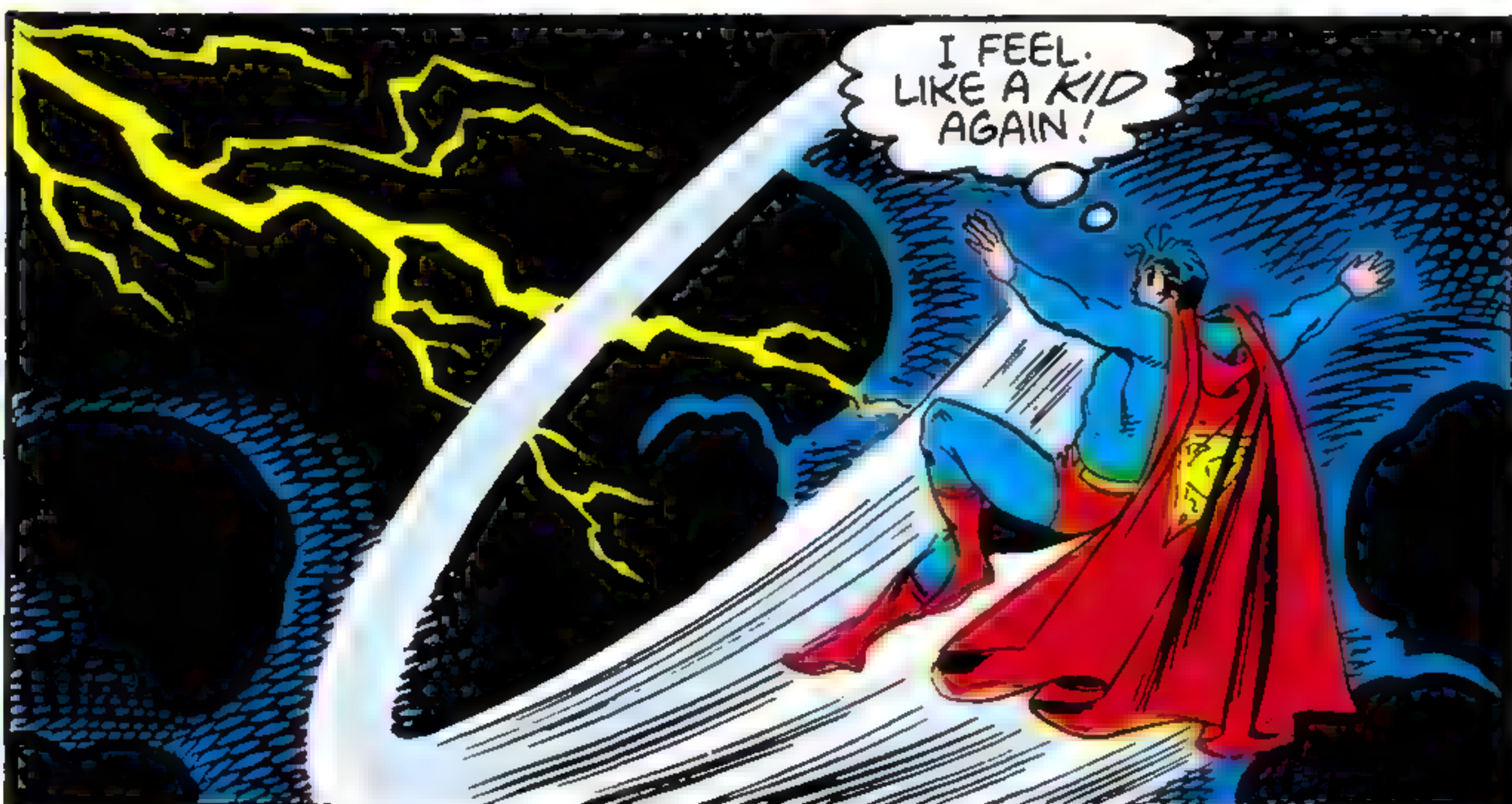
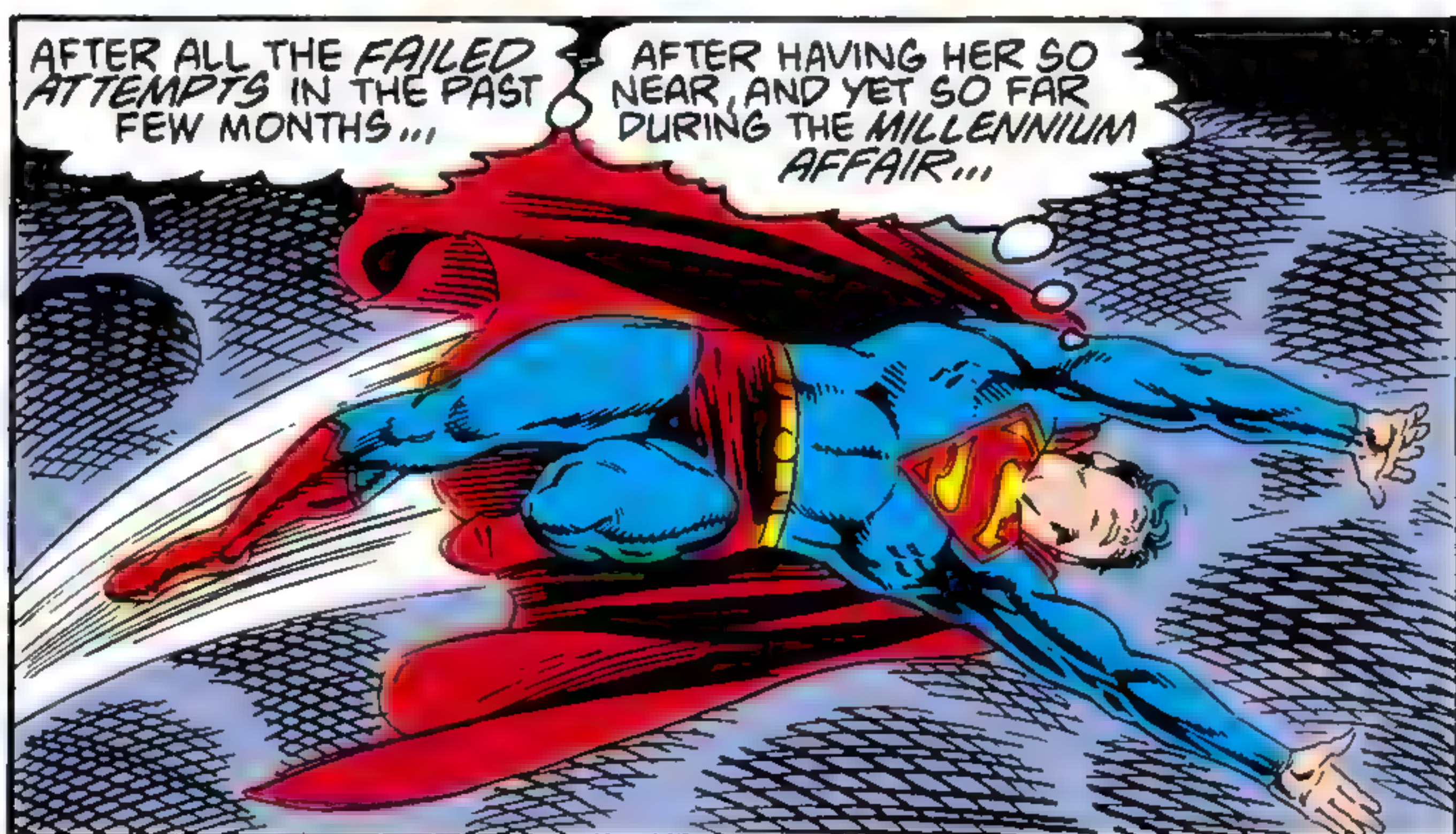
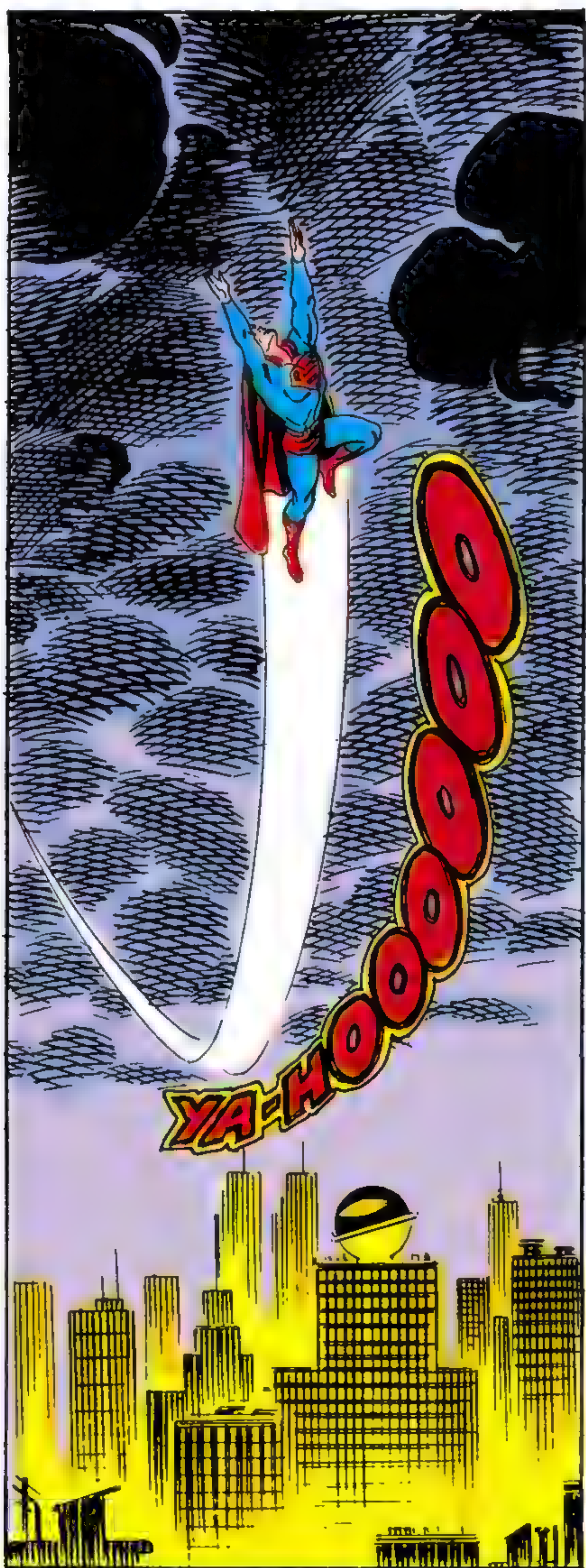
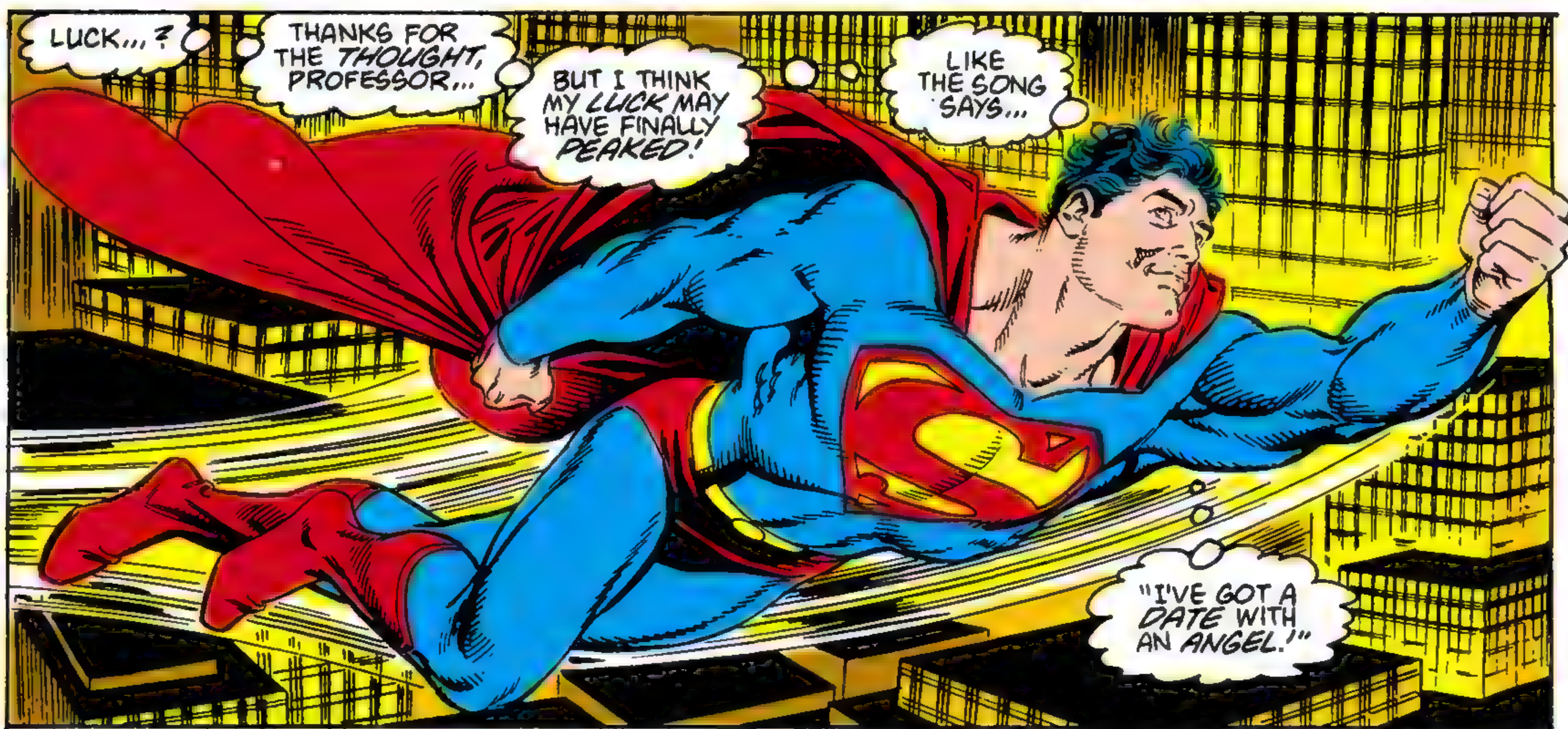
Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

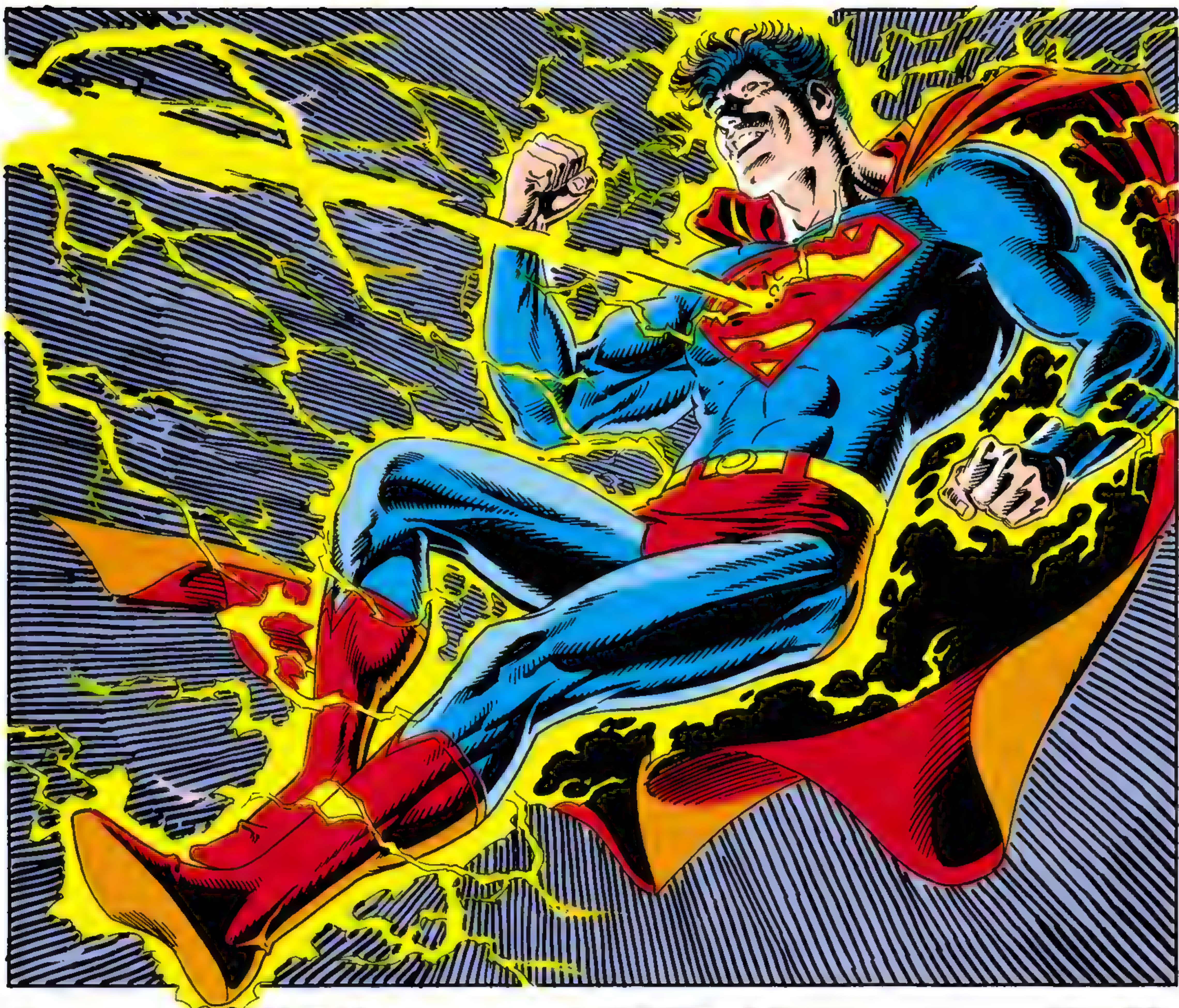


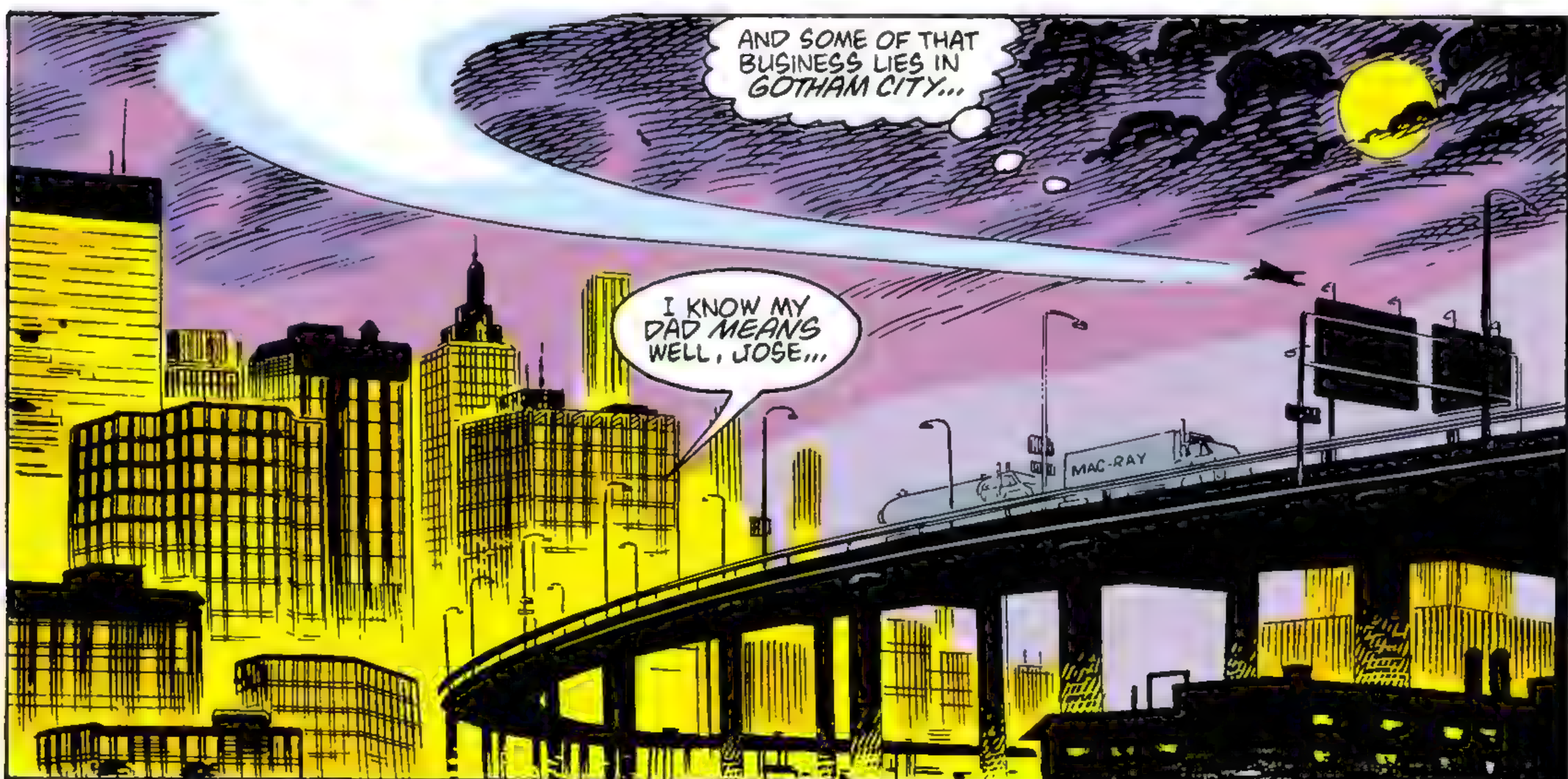
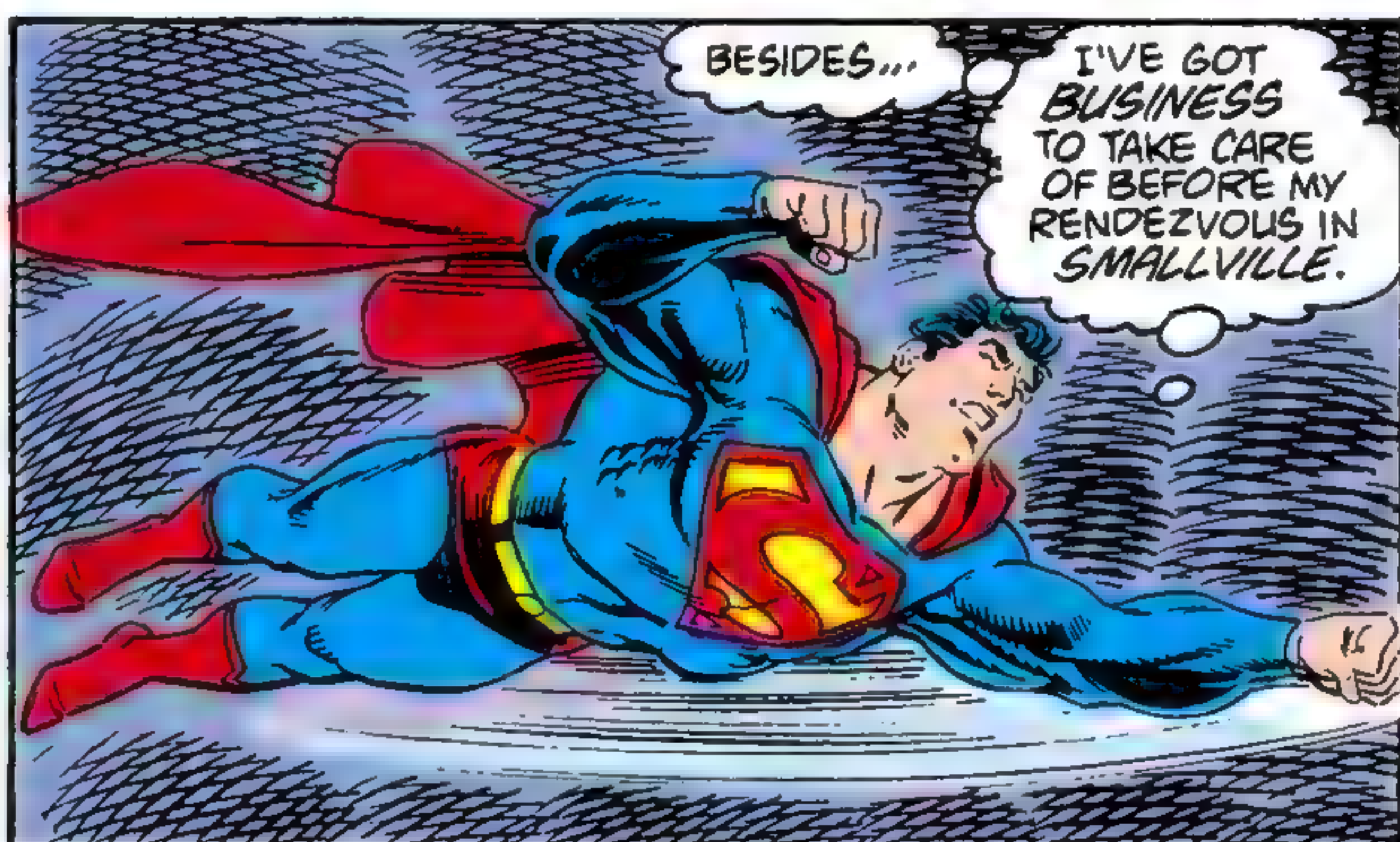
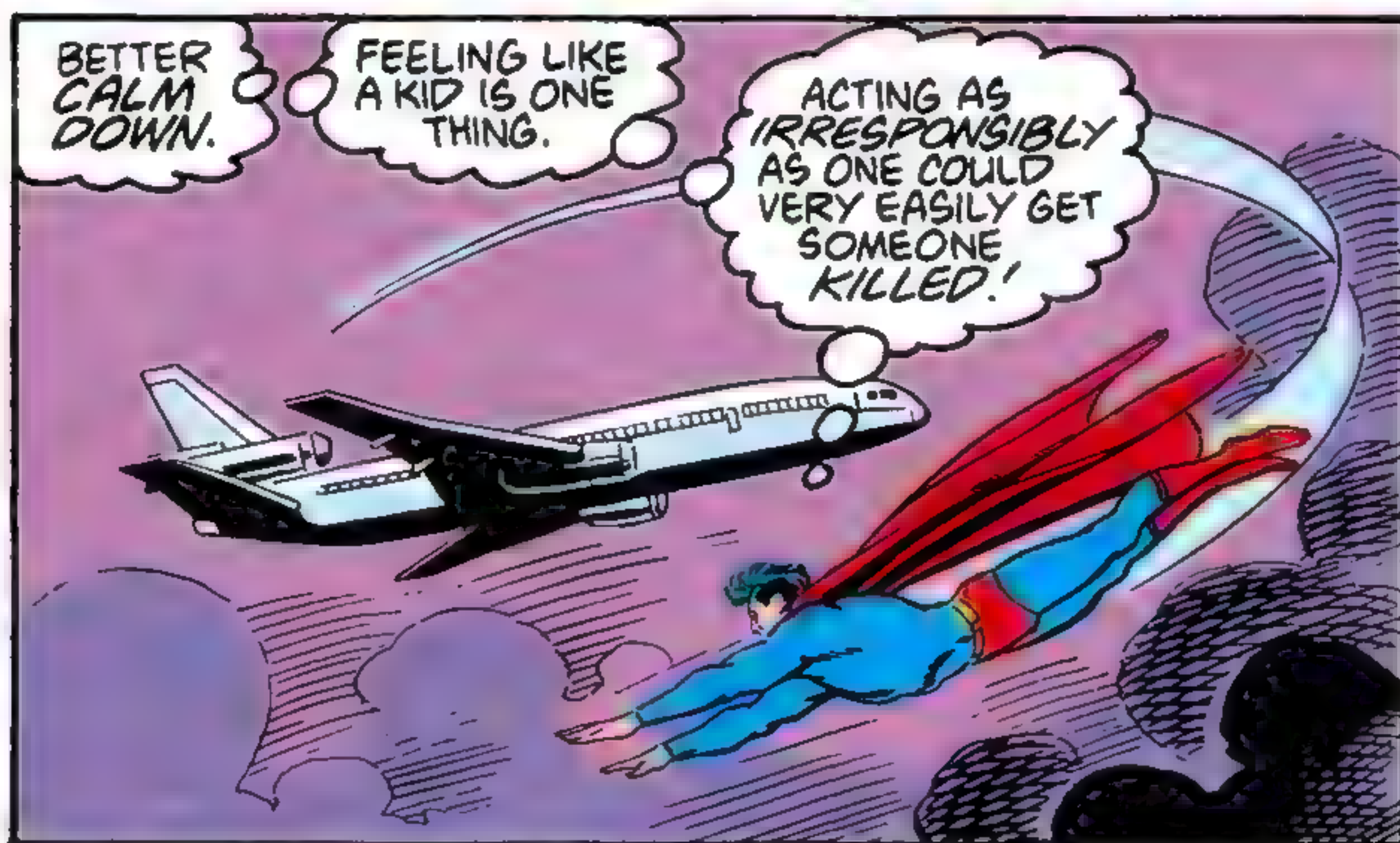
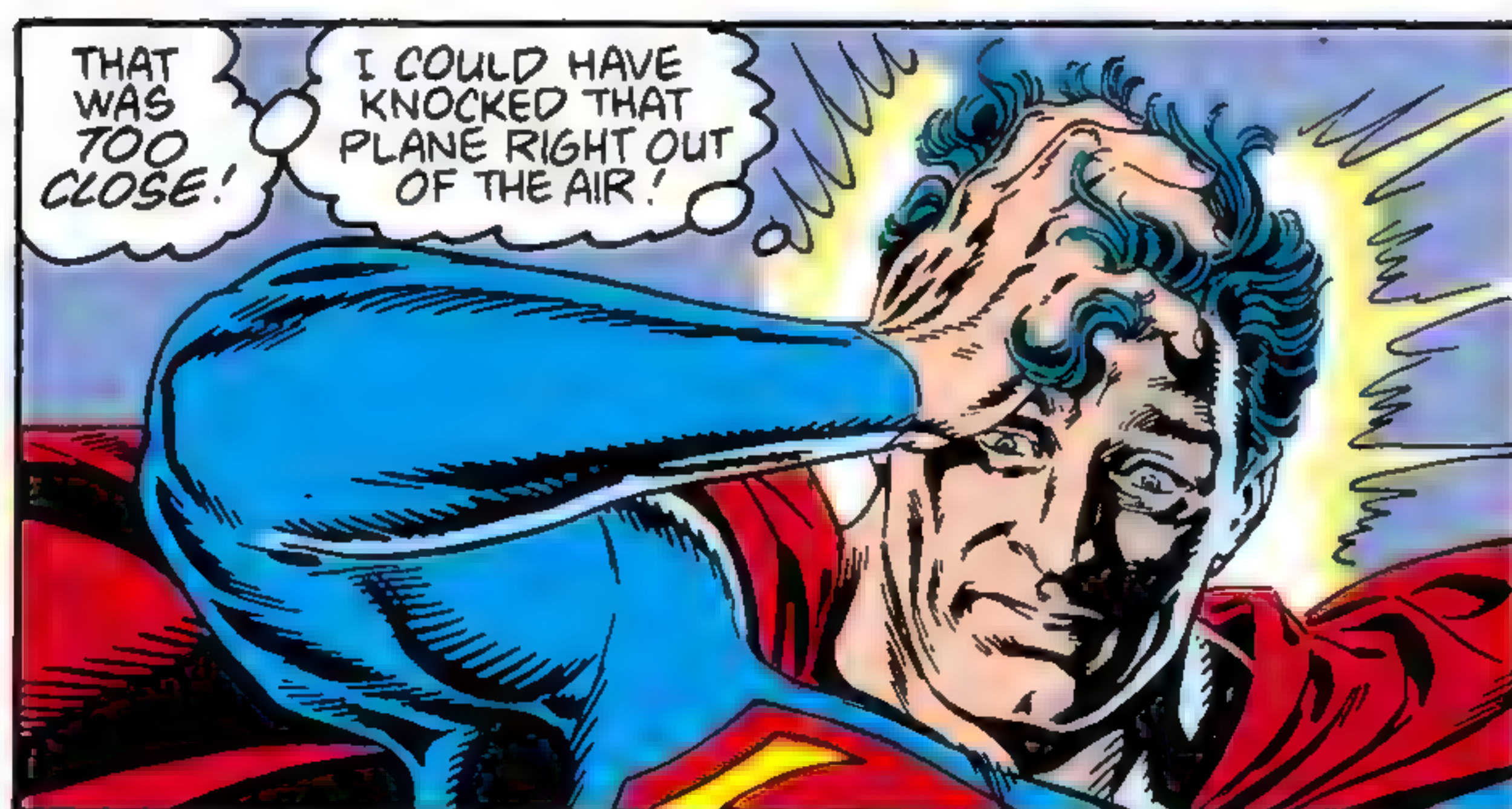
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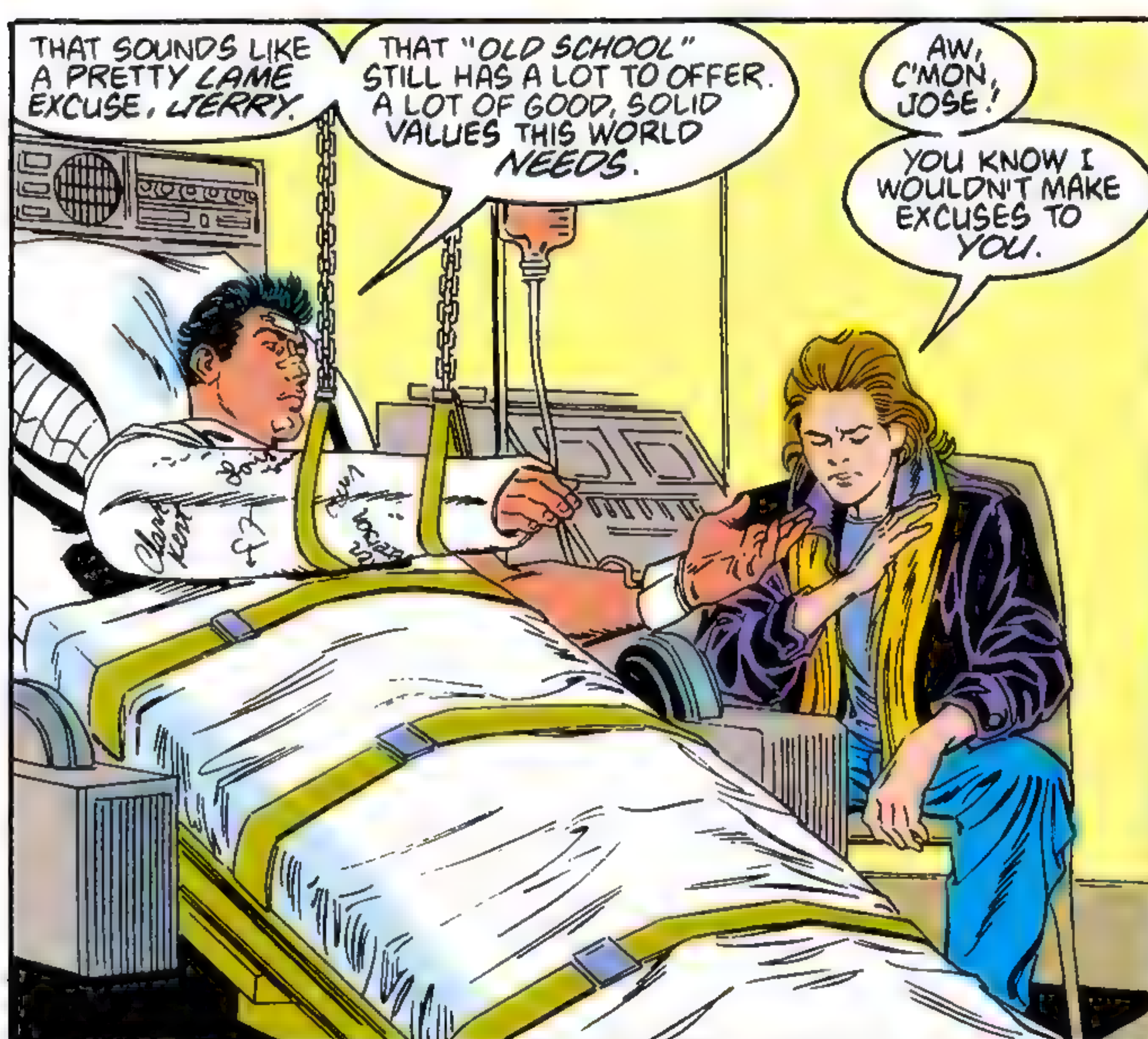
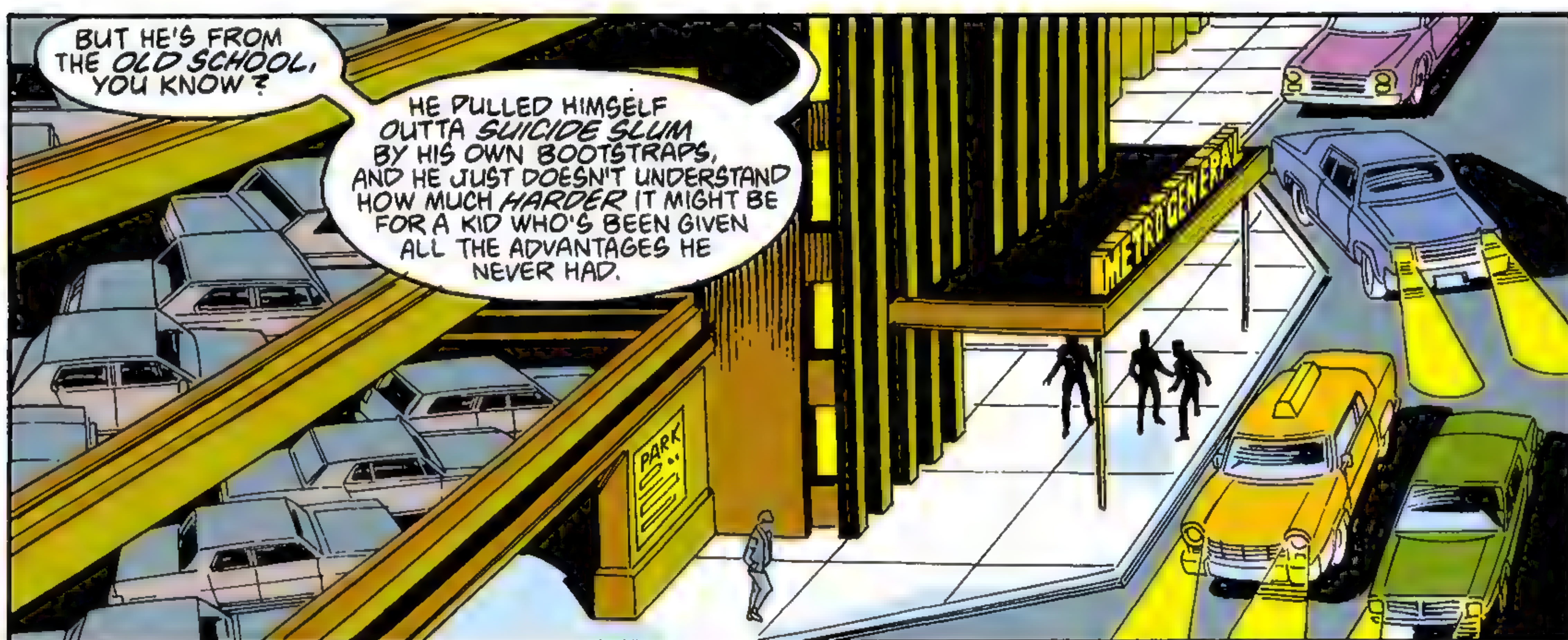


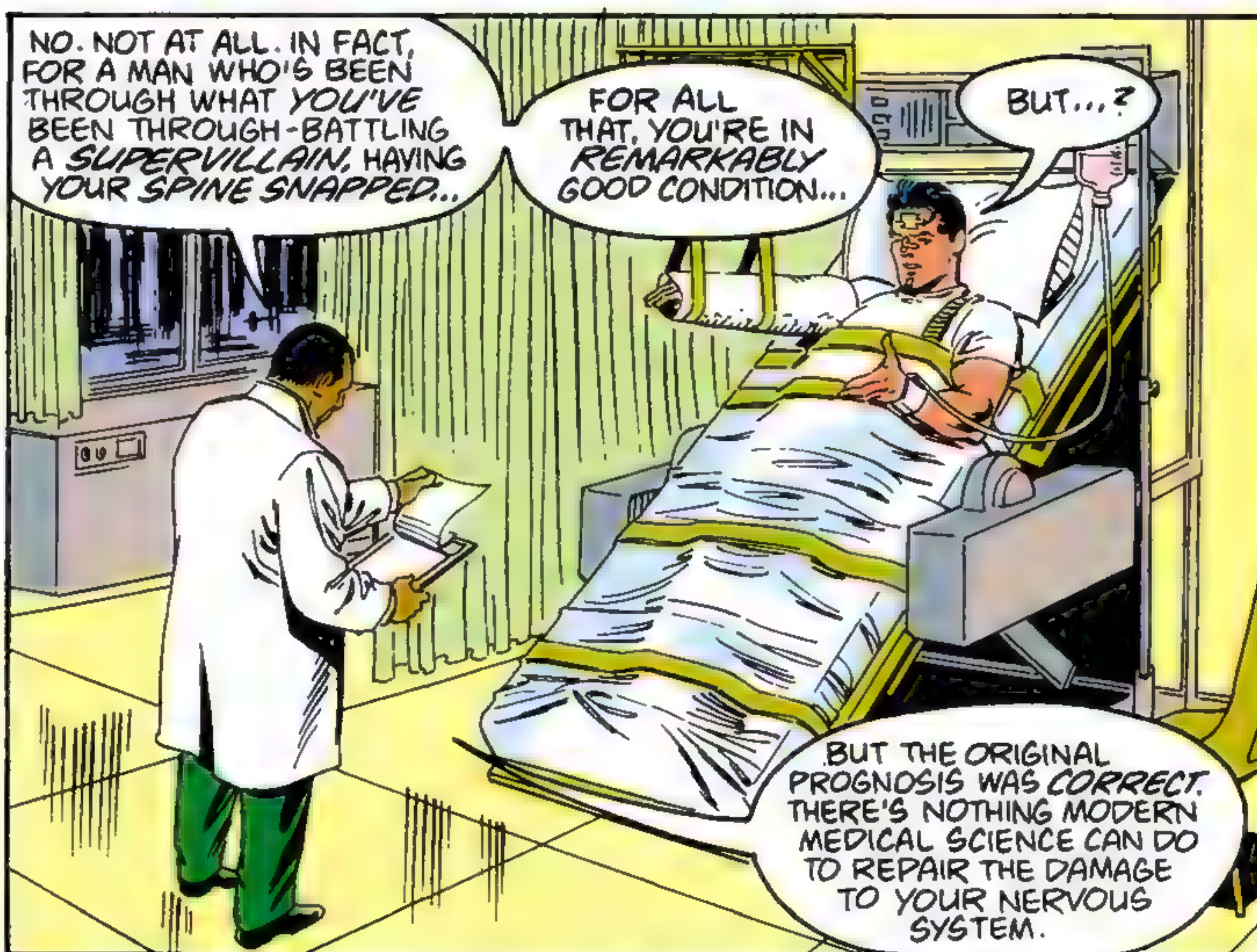
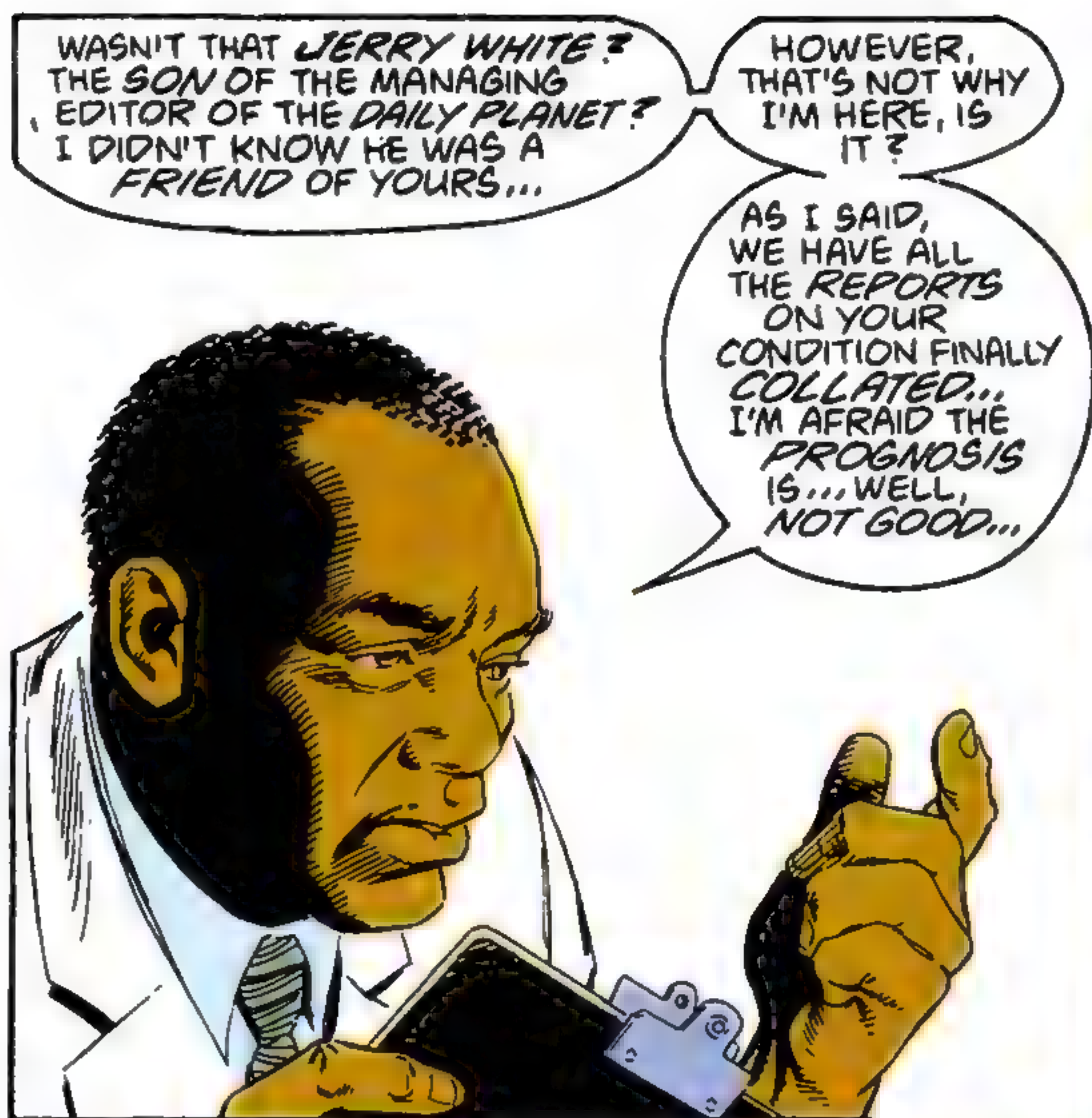


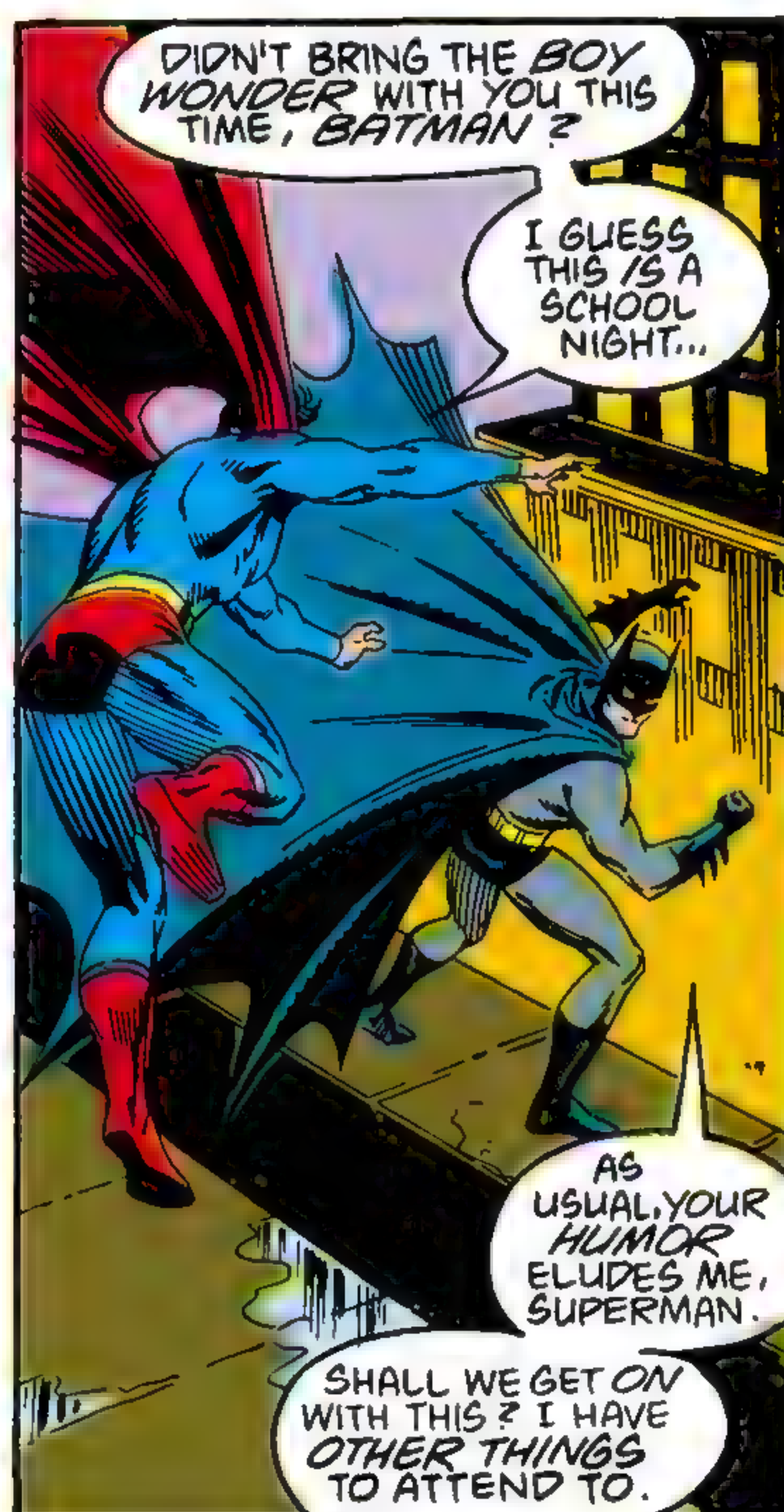
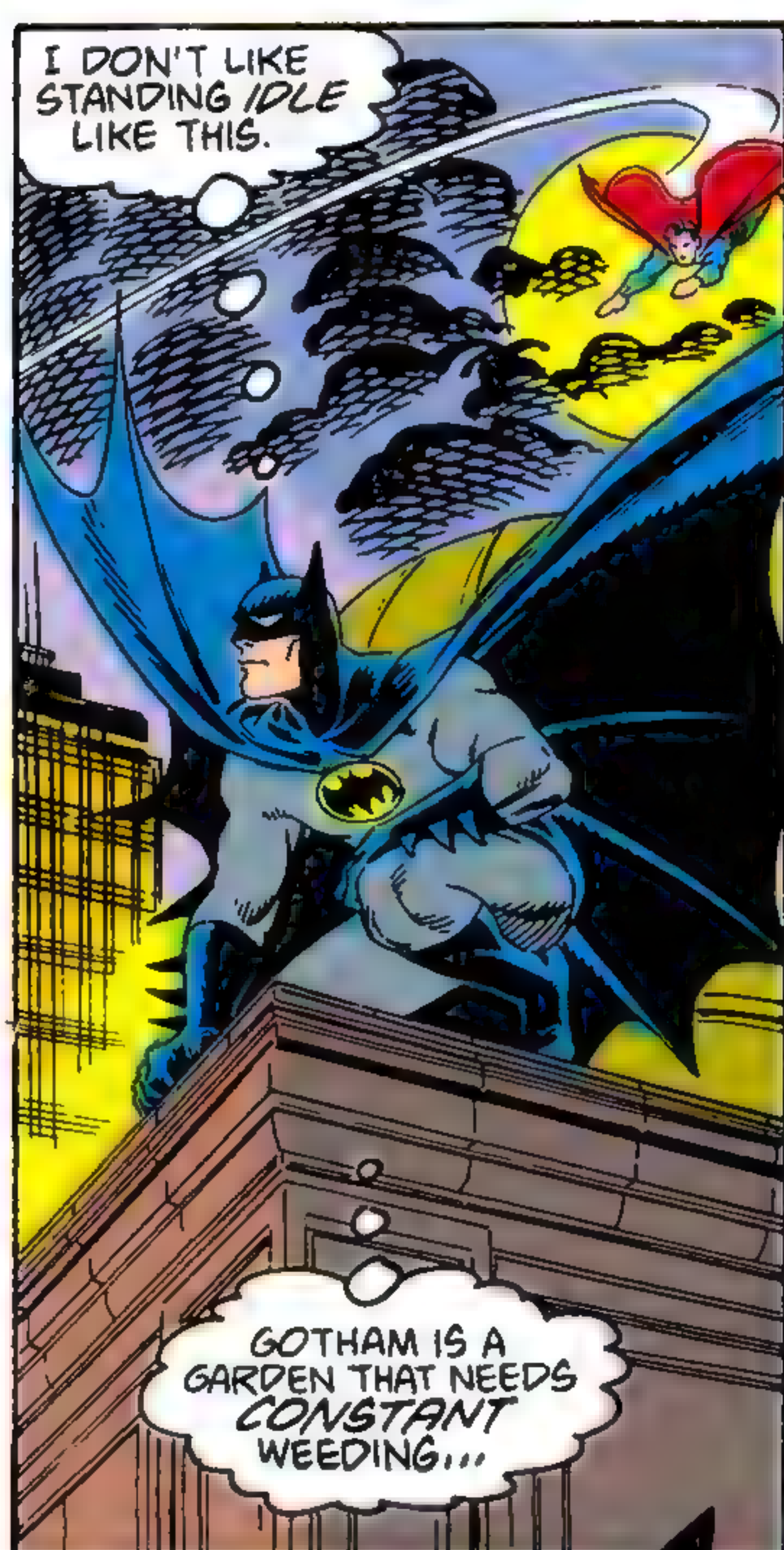


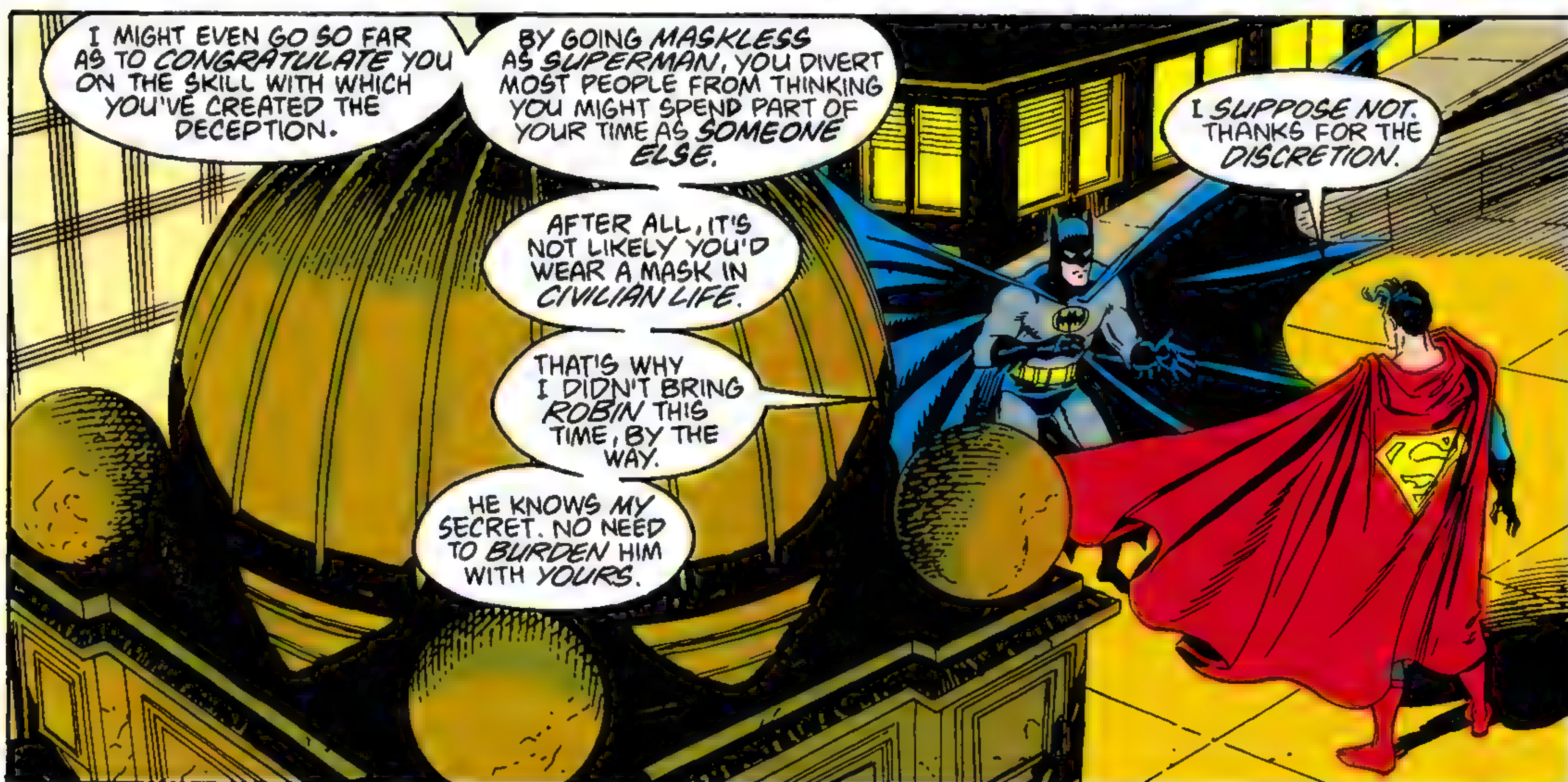
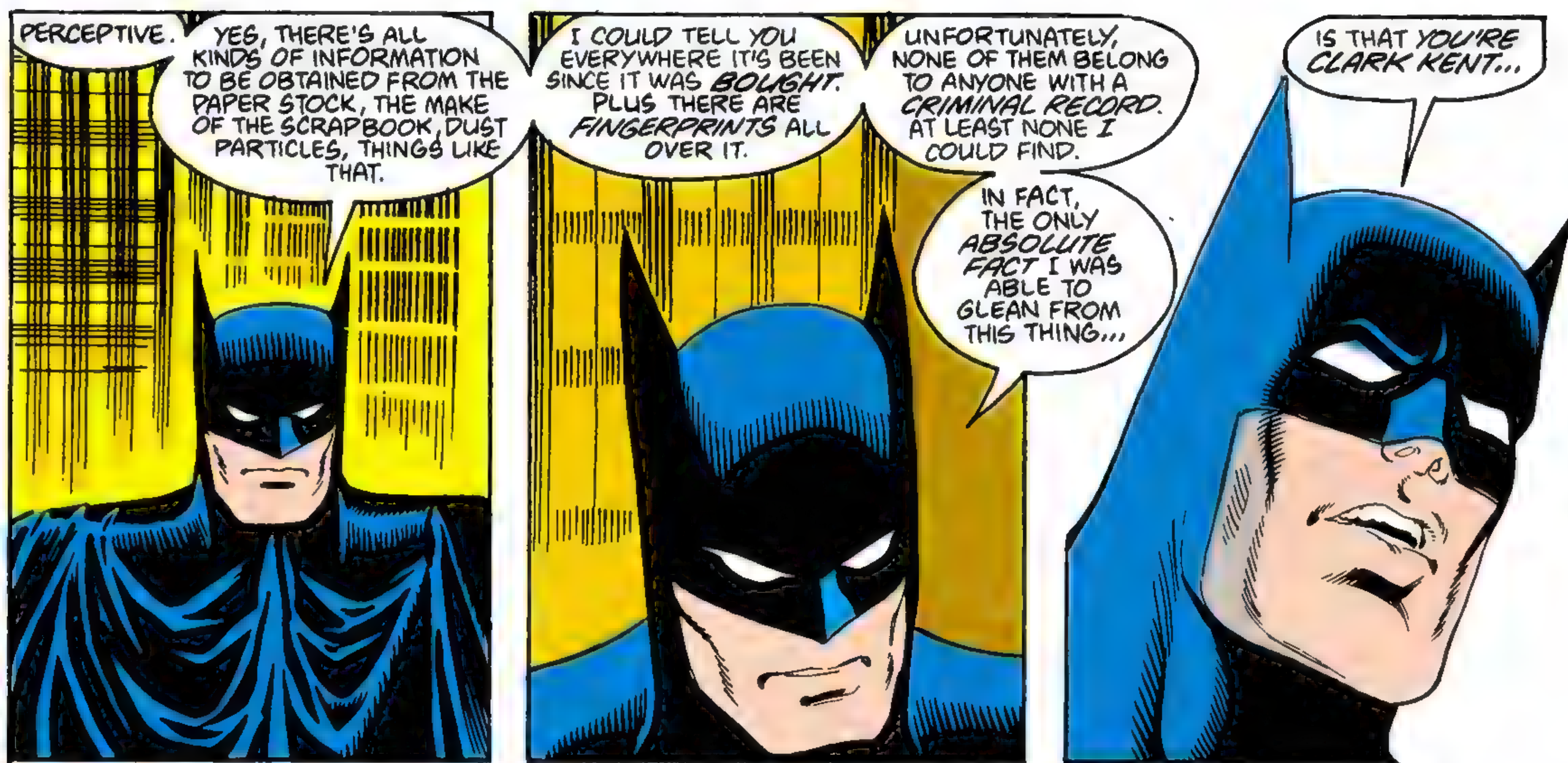


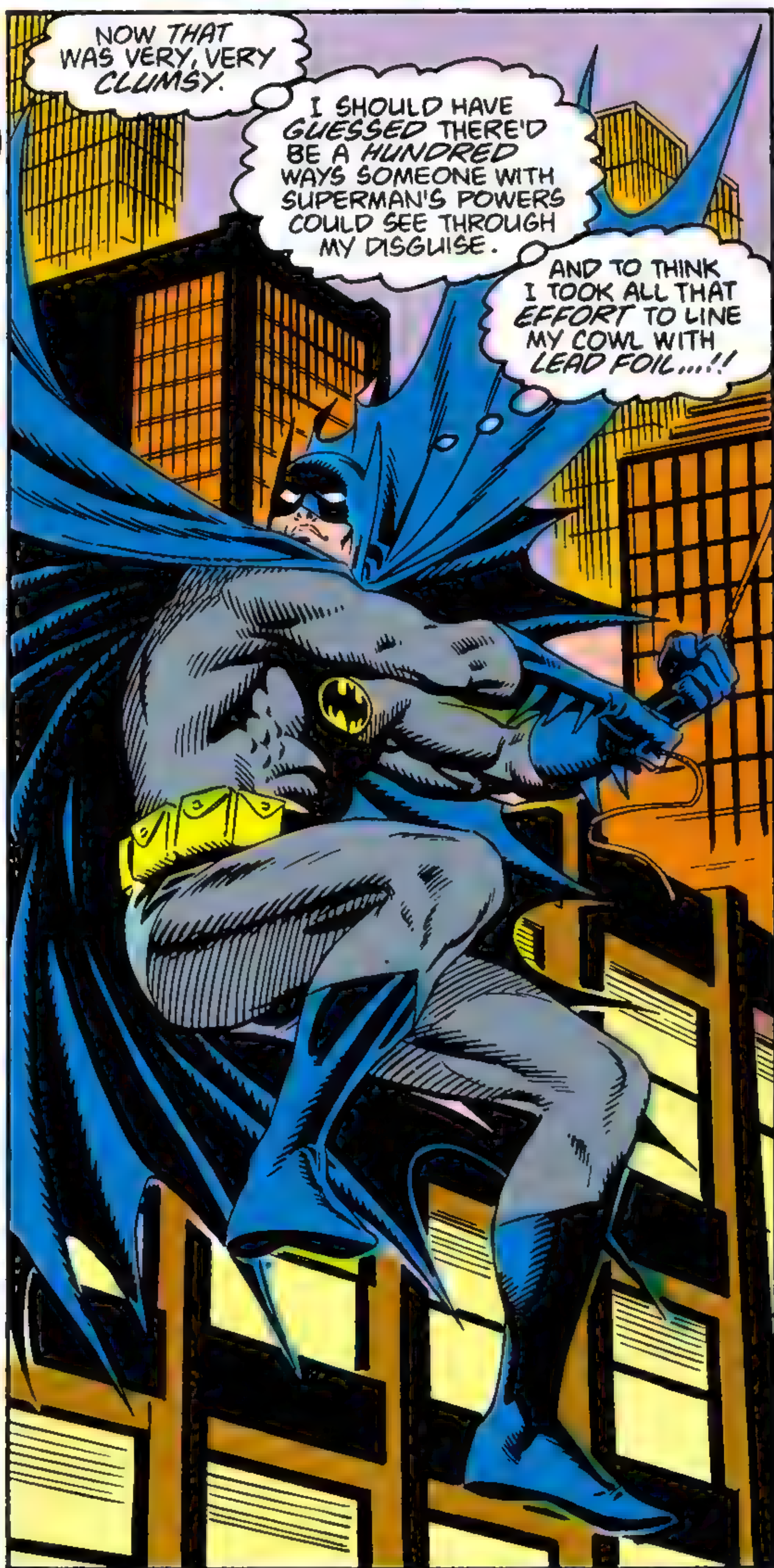
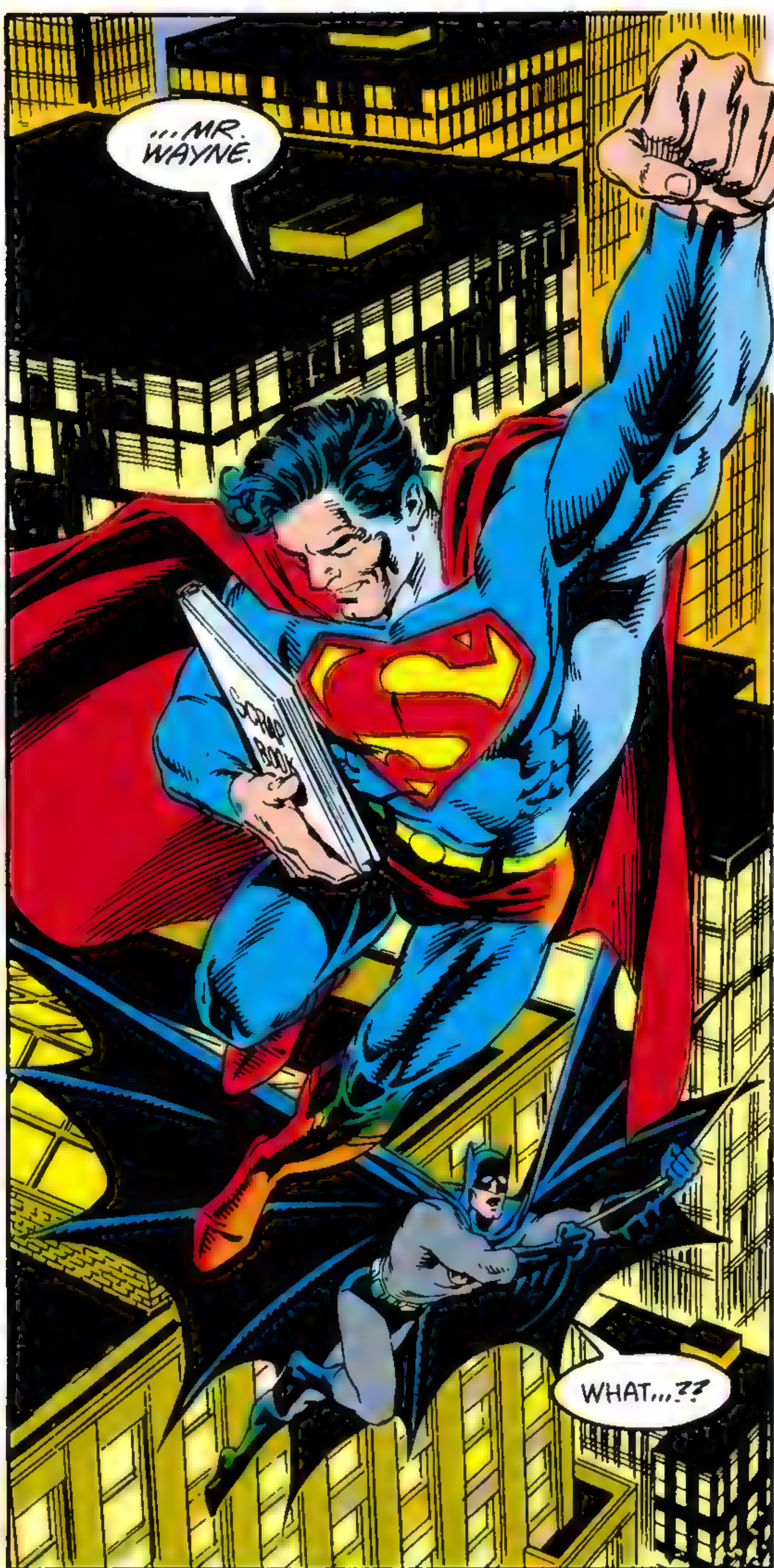
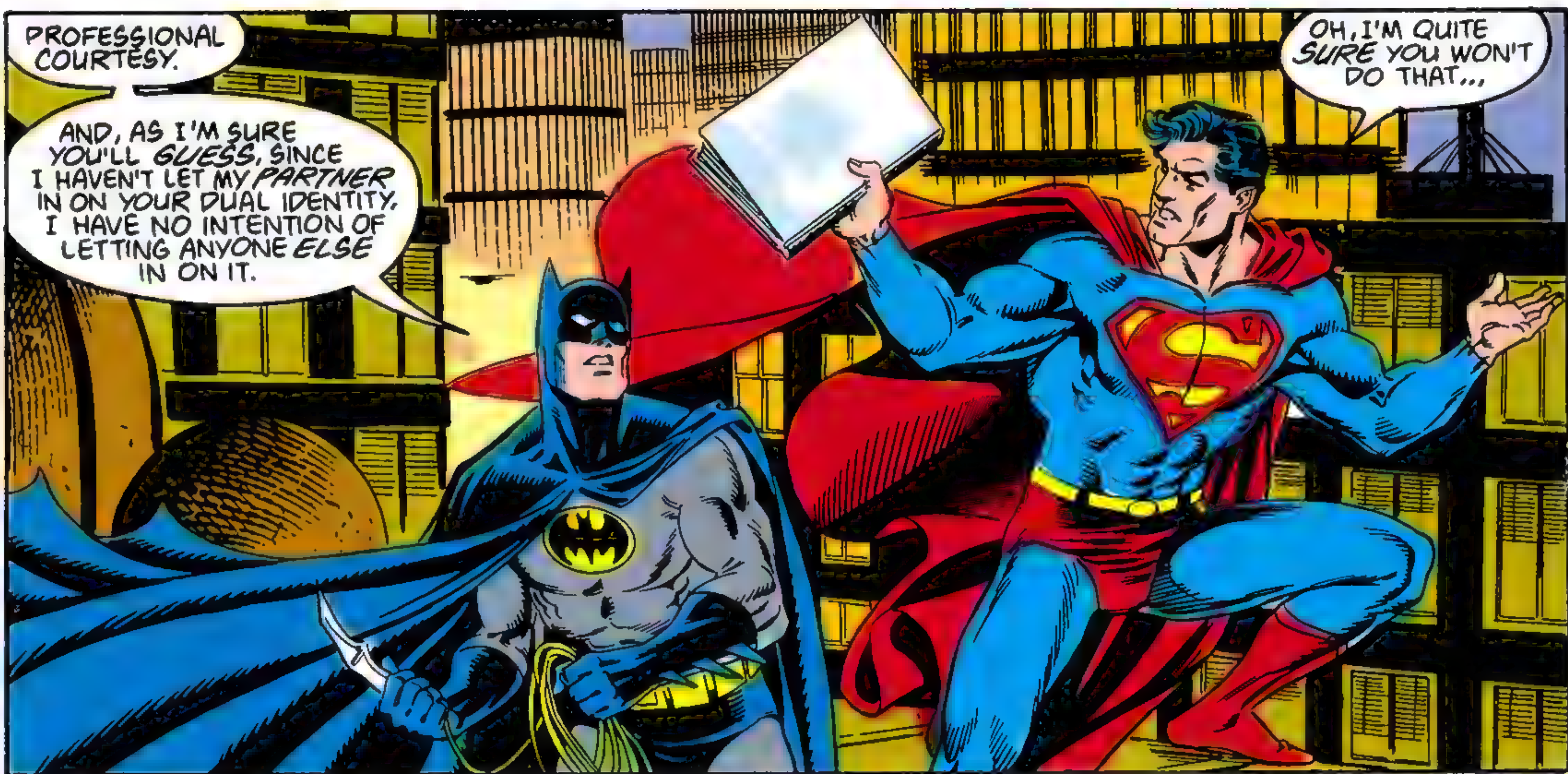


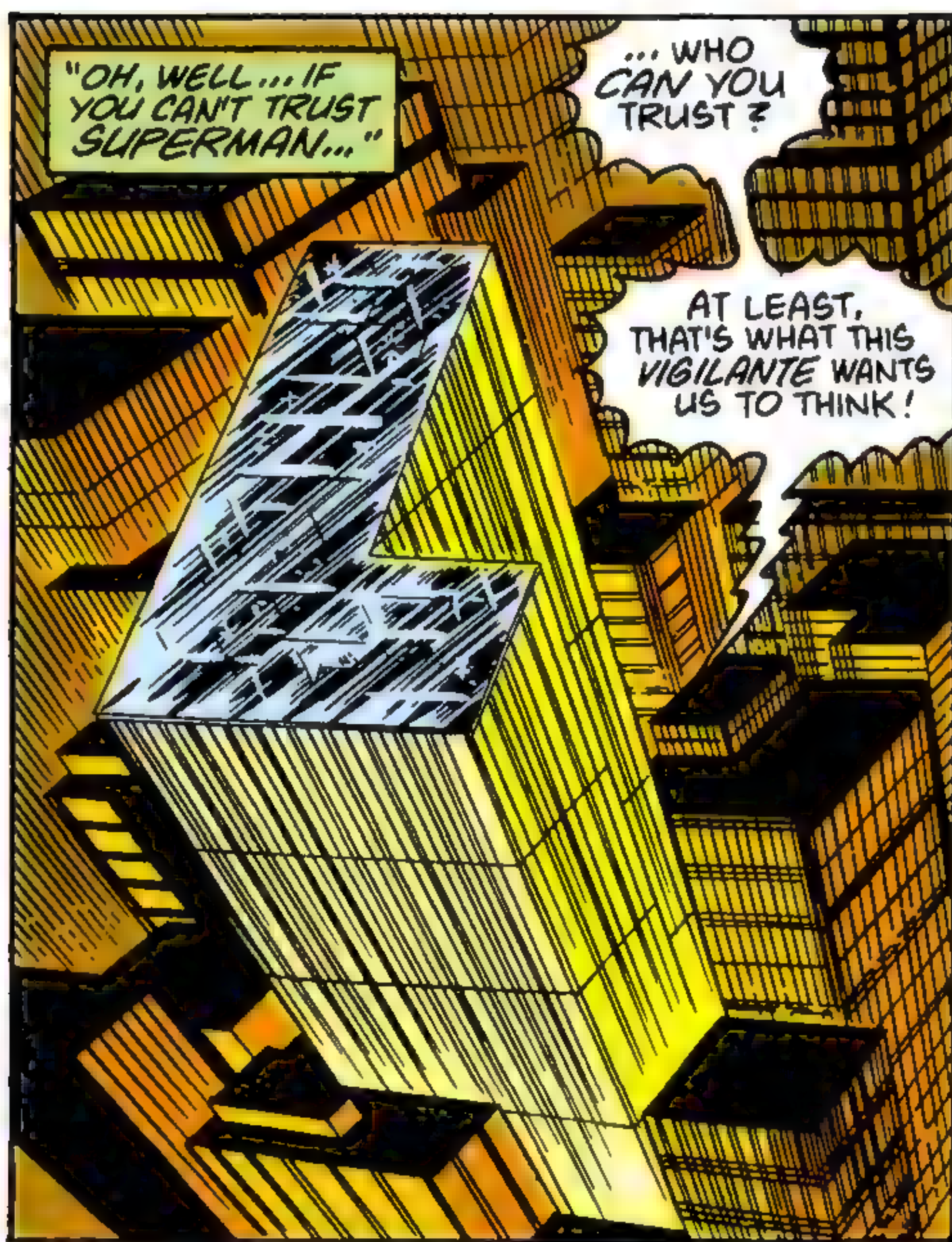








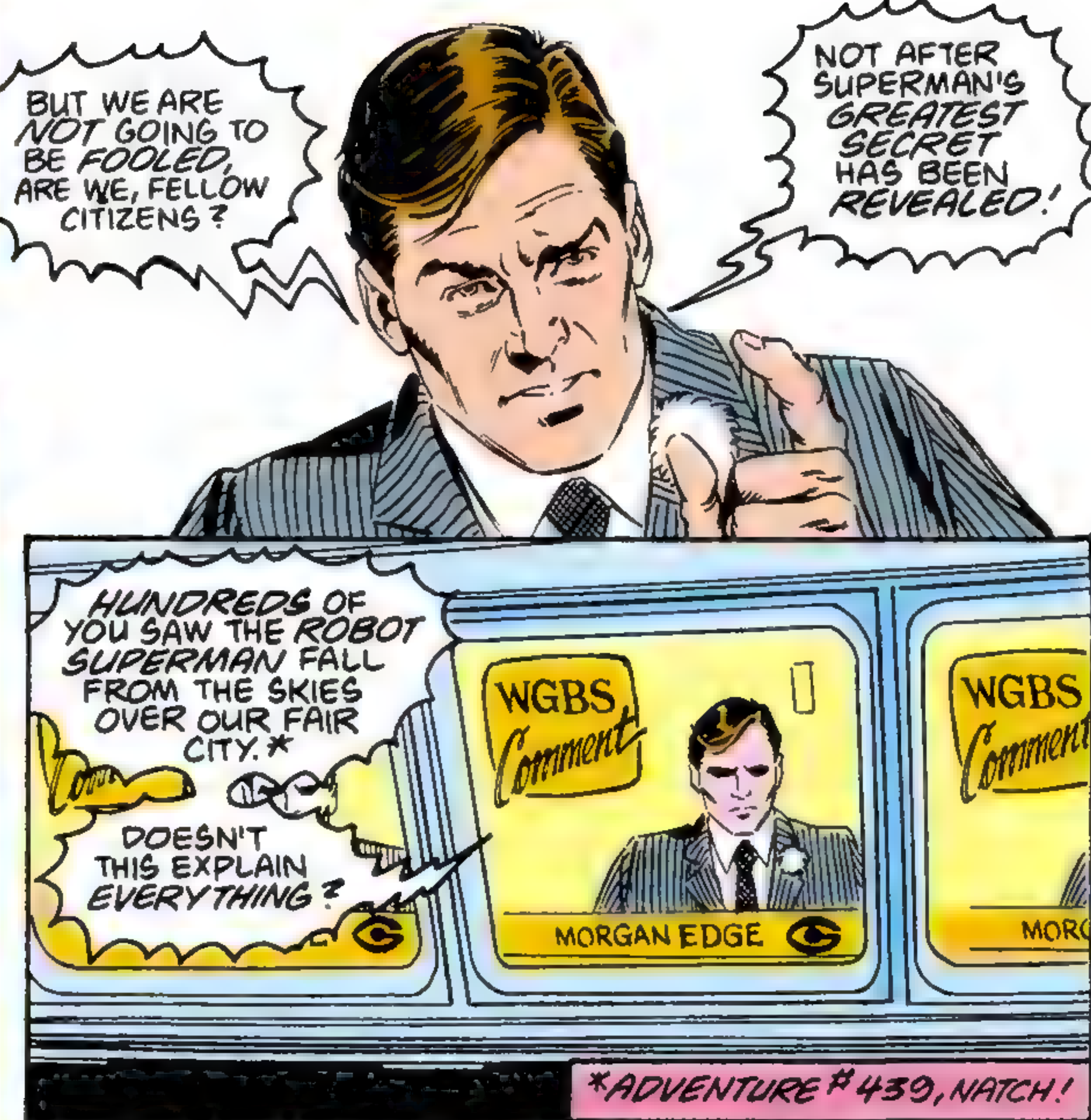




"OH, WELL... IF YOU CAN'T TRUST SUPERMAN..."

... WHO CAN YOU TRUST ?

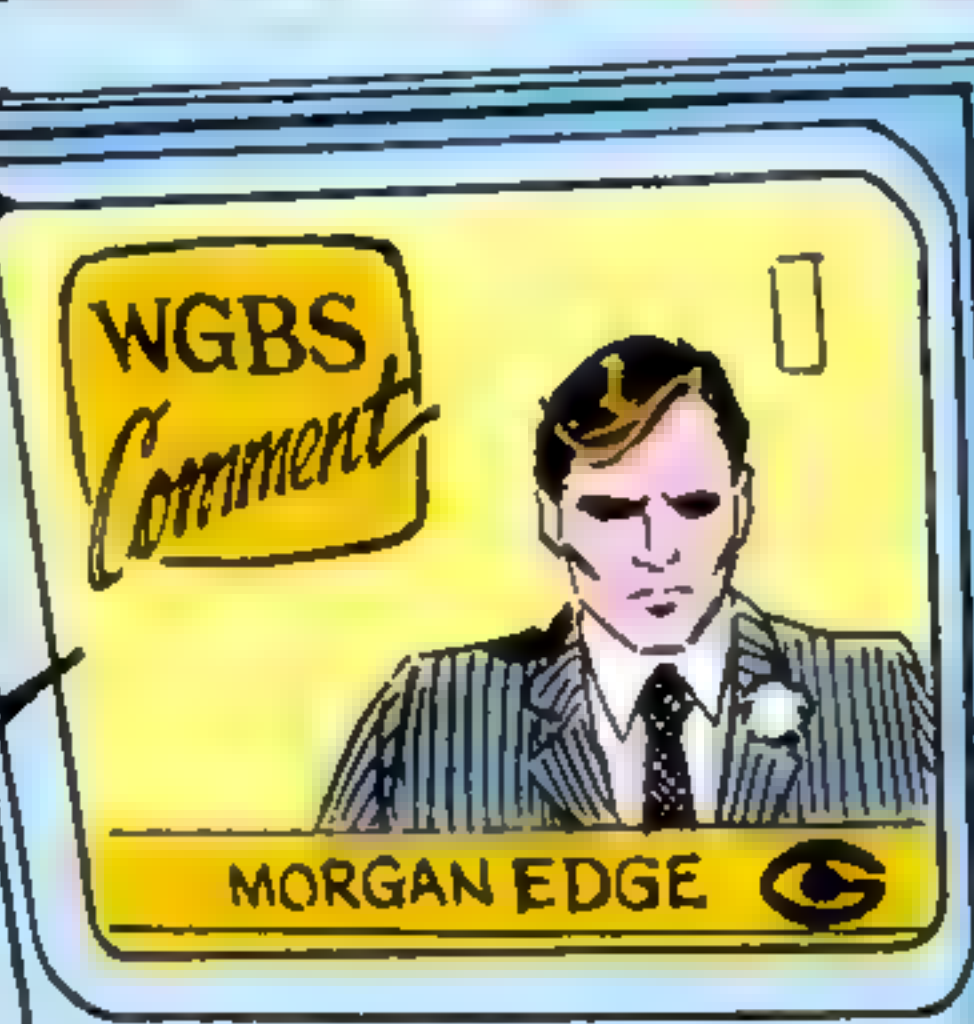
AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THIS VIGILANTE WANTS US TO THINK!



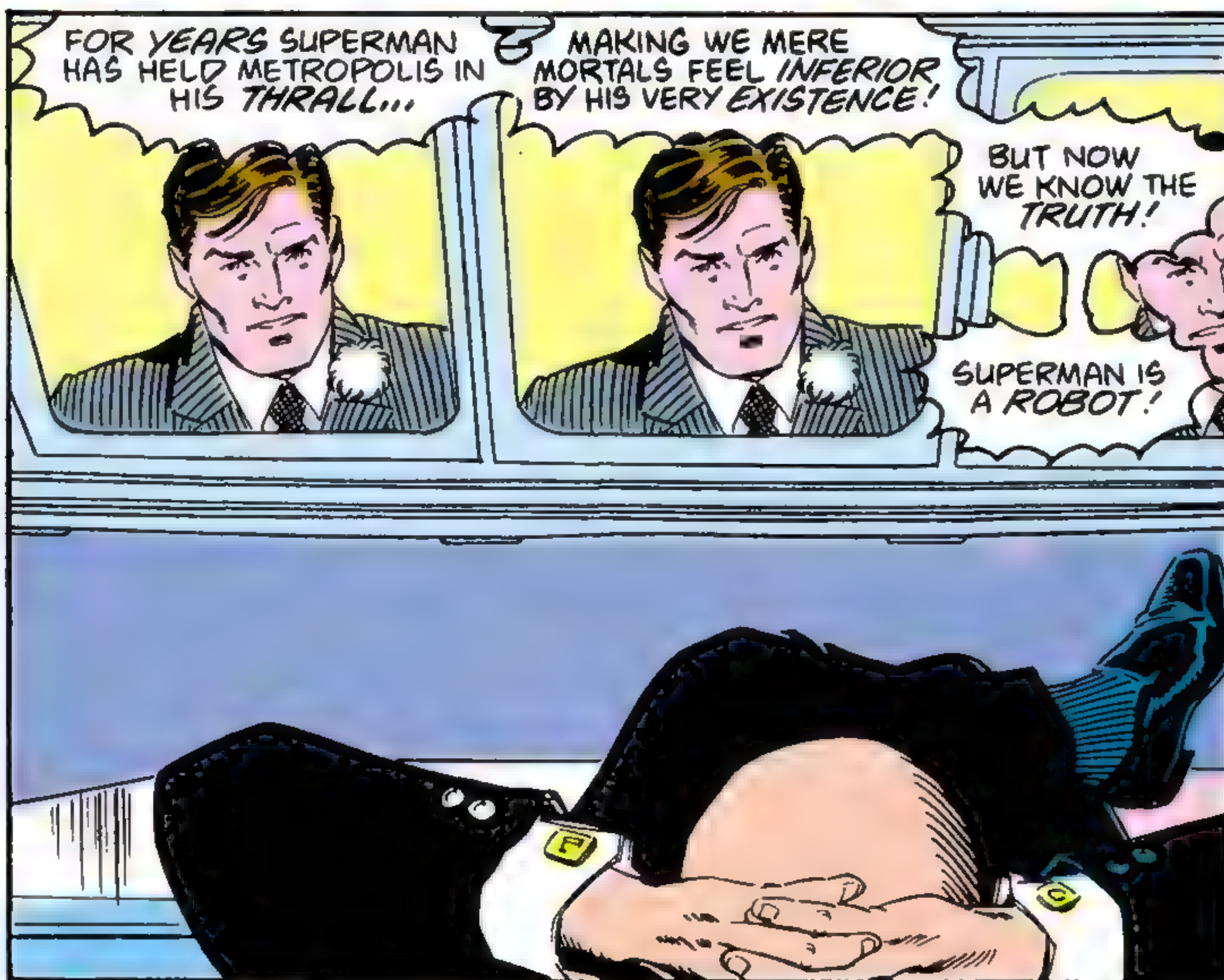
BUT WE ARE NOT GOING TO BE FOOLED, ARE WE, FELLOW CITIZENS ?

NOT AFTER SUPERMAN'S GREATEST SECRET HAS BEEN REVEALED!

HUNDREDS OF YOU SAW THE ROBOT SUPERMAN FALL FROM THE SKIES OVER OUR FAIR CITY.*
DOESN'T THIS EXPLAIN EVERYTHING ?



*ADVENTURE #439, NATCH!



FOR YEARS SUPERMAN HAS HELD METROPOLIS IN HIS THRALL...

MAKING WE MERE MORTALS FEEL INFERIOR BY HIS VERY EXISTENCE!

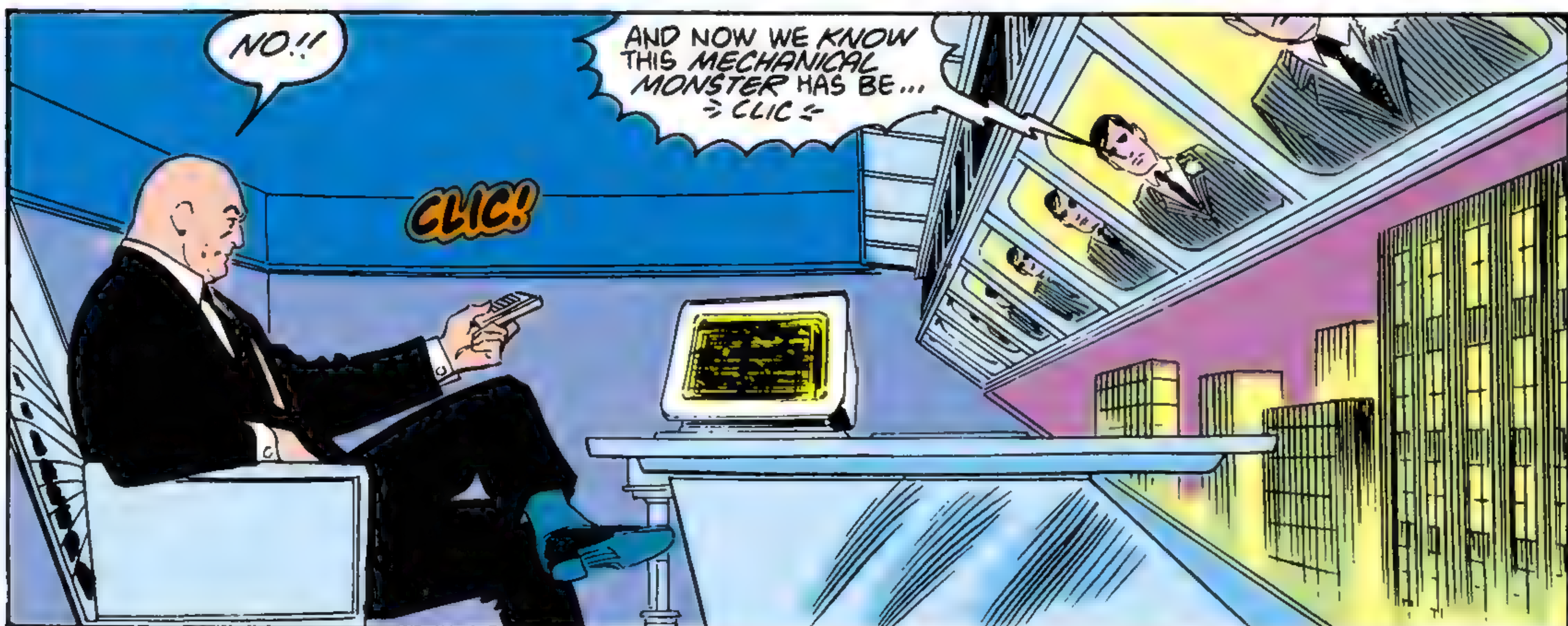
BUT NOW WE KNOW THE TRUTH!

SUPERMAN IS A ROBOT!



HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A ROBOT!

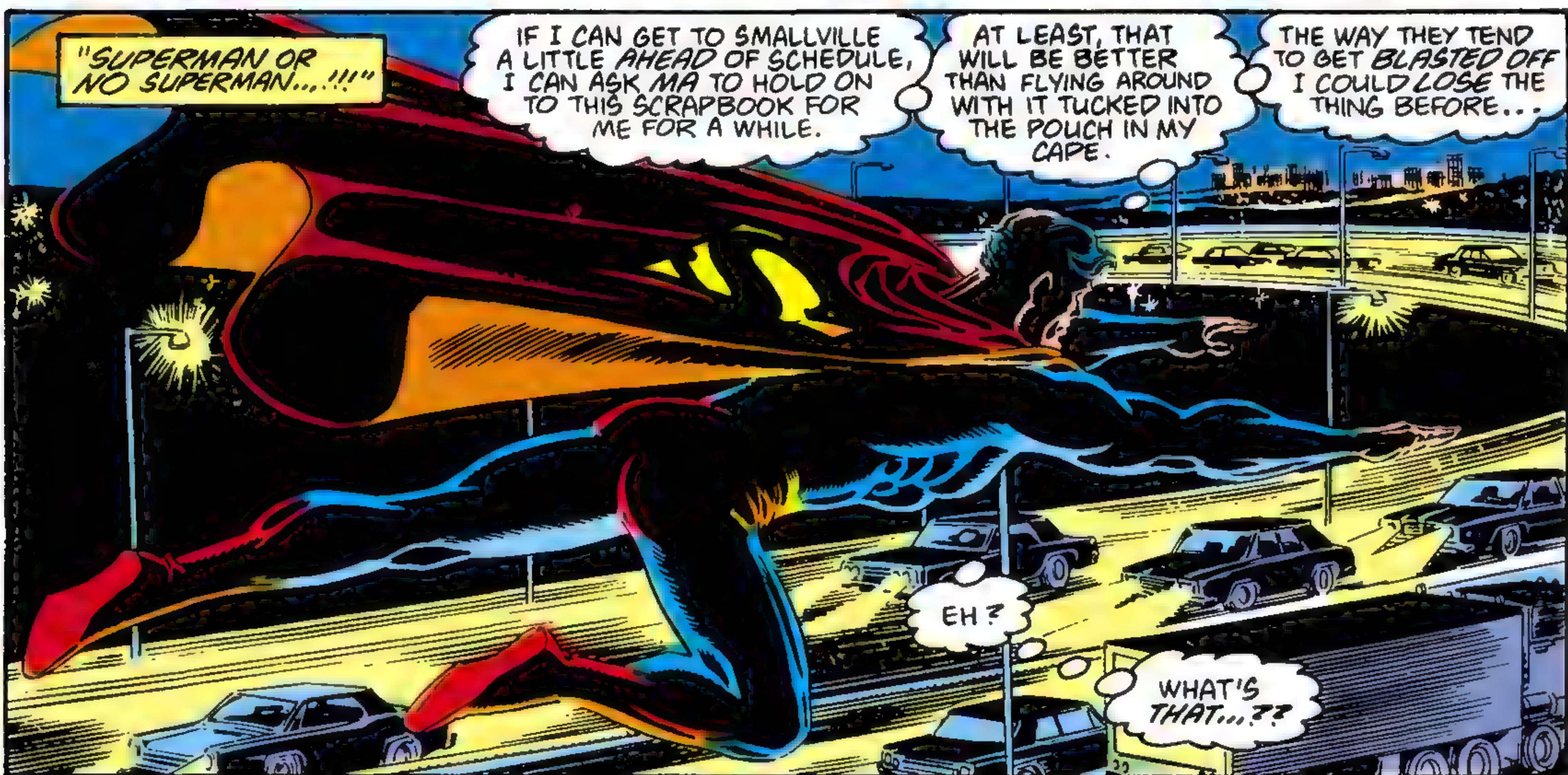
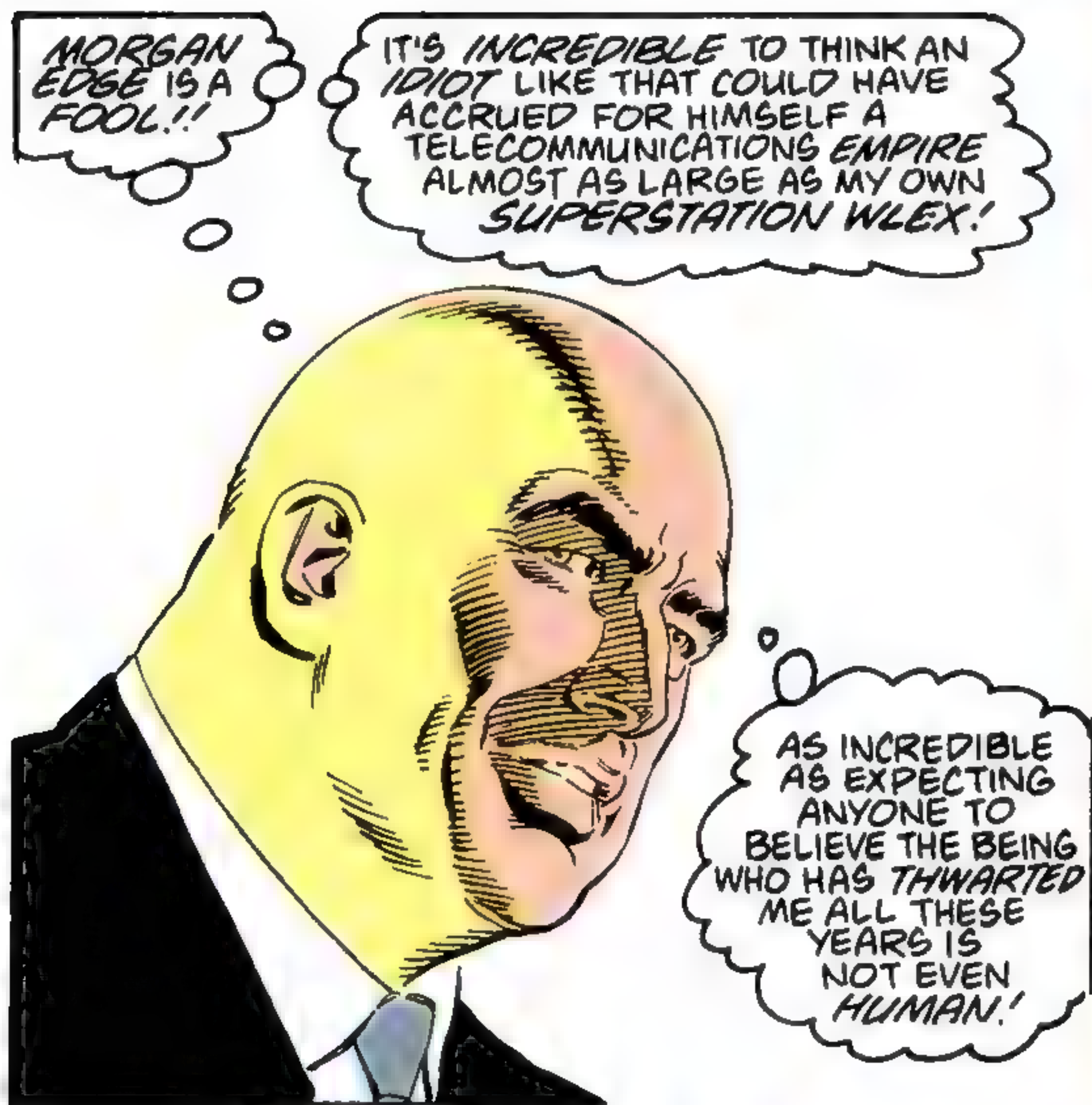
COULD IT BE...??

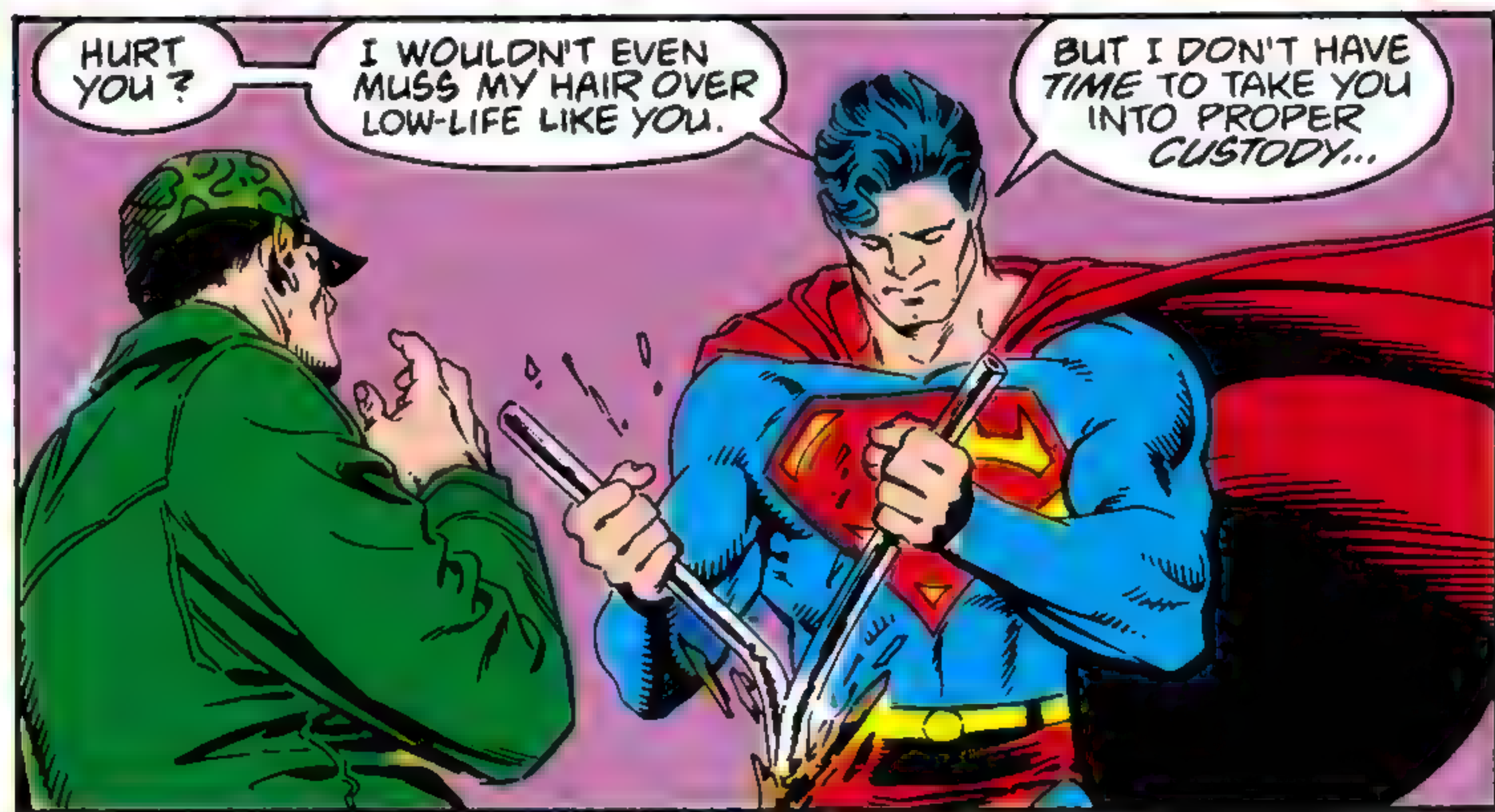
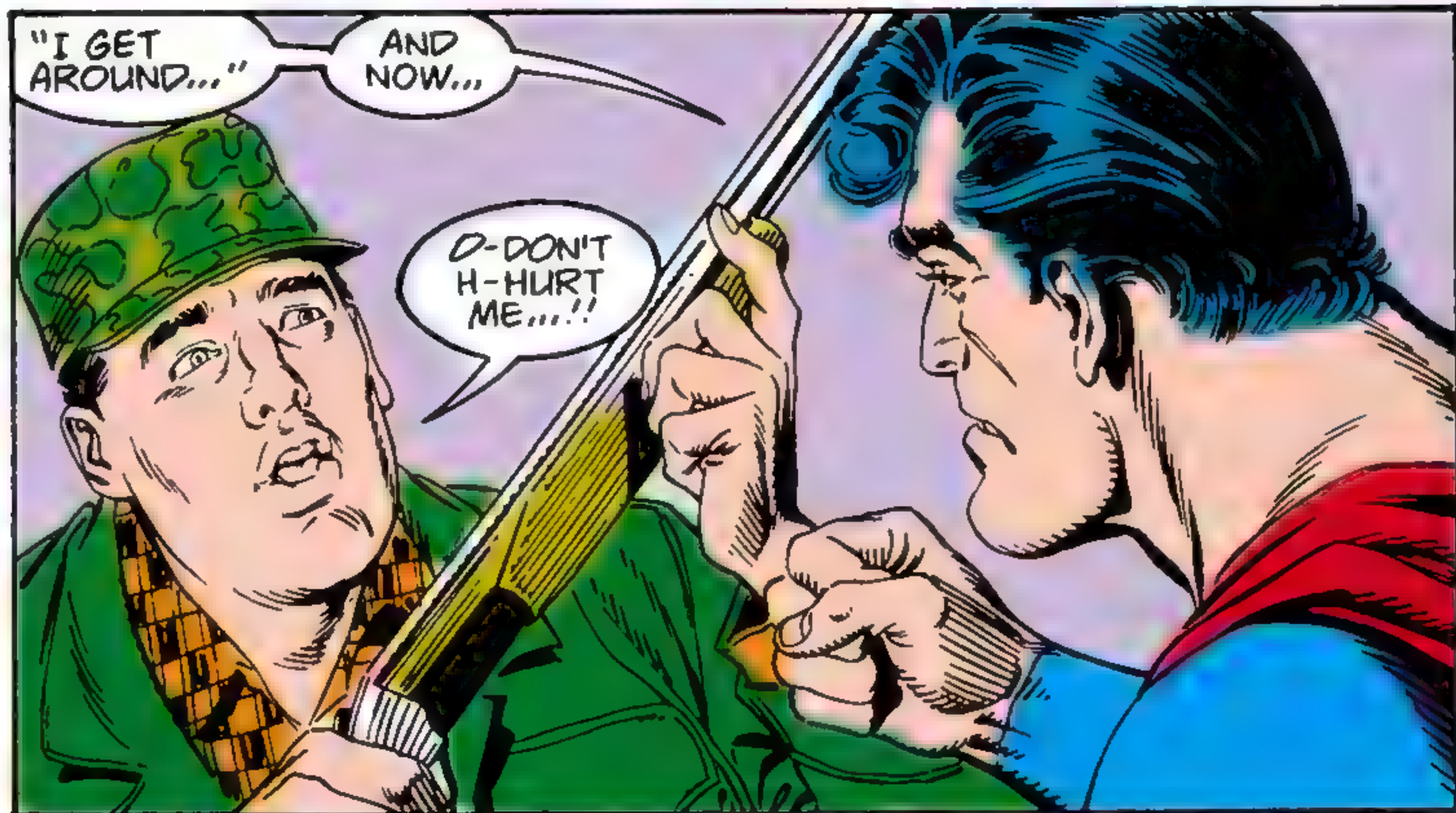
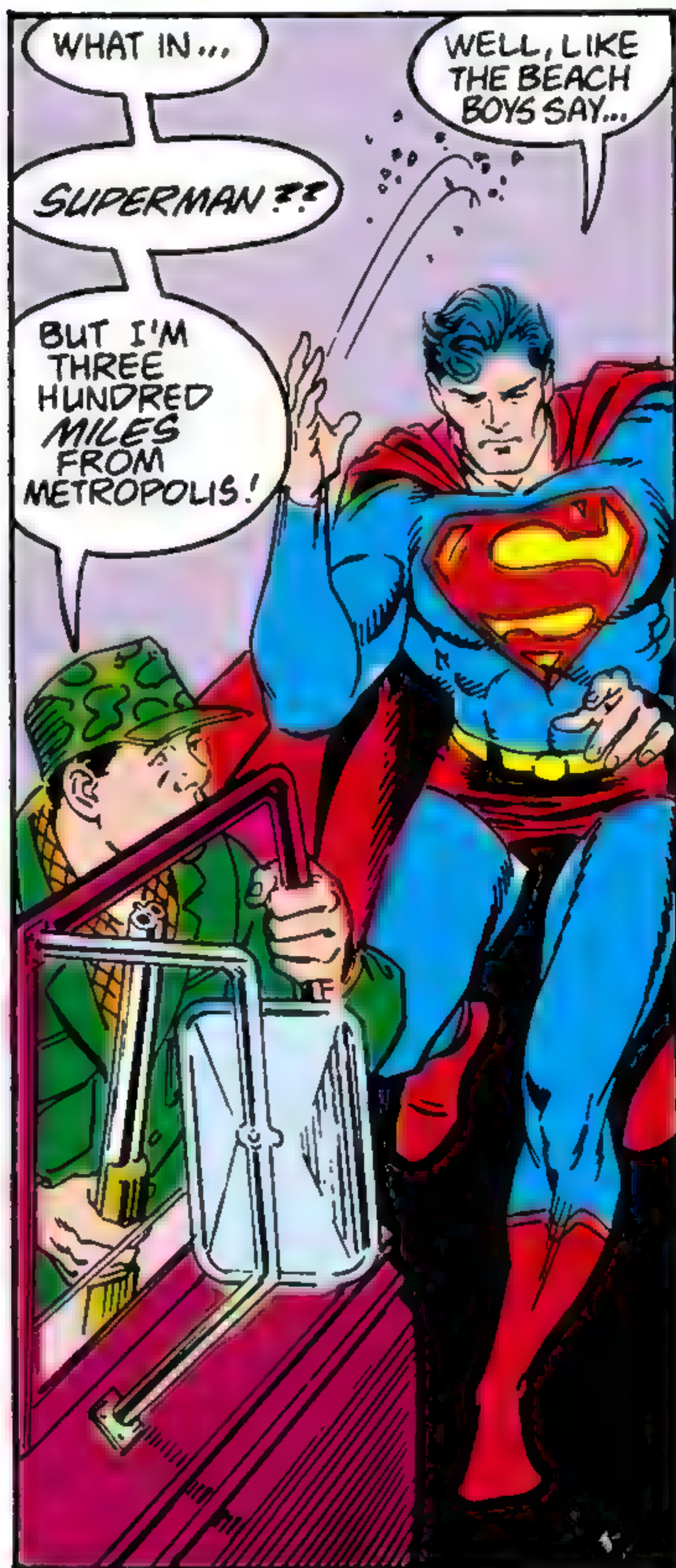
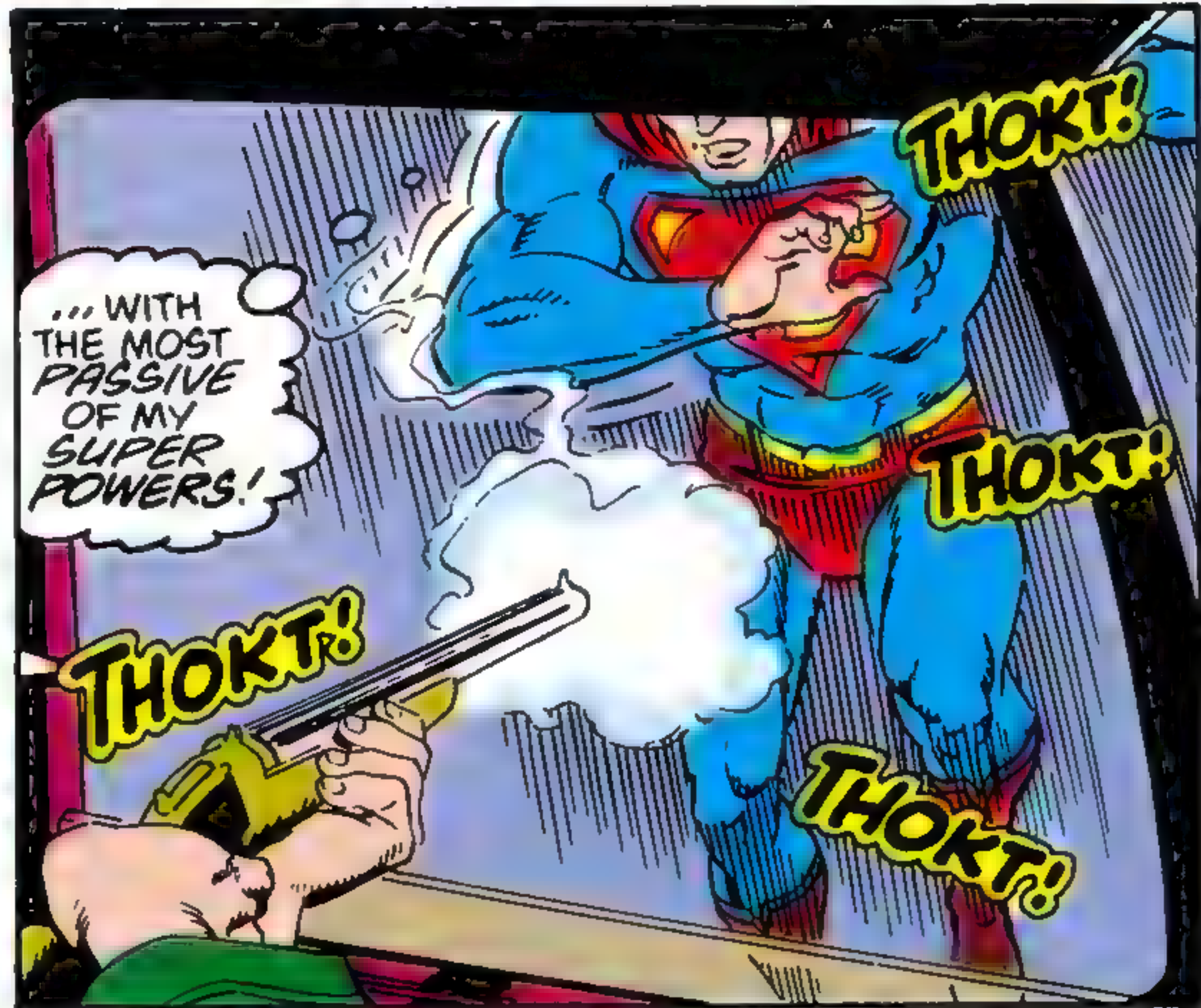
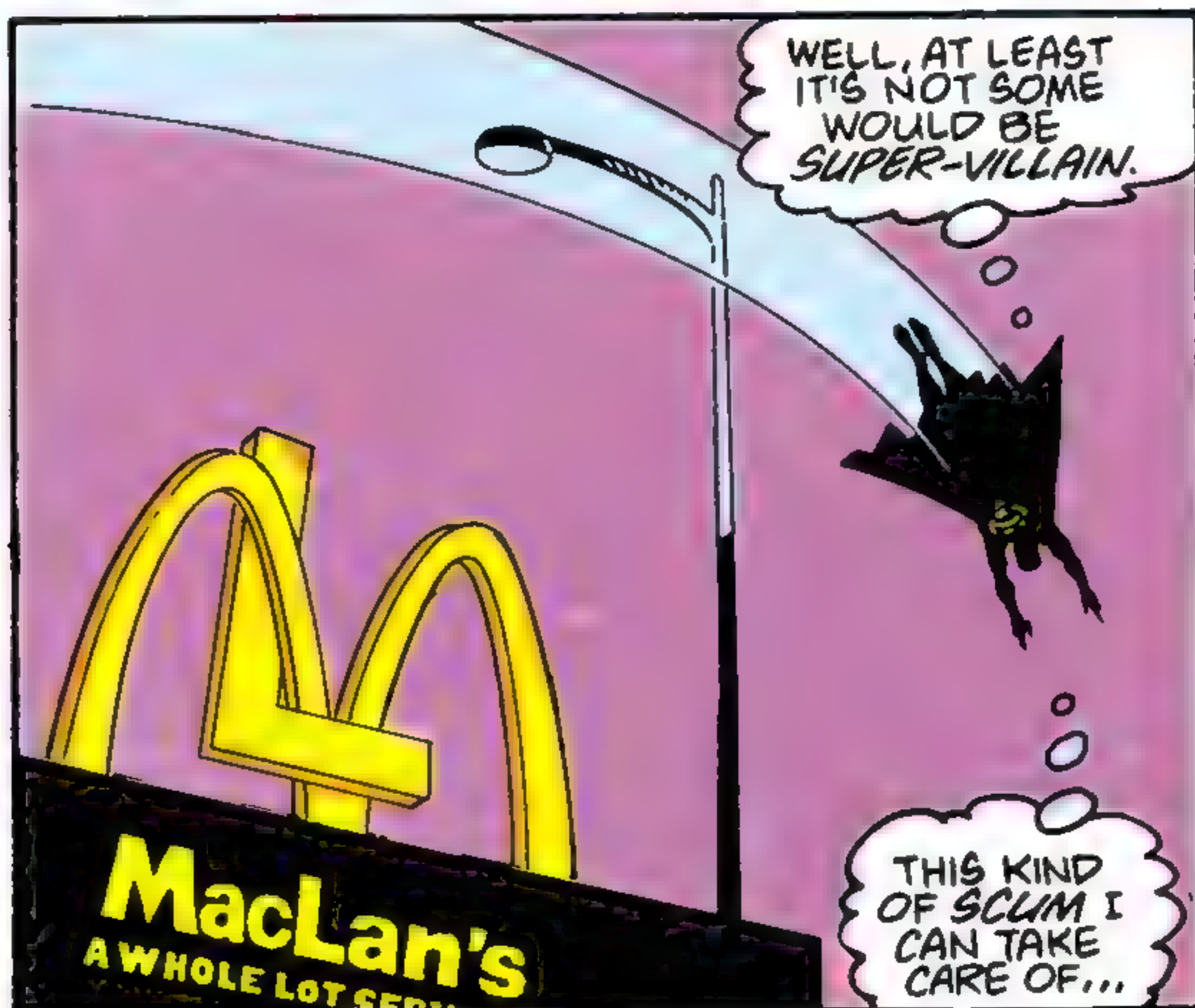
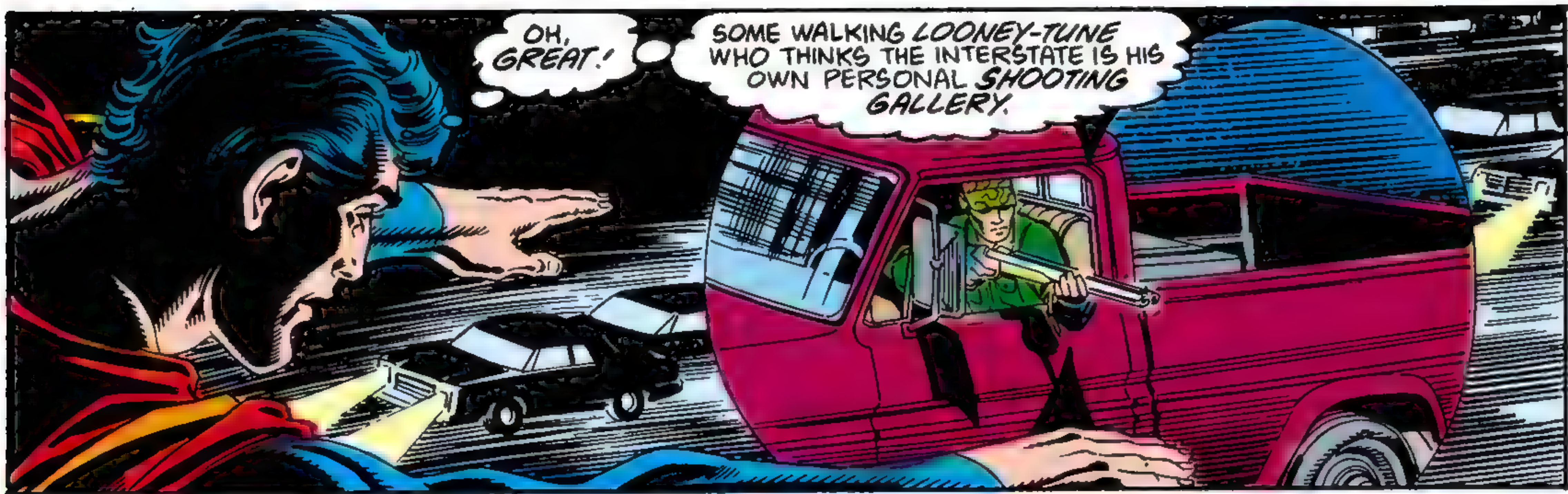


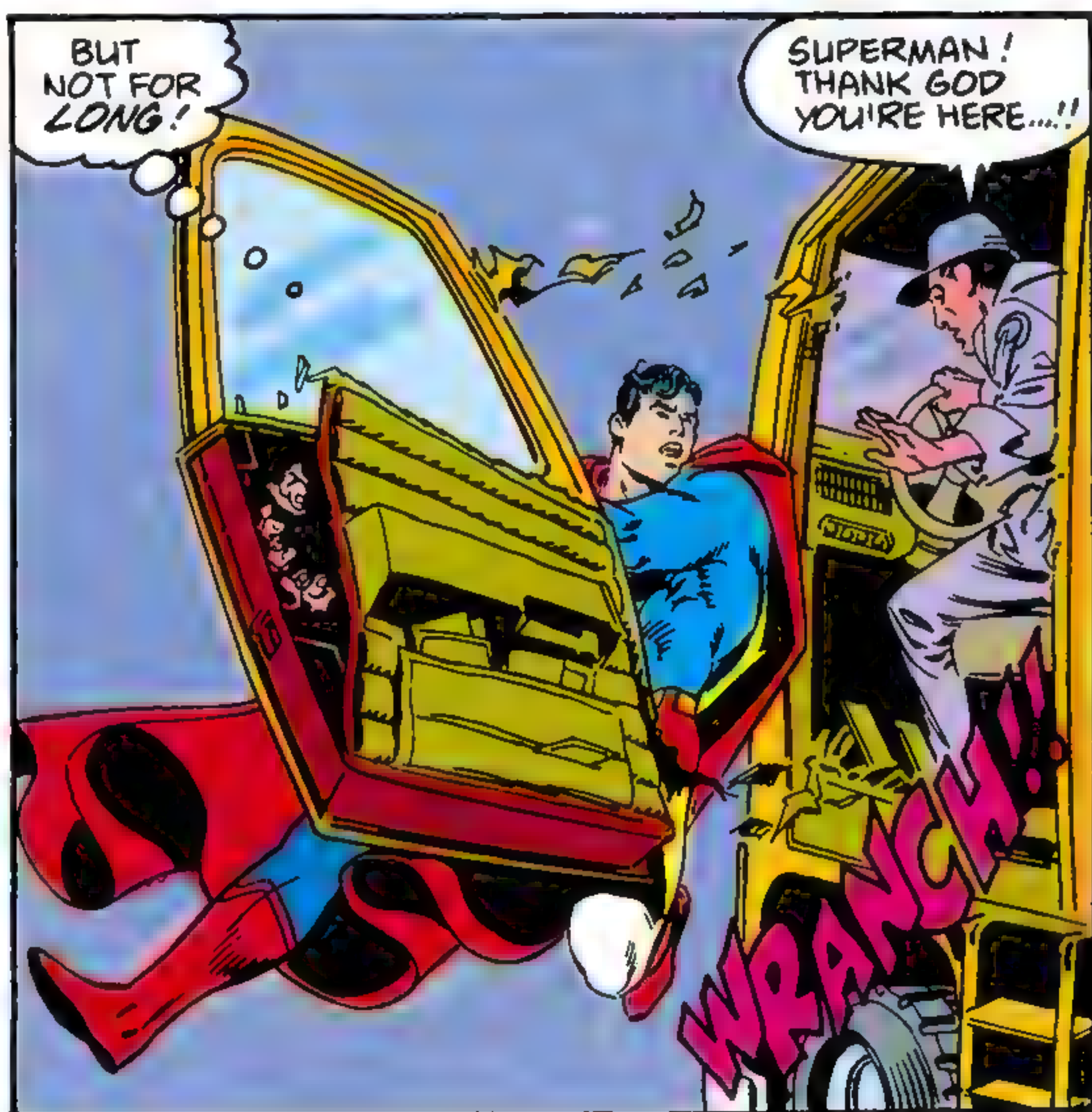
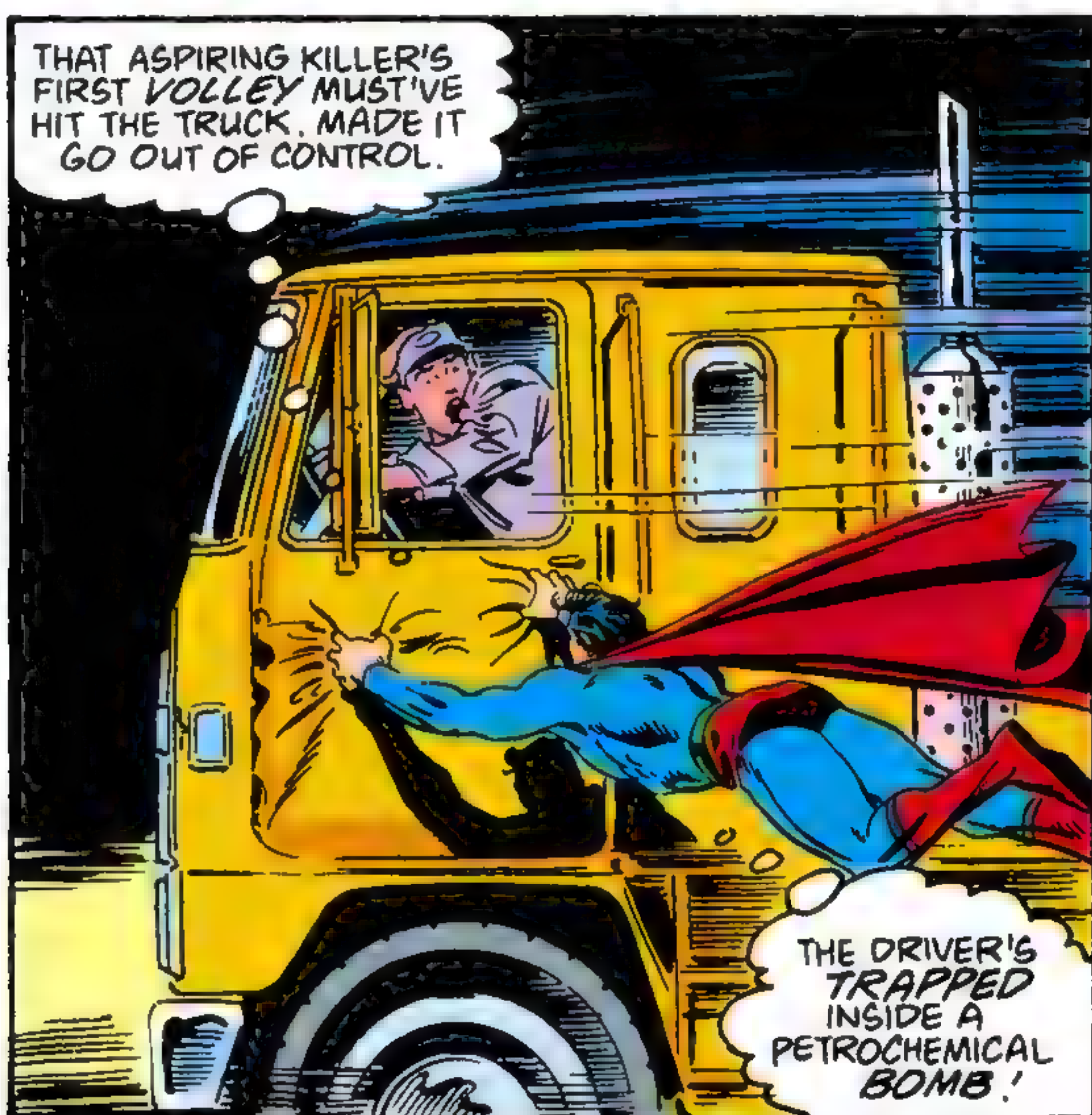
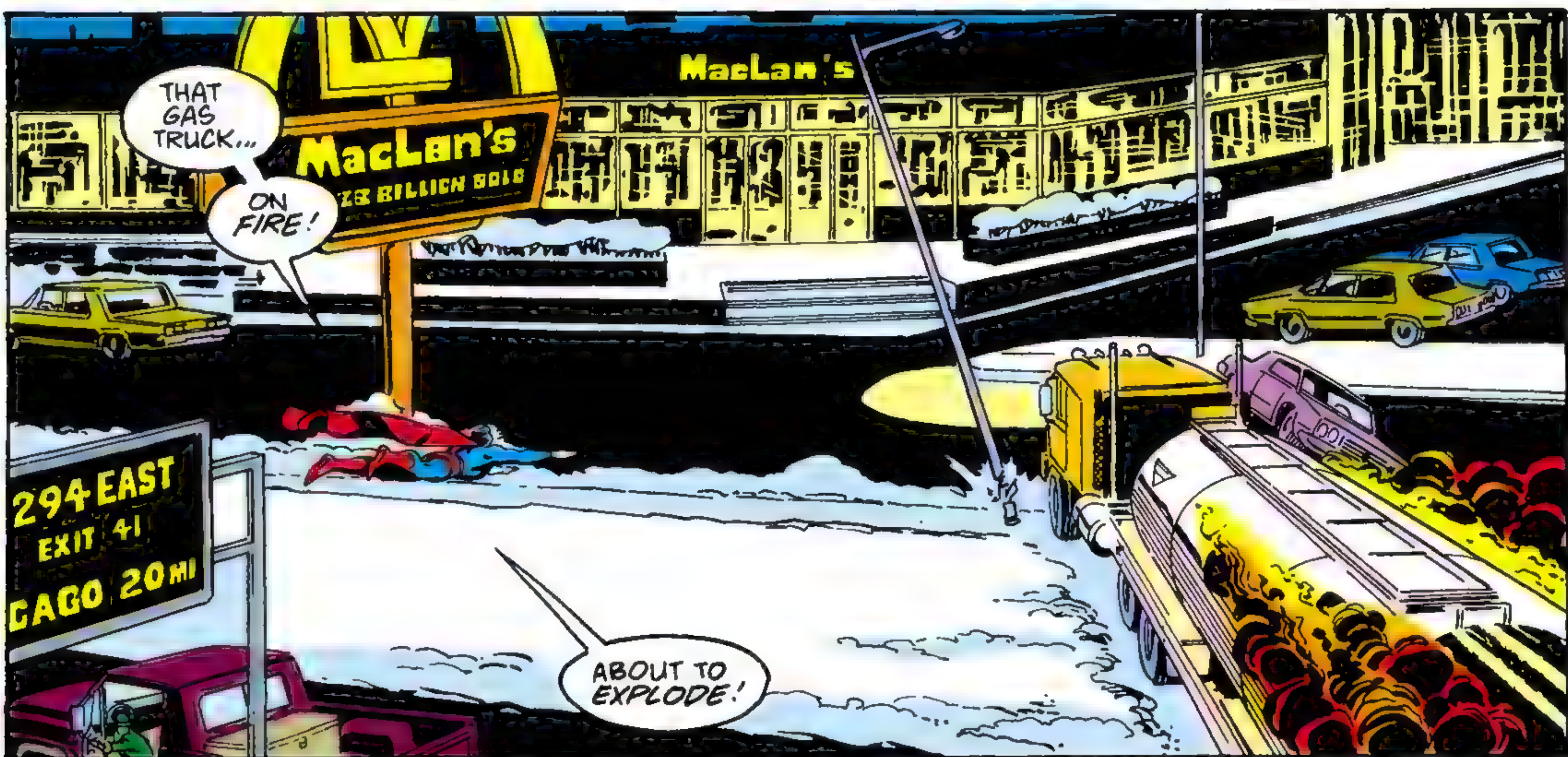
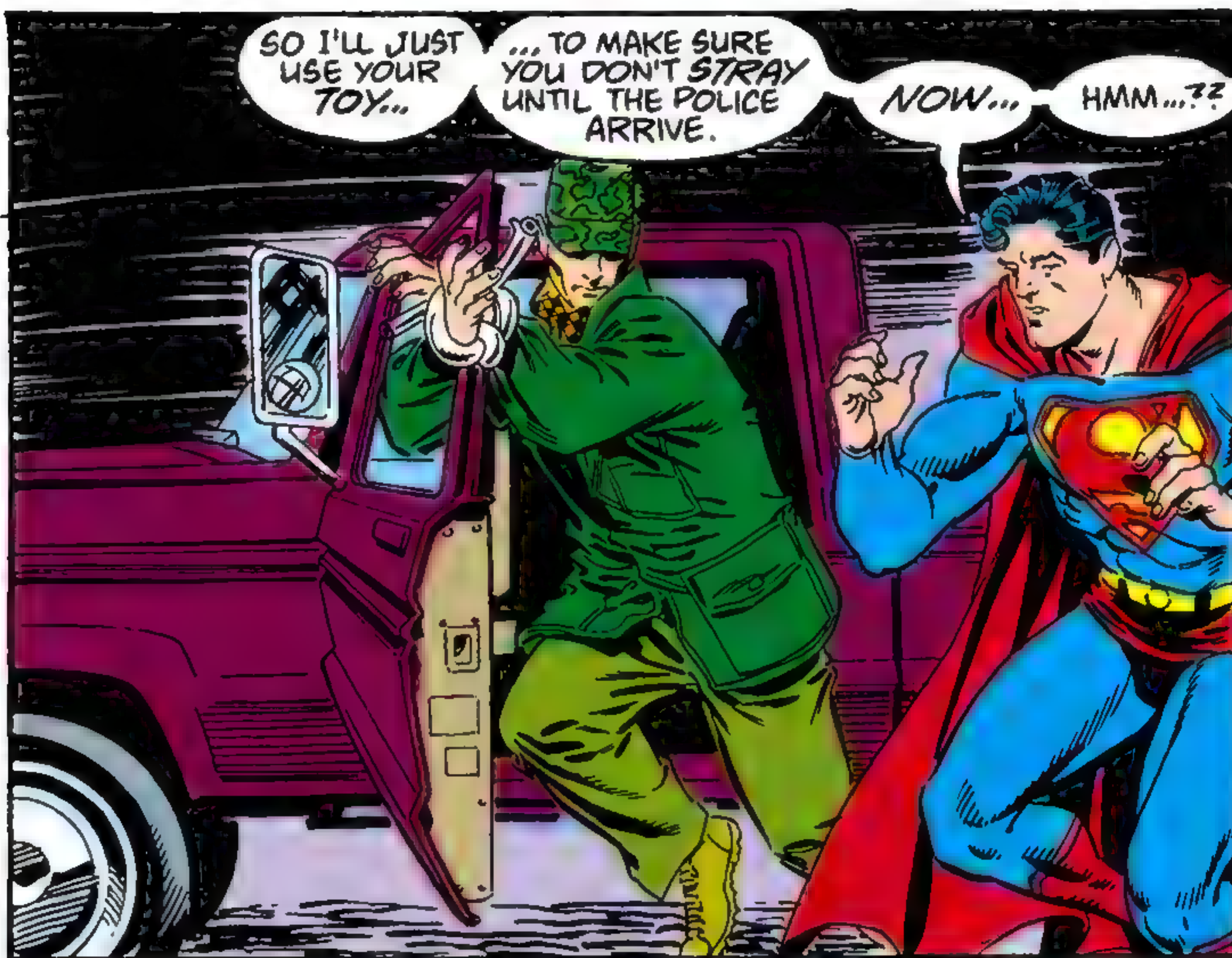
NO!!

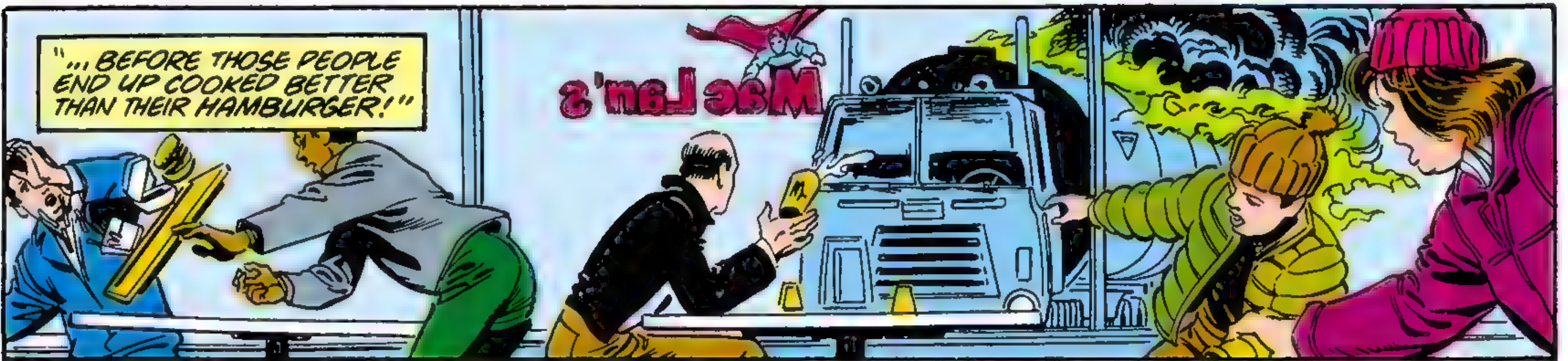
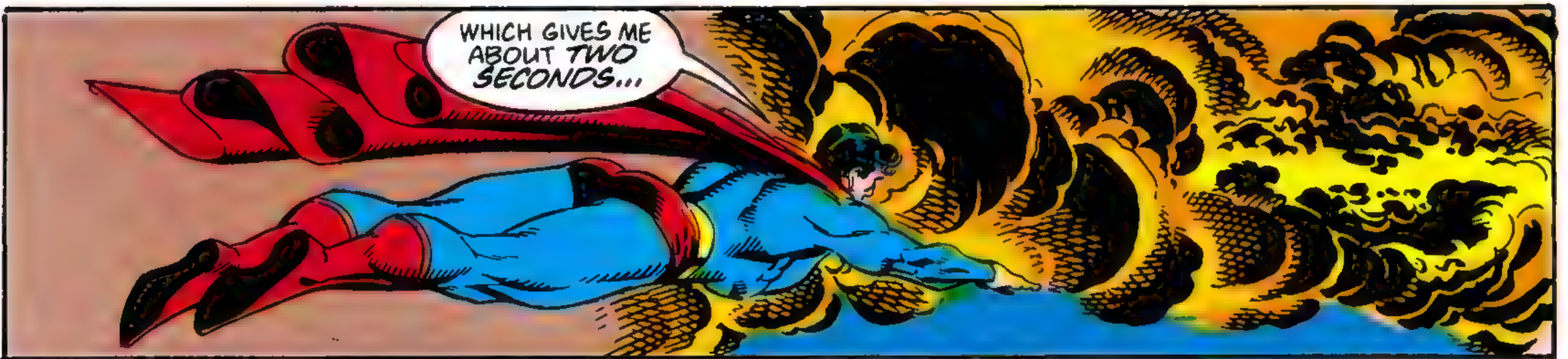
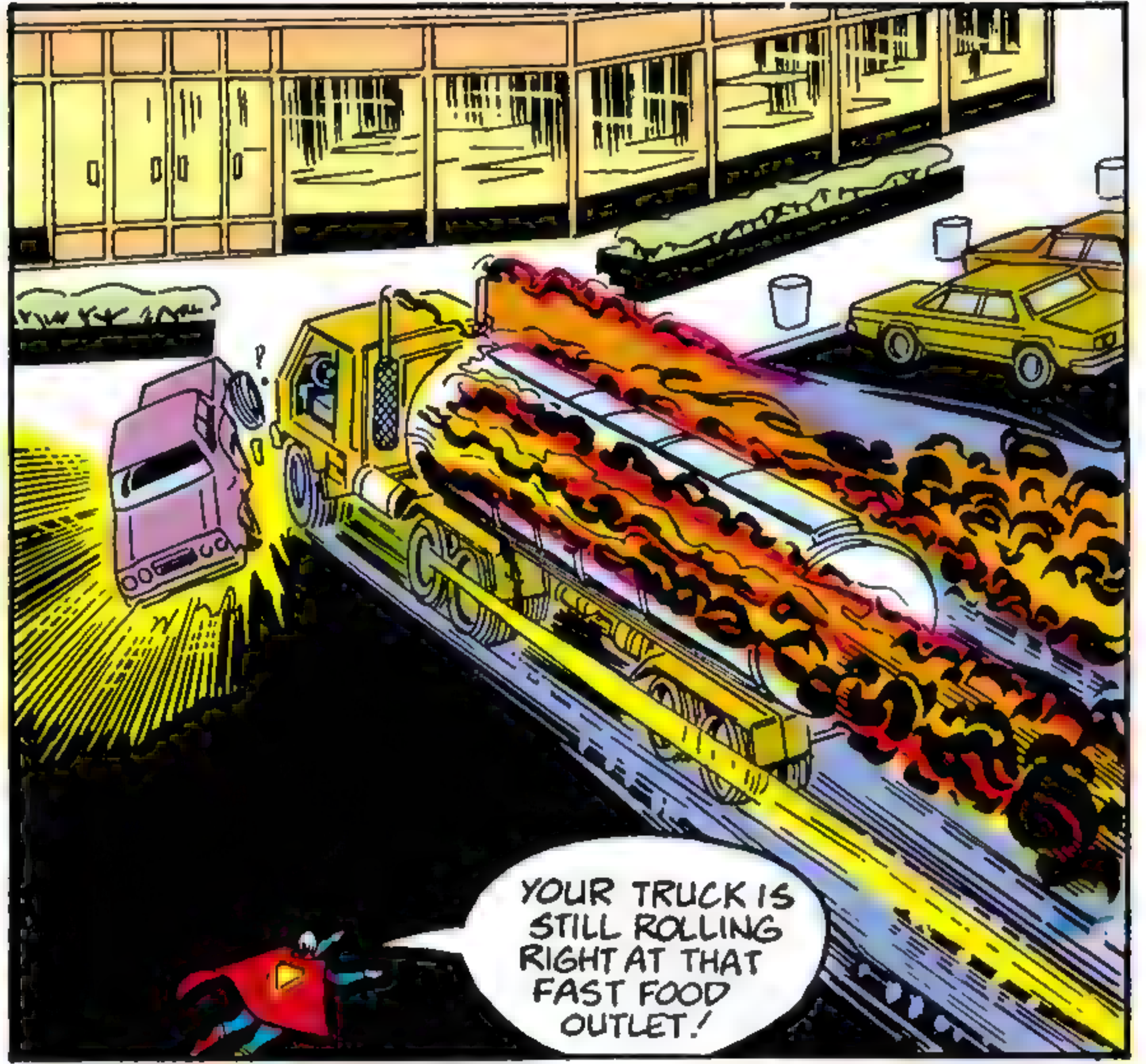
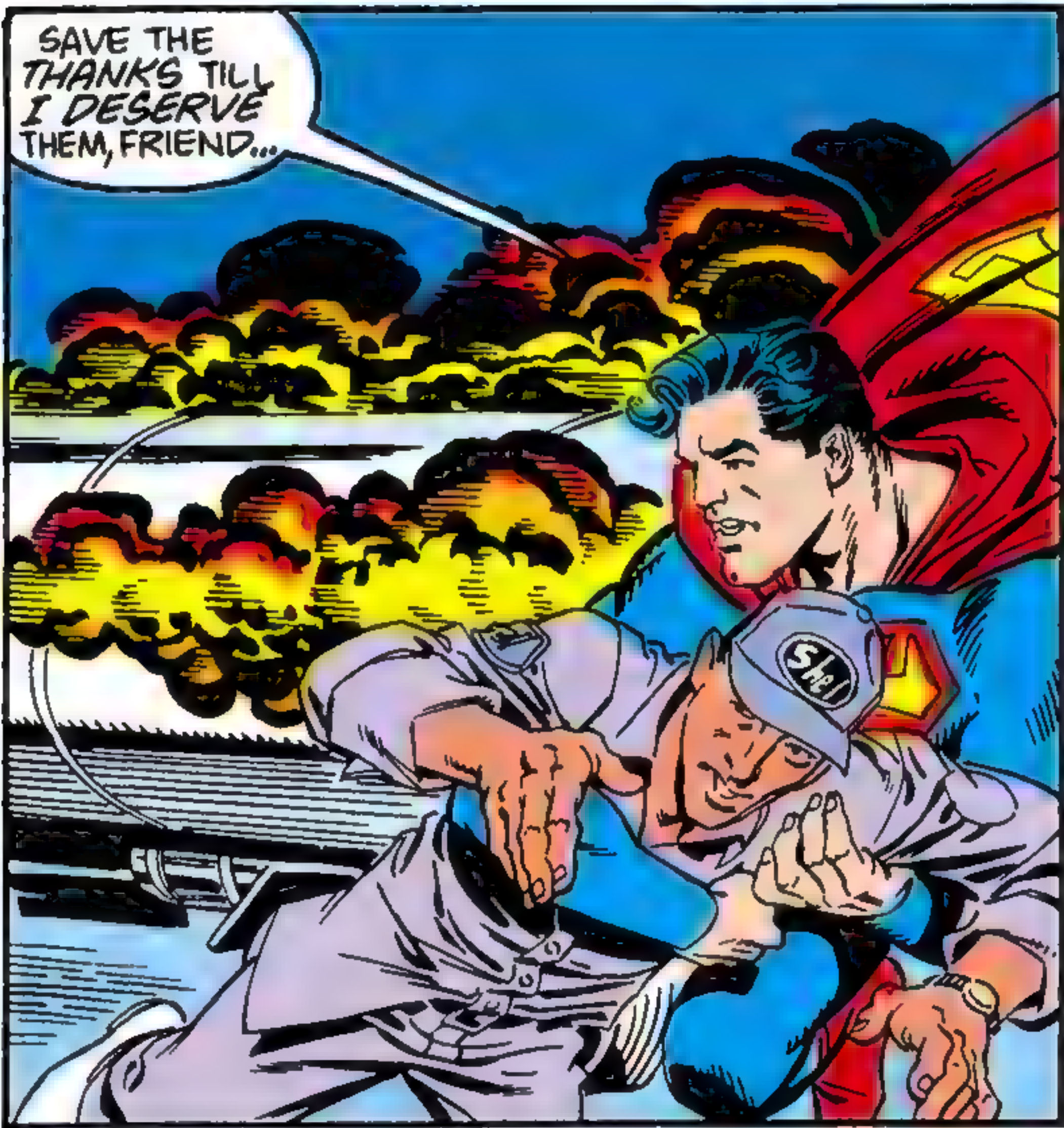
AND NOW WE KNOW THIS MECHANICAL MONSTER HAS BE...
= CLIC =

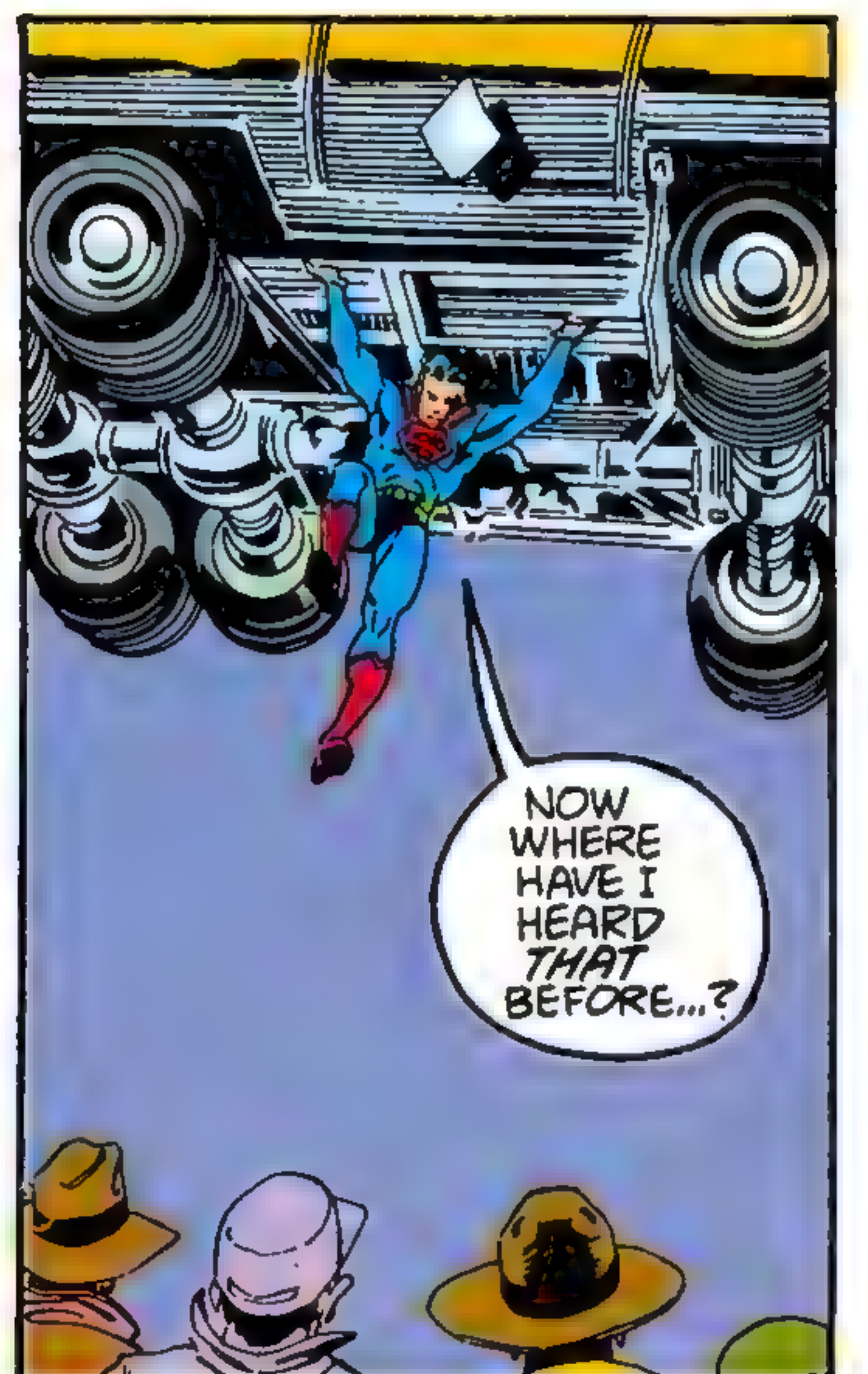
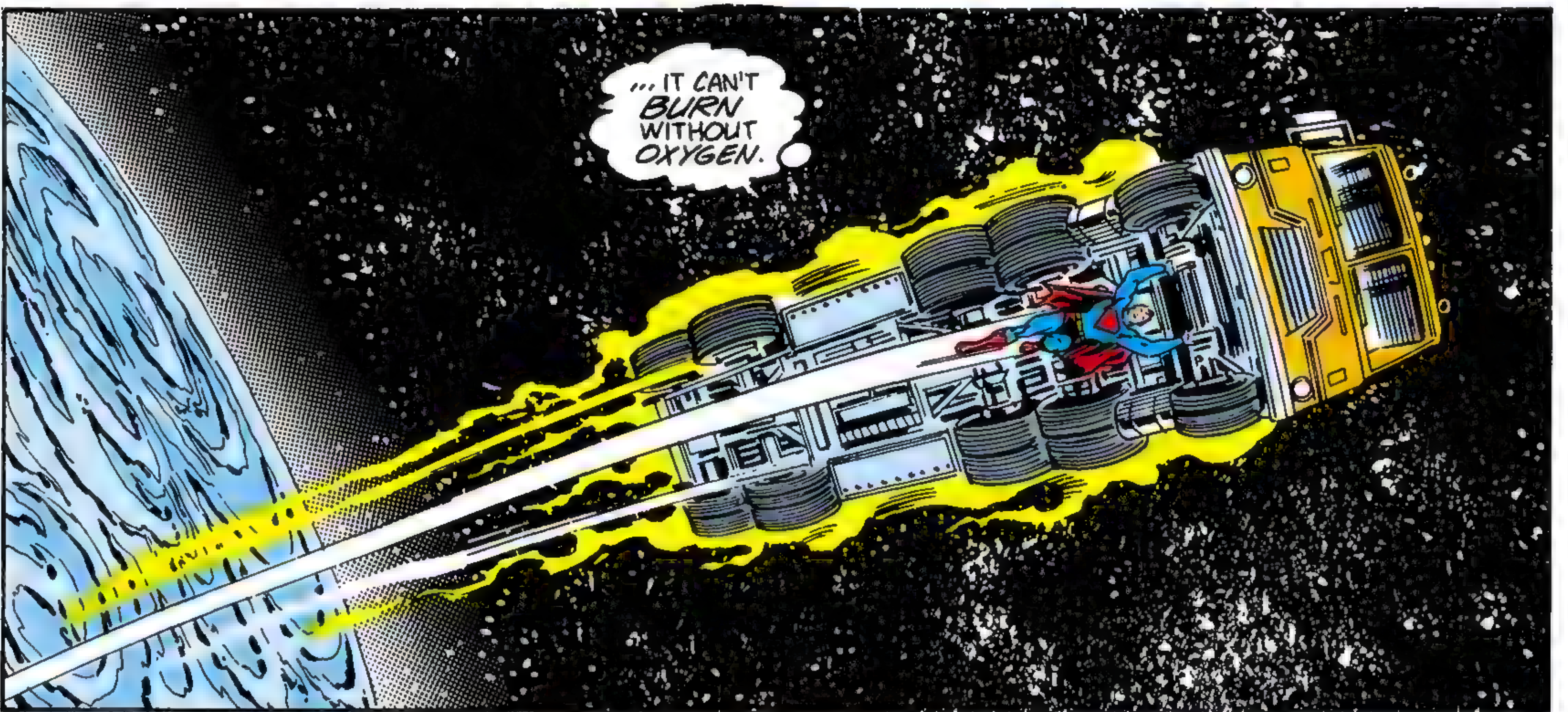
CLIC!

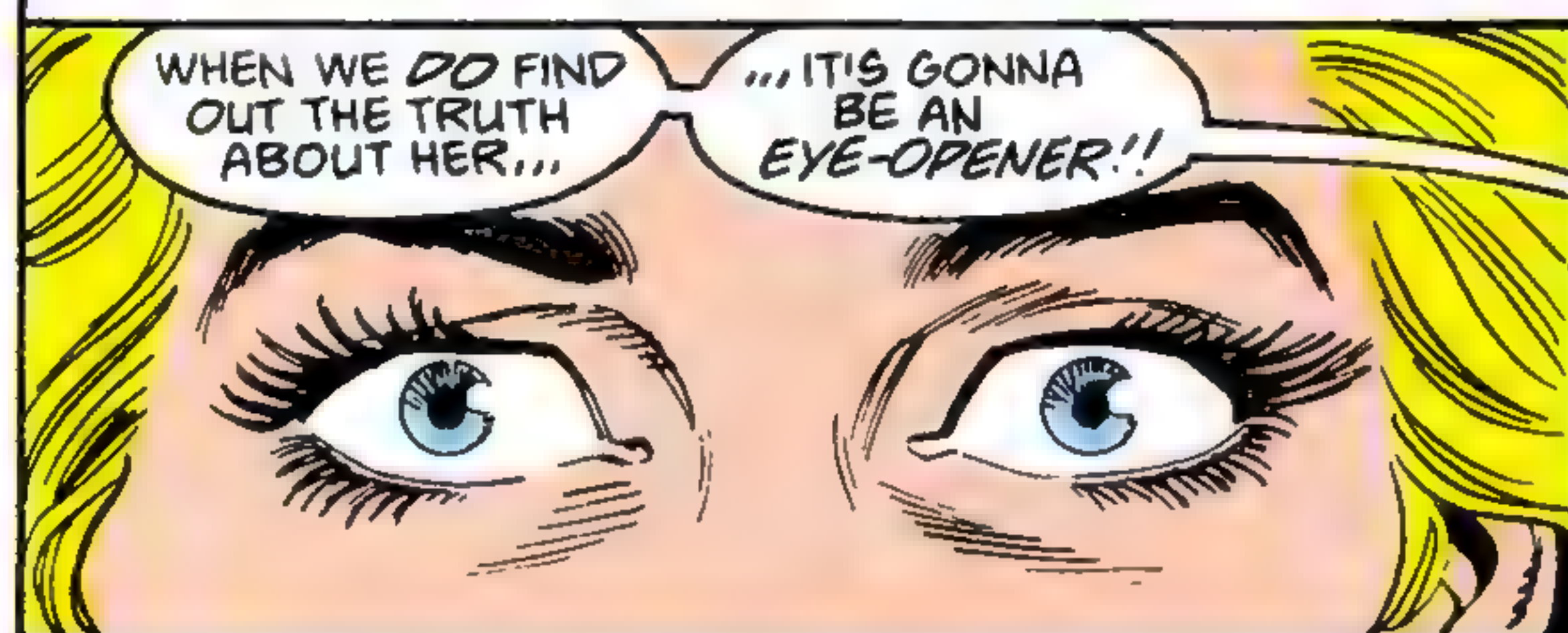
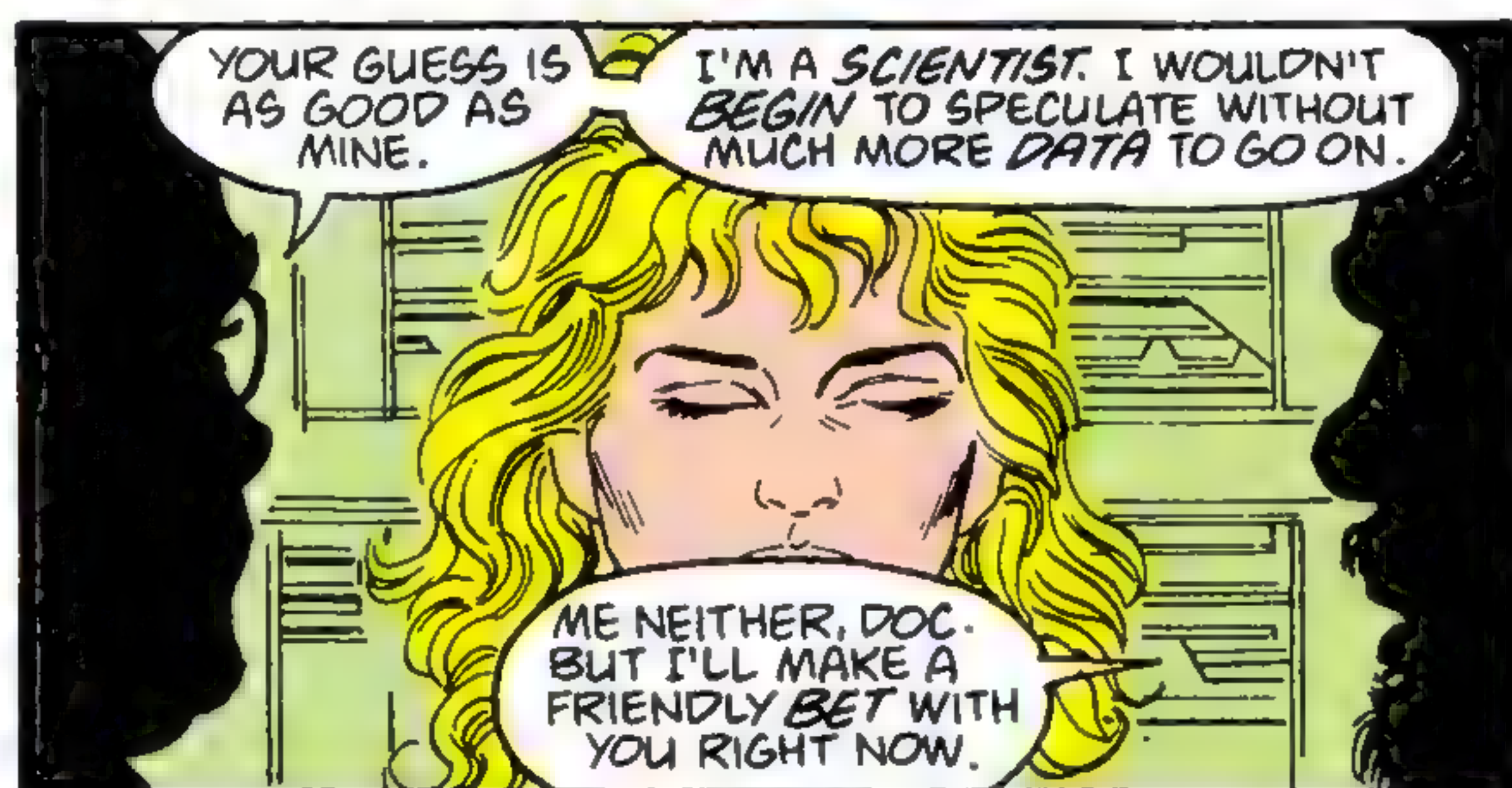
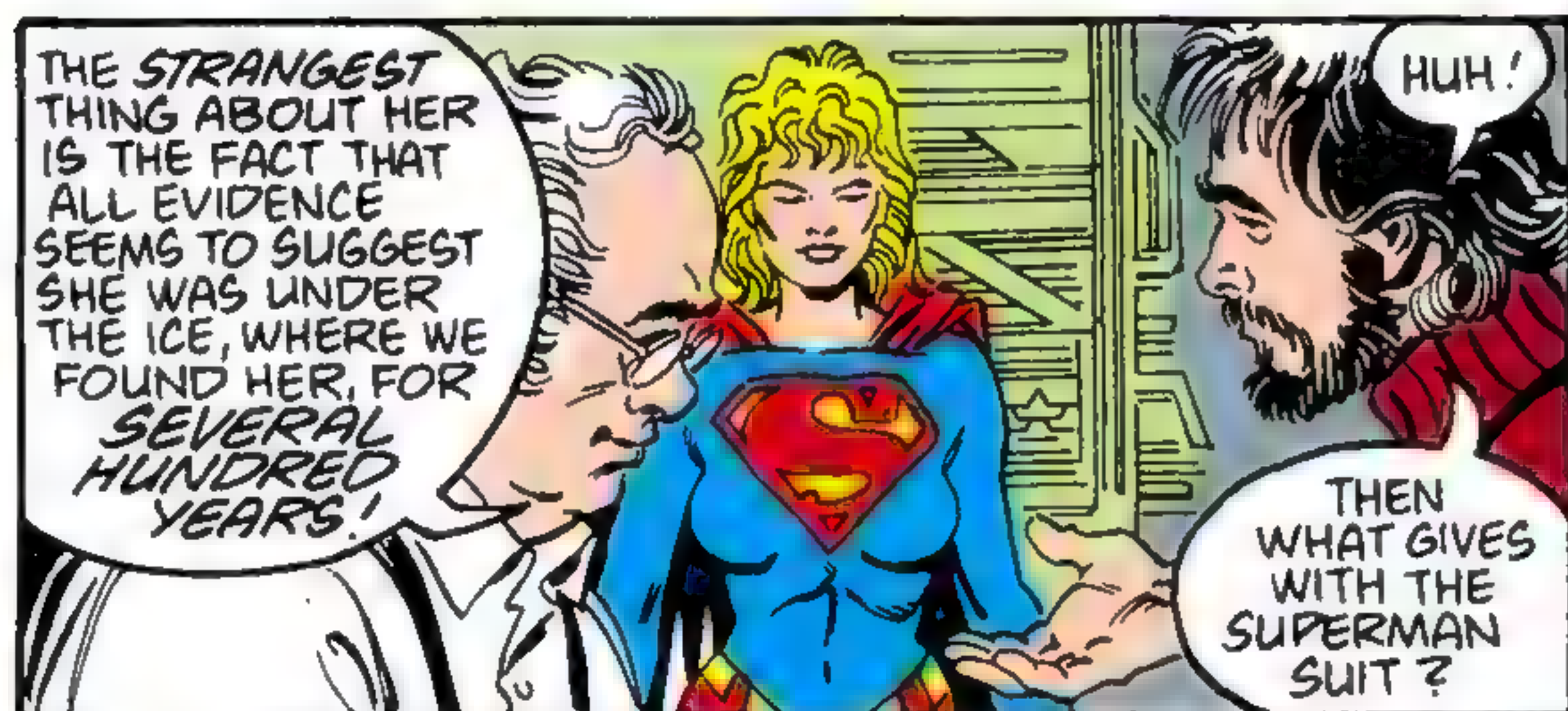
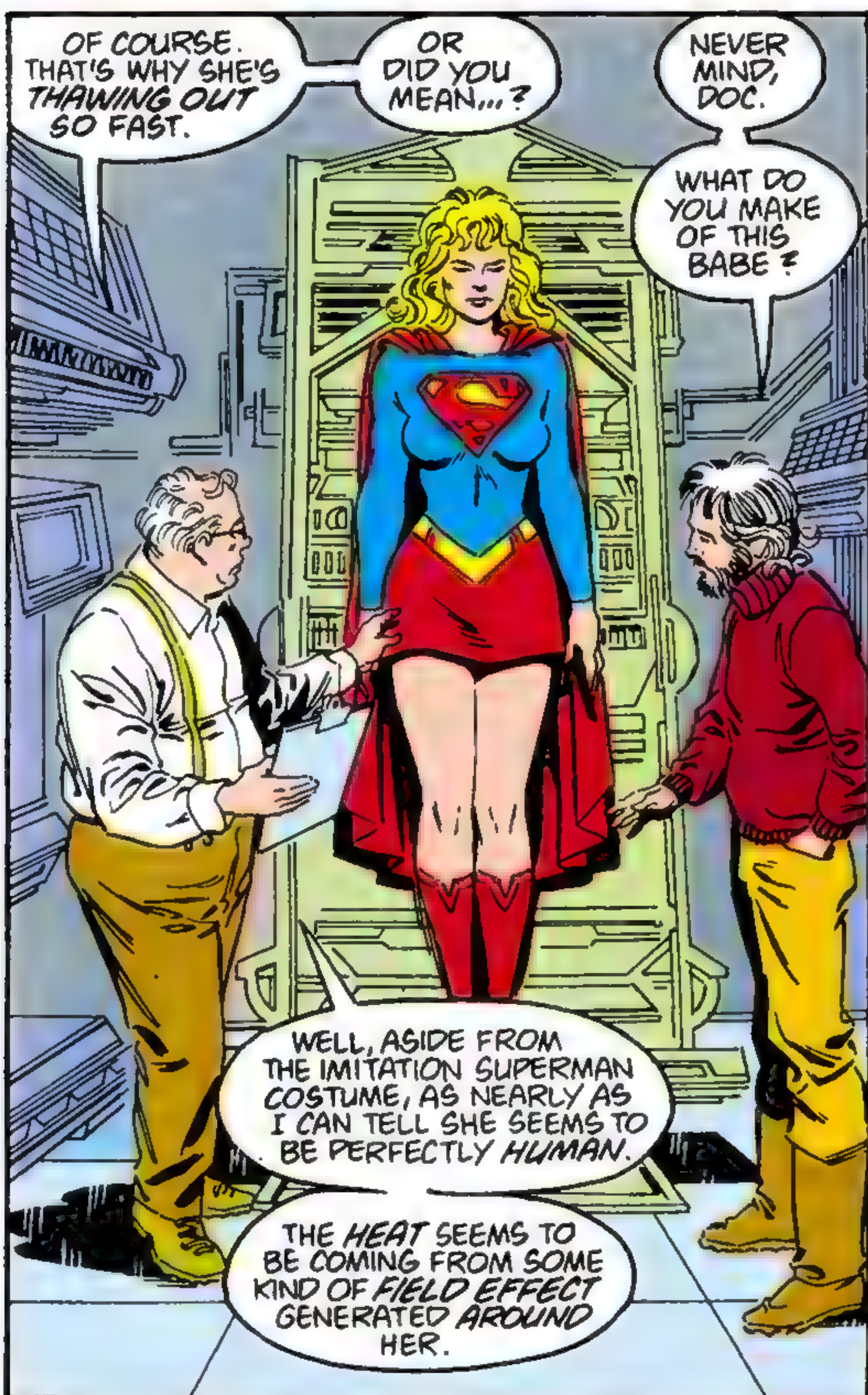
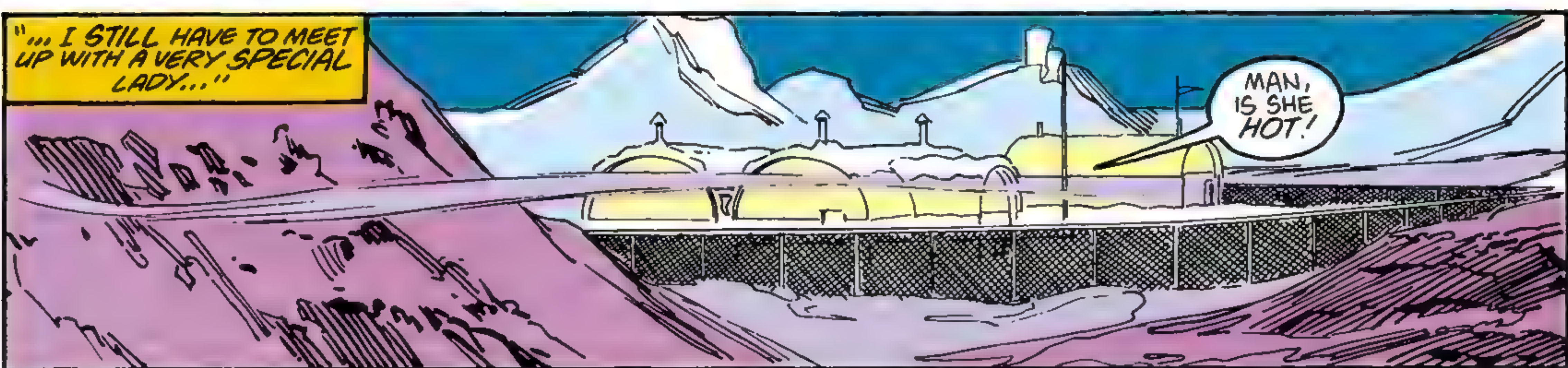
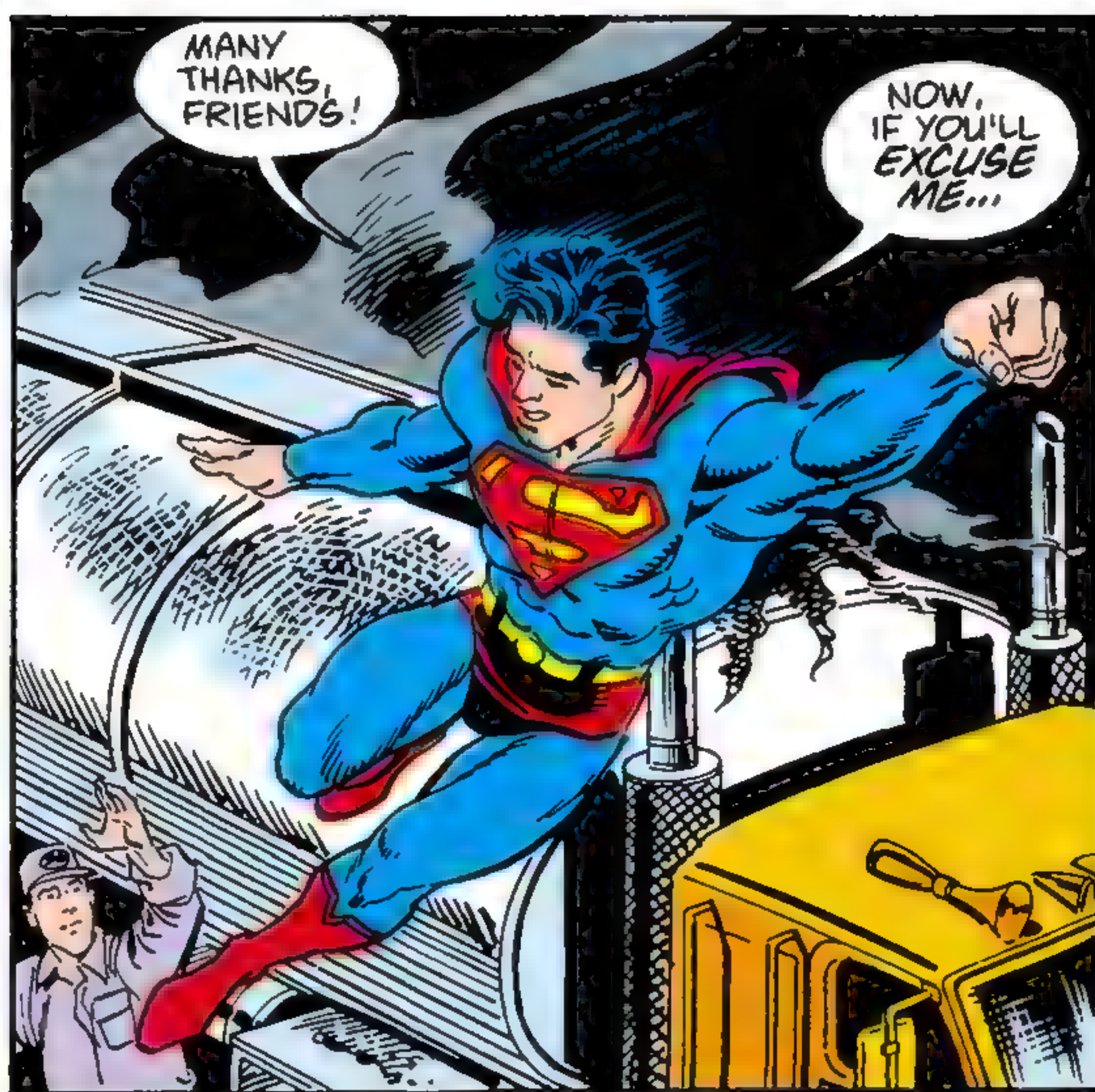


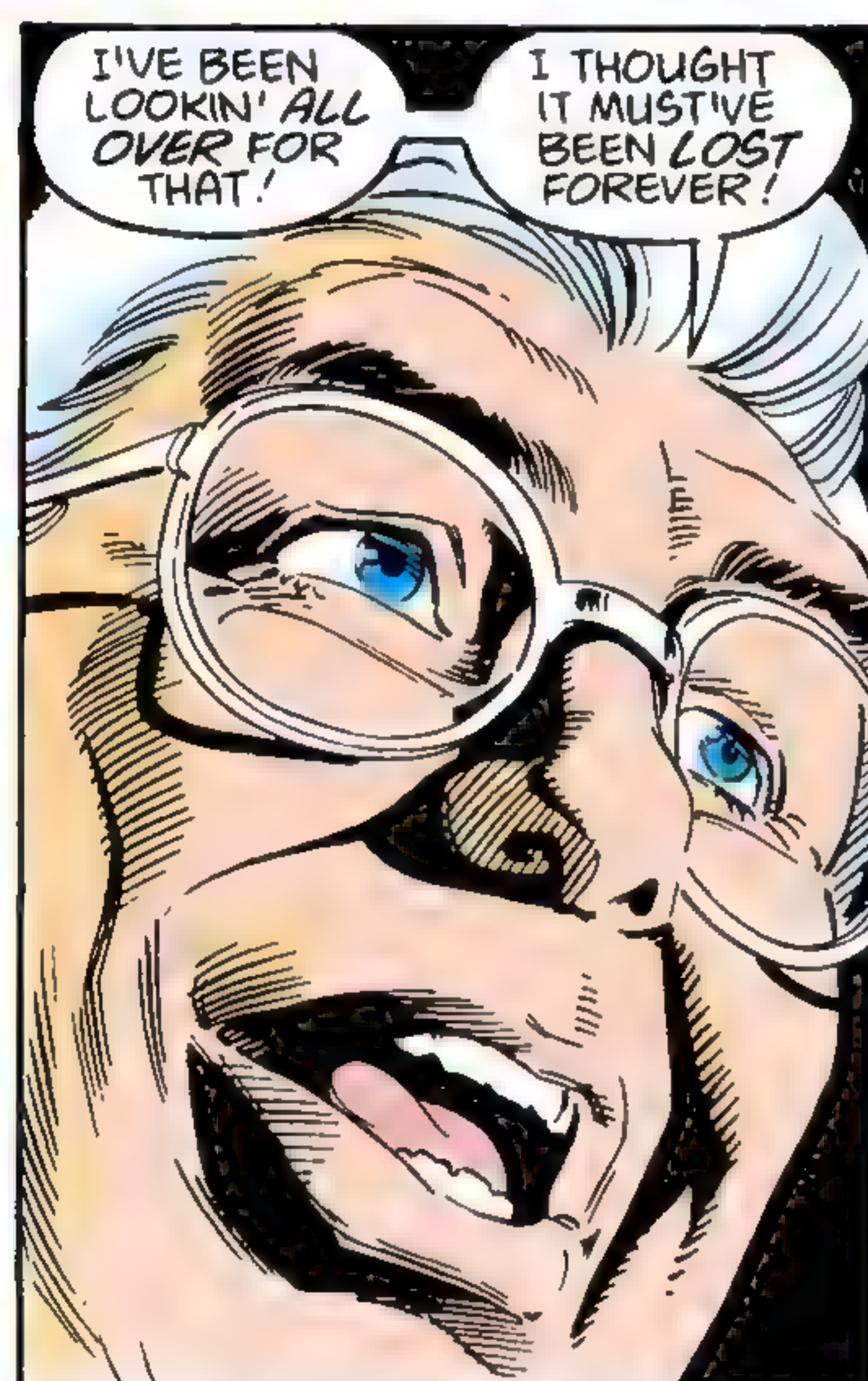
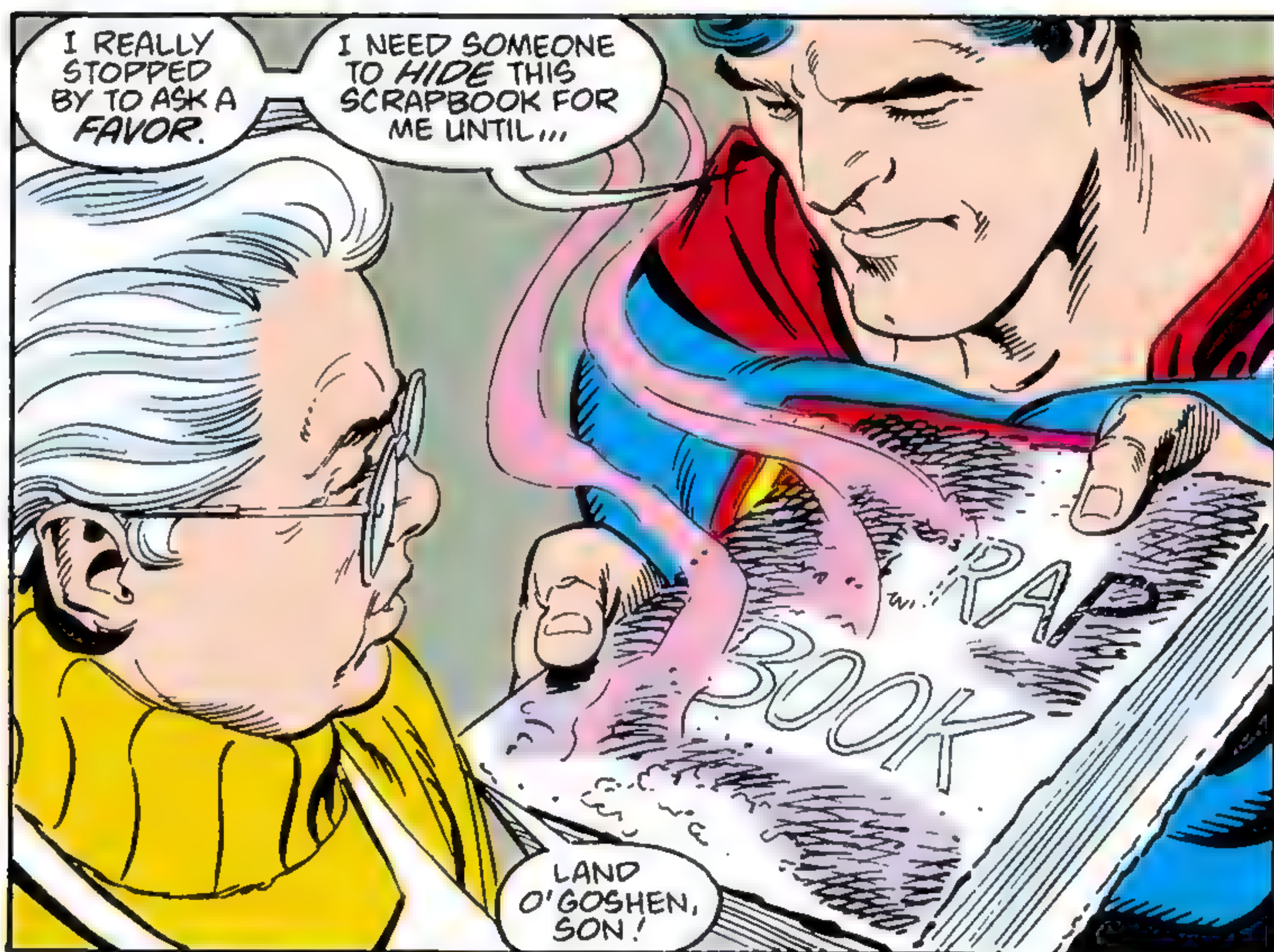
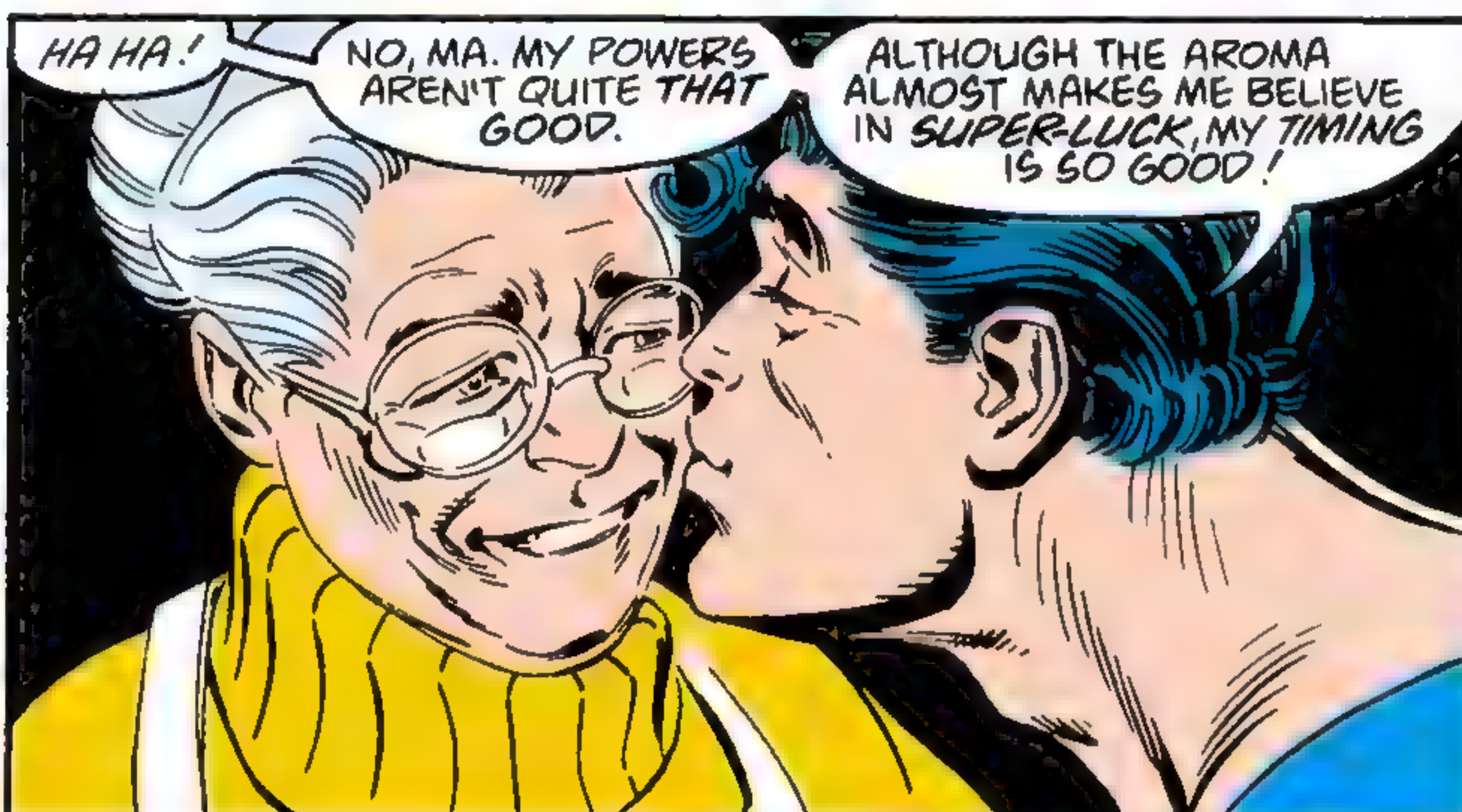
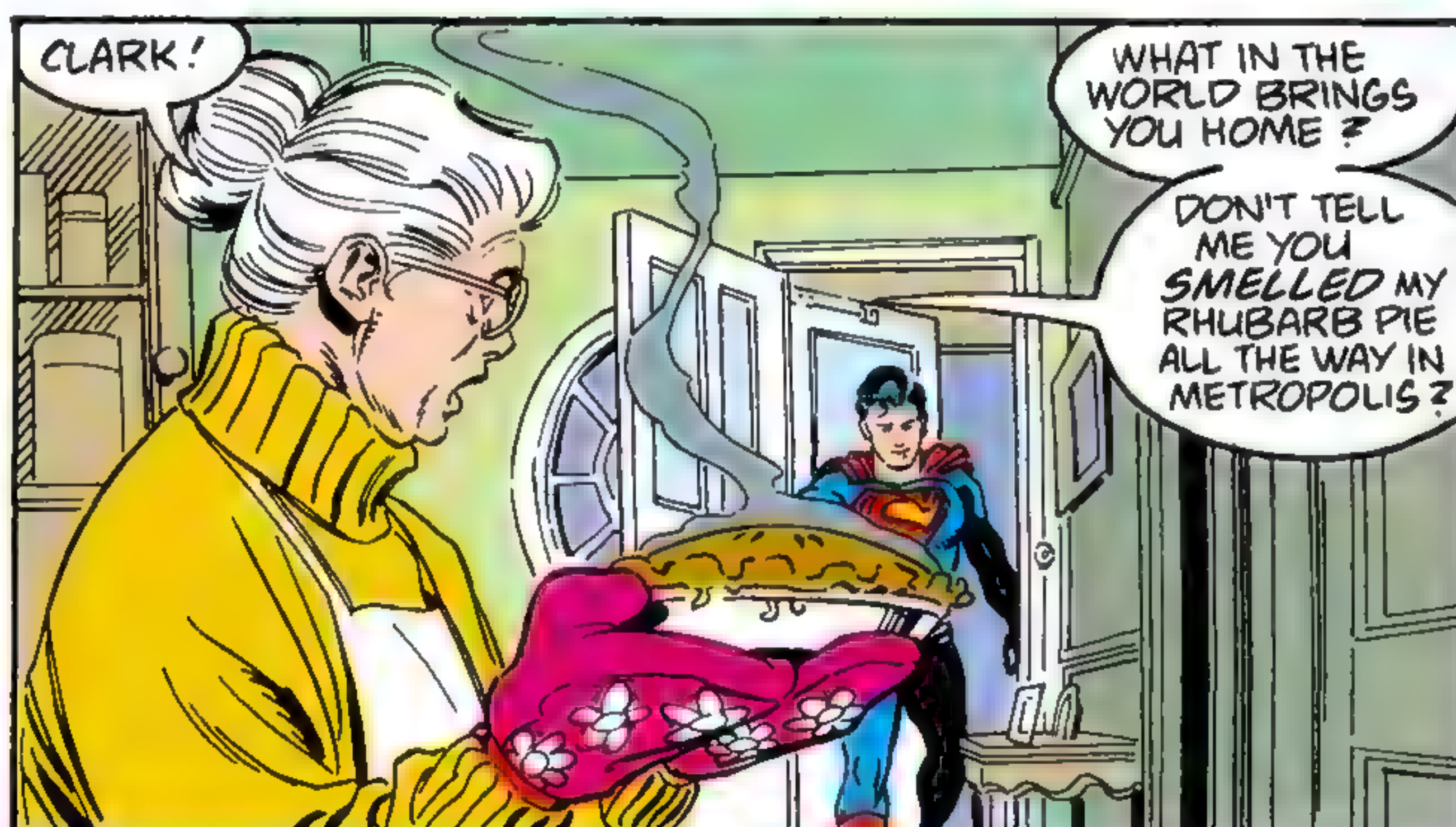
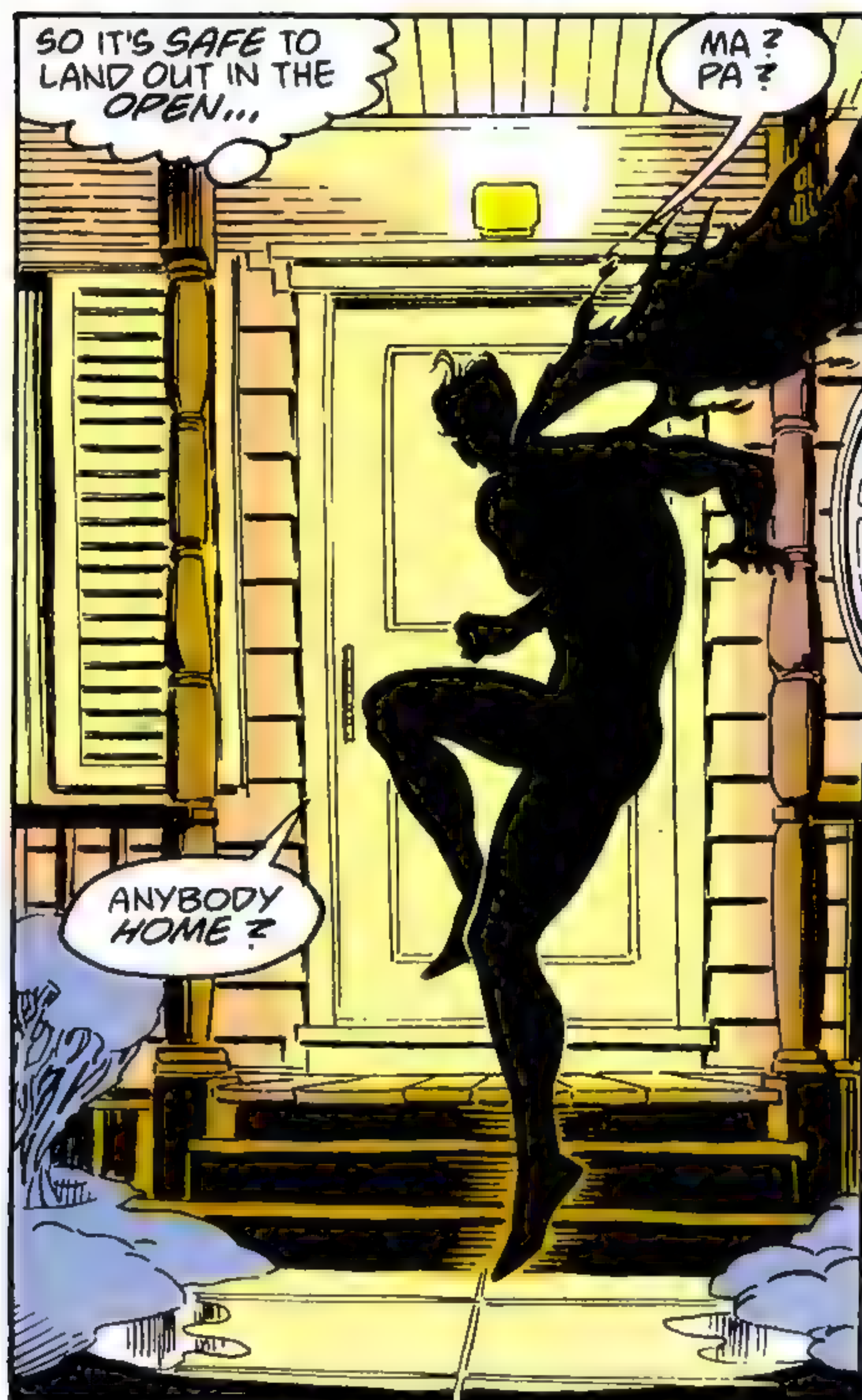
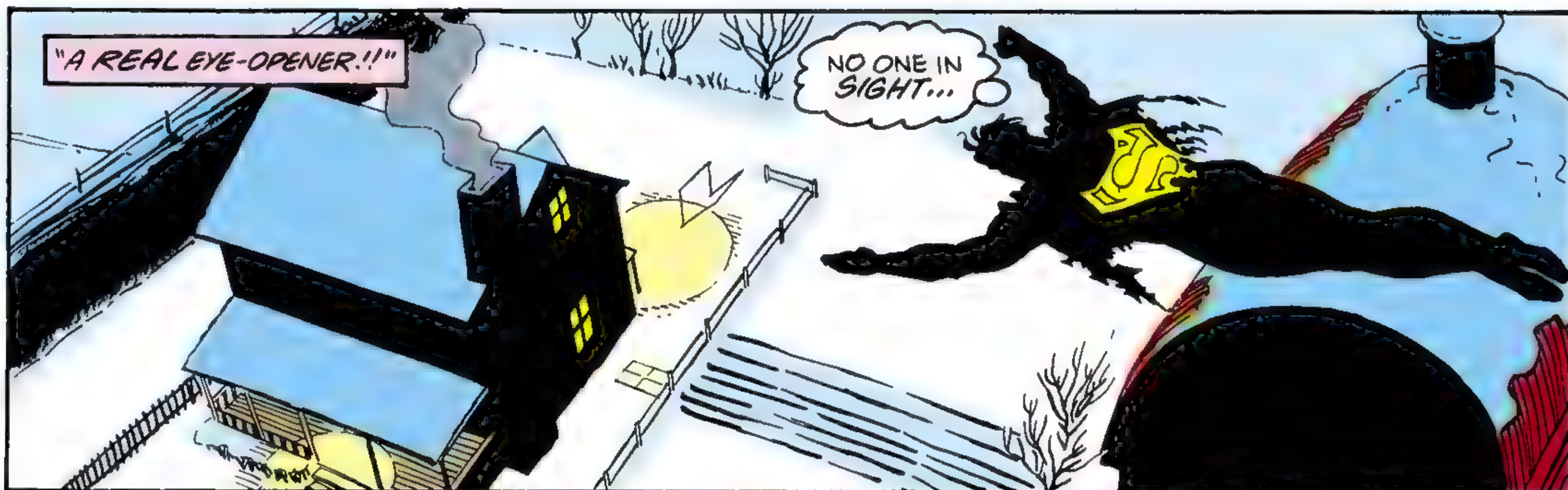


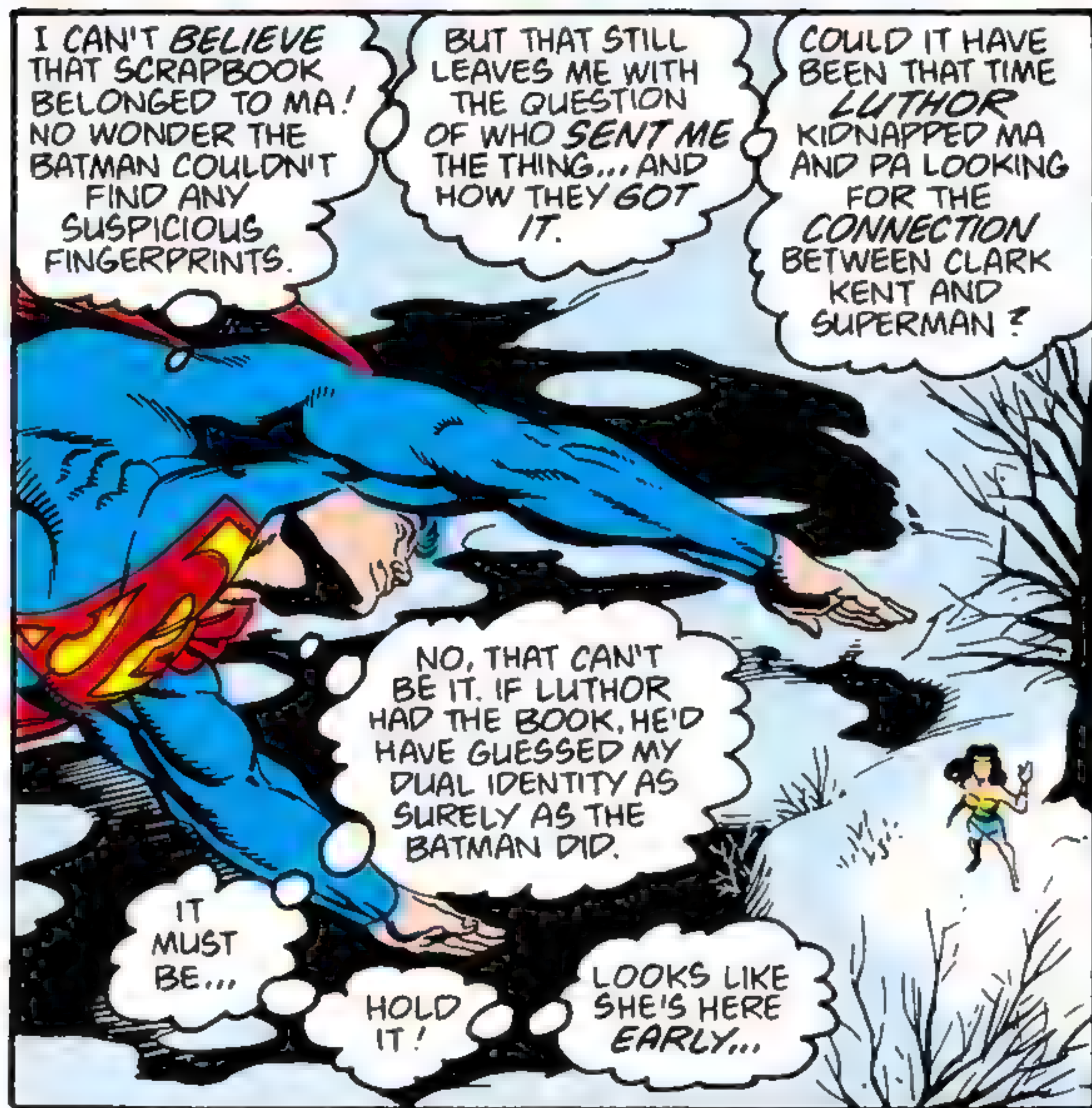
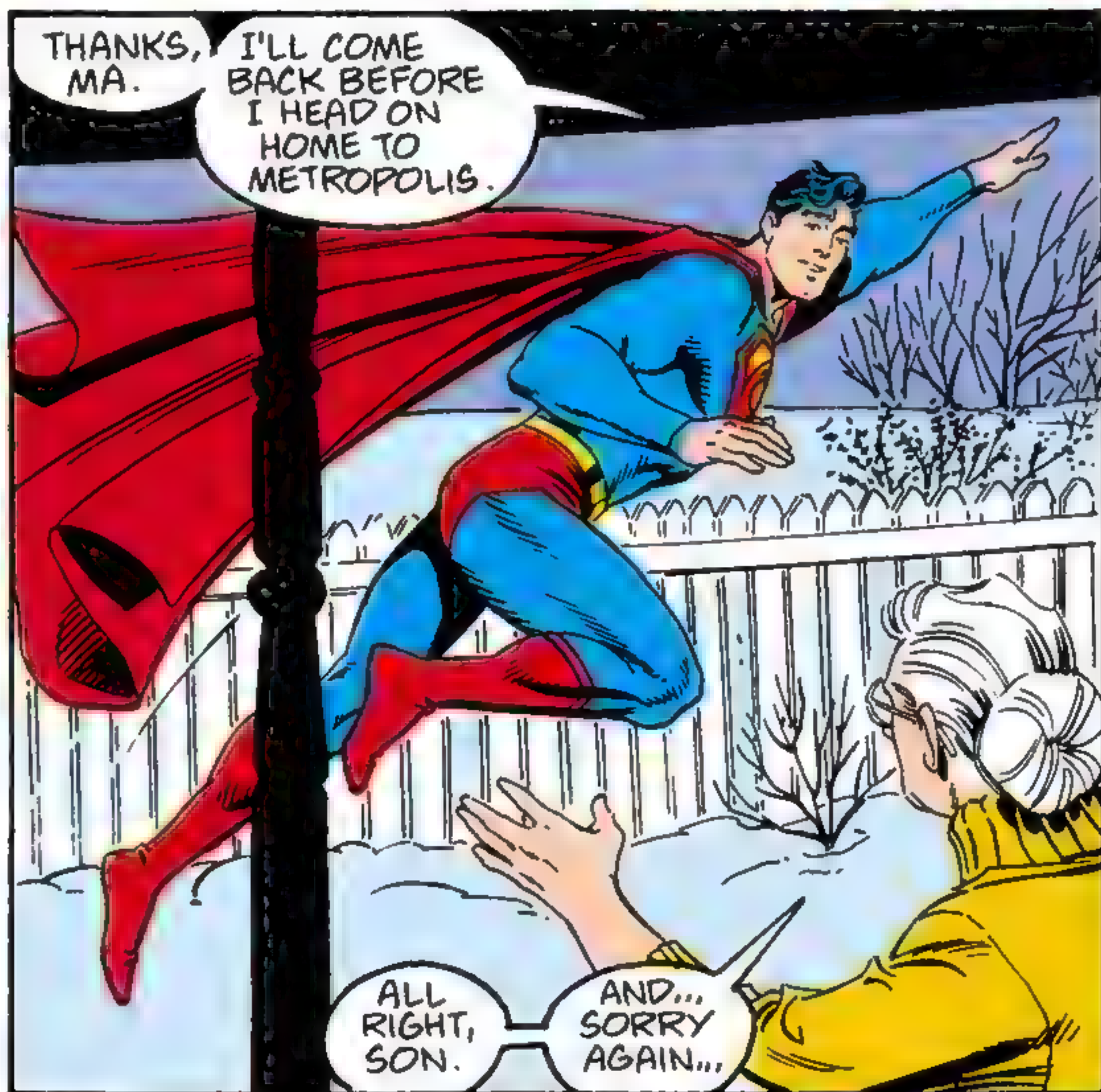
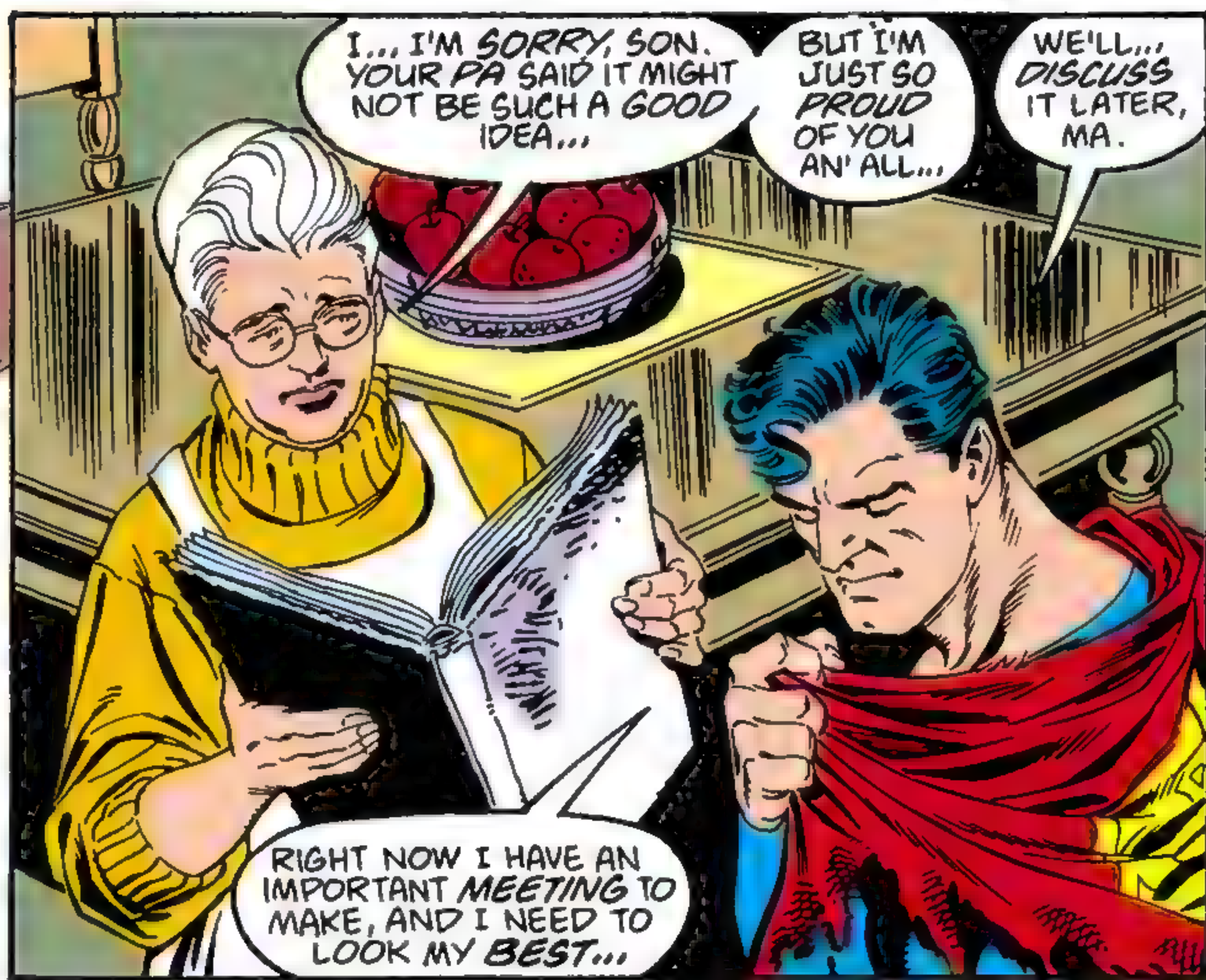










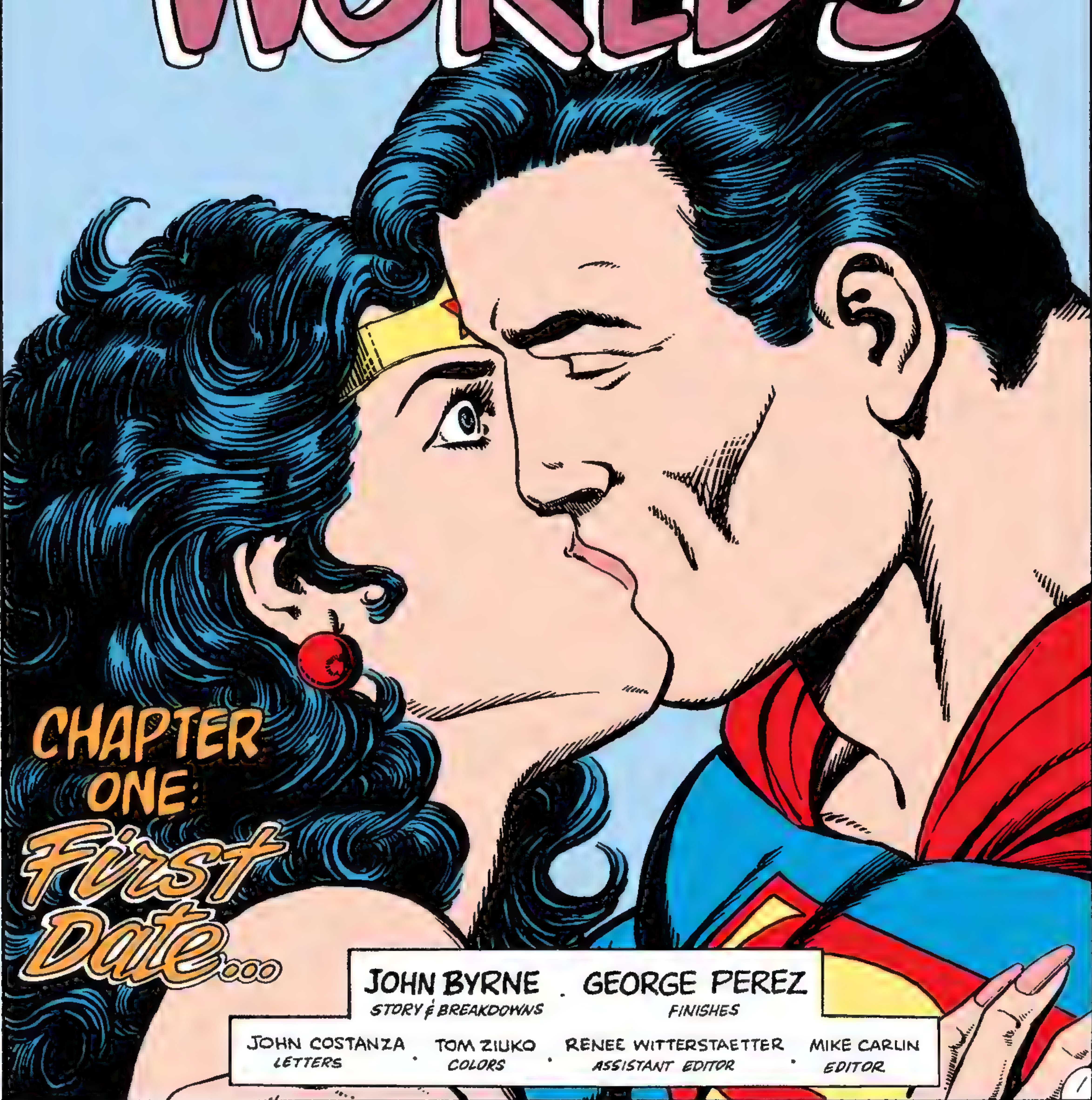




NEXT IN ACTION COMICS #600 SUPERMAN'S SPECTACULAR 50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION KICKS INTO HIGH GEAR WITH GUEST STARS GALORE, PIN-UPS, AND THE SUPER TEAM-UP YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! DON'T MISS SUPERMAN AND WONDER WOMAN IN OUR 80 PAGE GIANT BY JOHN BYRNE AND GEORGE PEREZ WITH ART ADAMS, MURPHY ANDERSON, JOHN BEATTY, DAVE GIBBONS, DICK GIORDANO, KARL KESEL, KEVIN MAGUIRE, MIKE MIGNOLA, JERRY ORDWAY, KURT SCHAEFFENBERGER, ROGER STERN, CURT SWAN, MIKE ZECK AND MORE! IN TWO WEEKS!!

SUPERMAN and **WONDER WOMAN** in
CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
CREATED BY CHARLES MOULTON.

DIFFERENT WORLDS

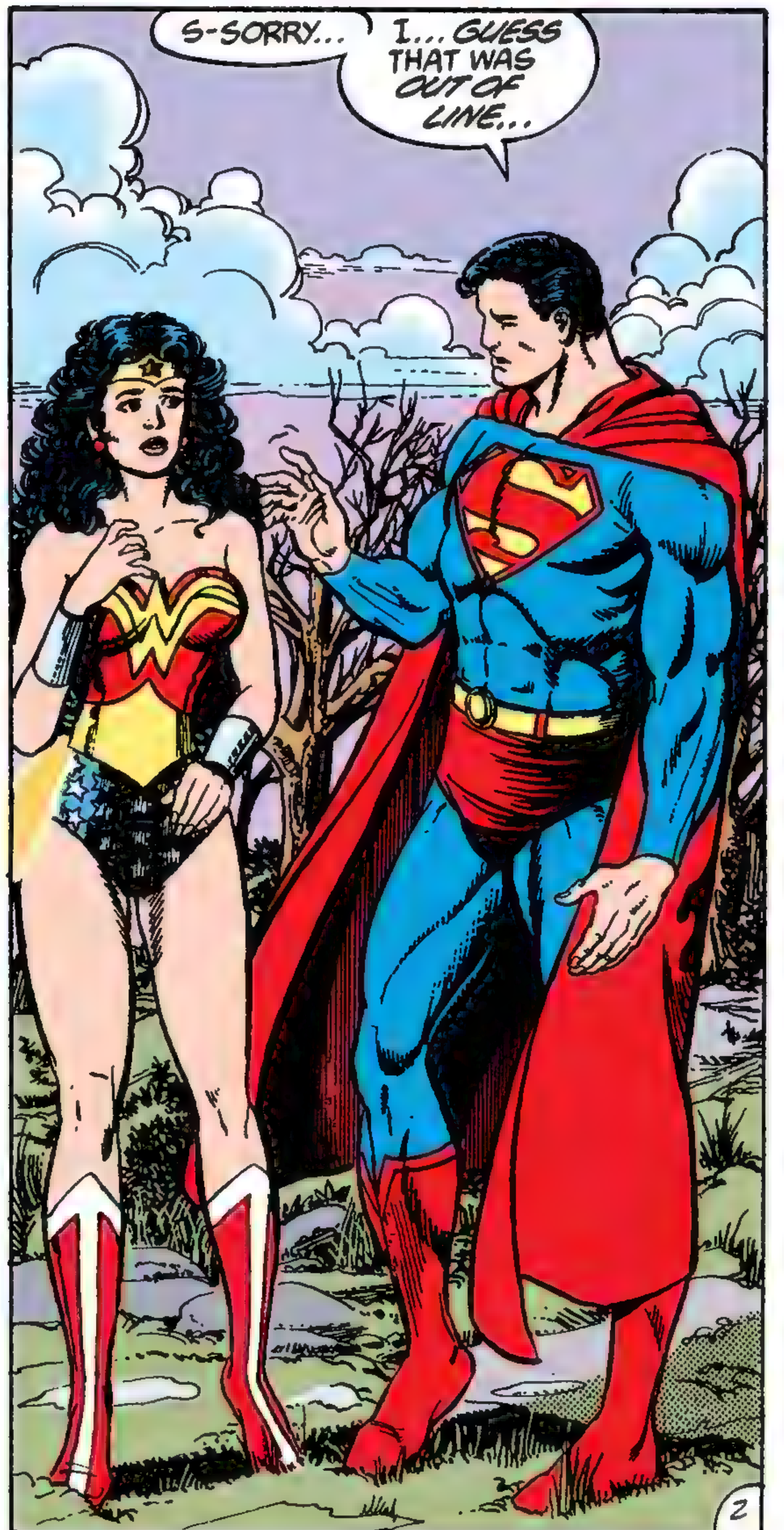
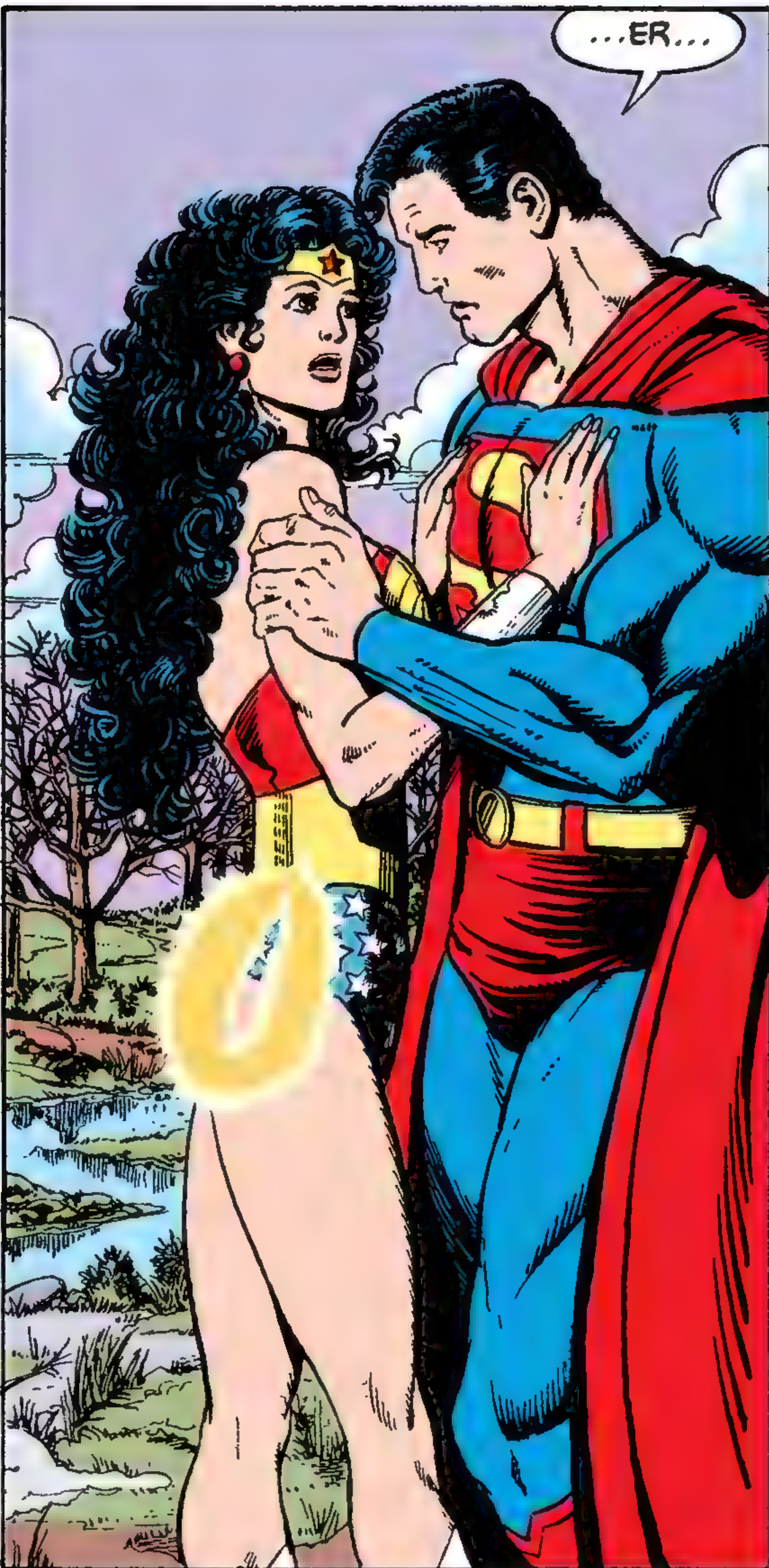
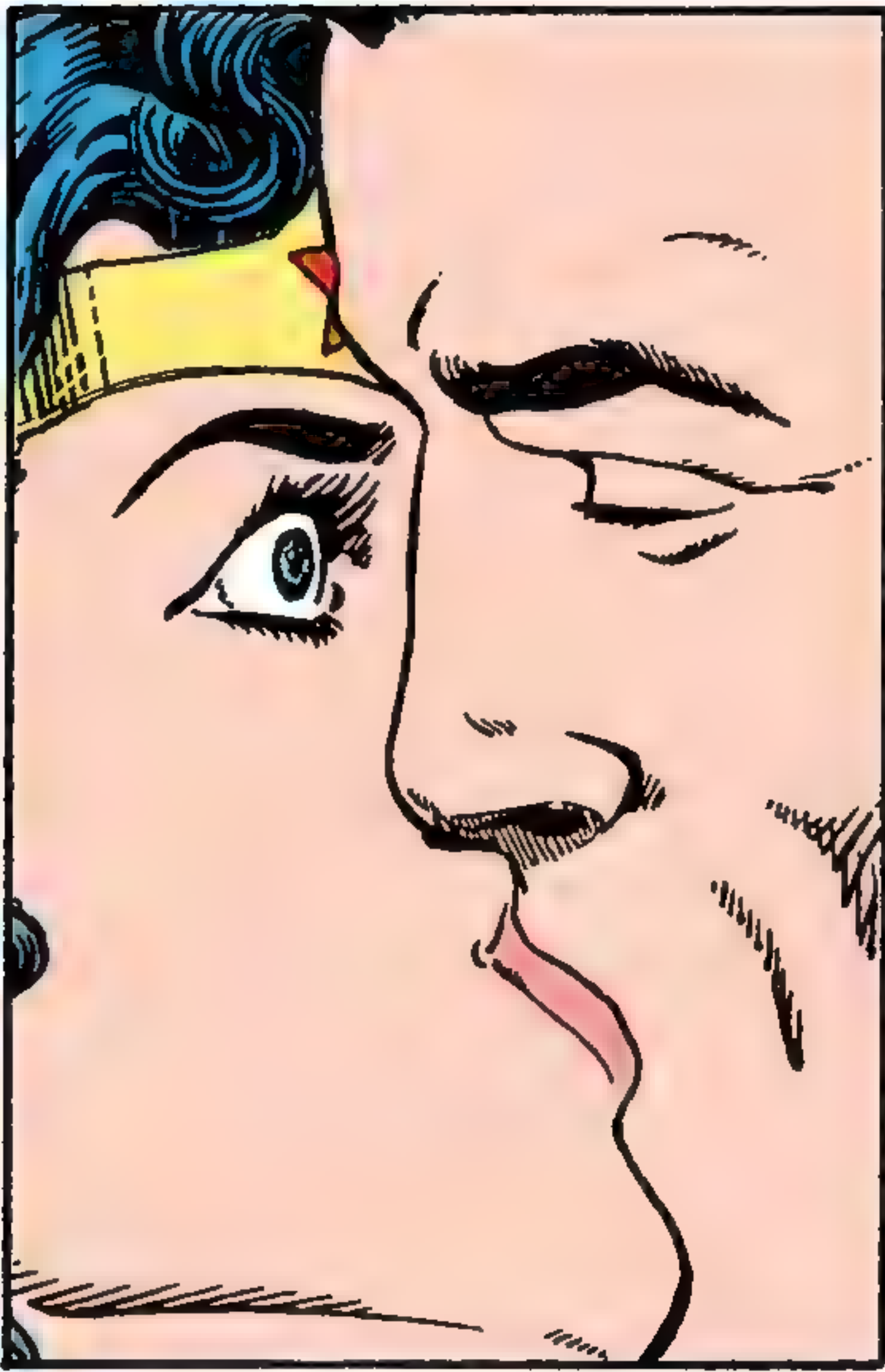


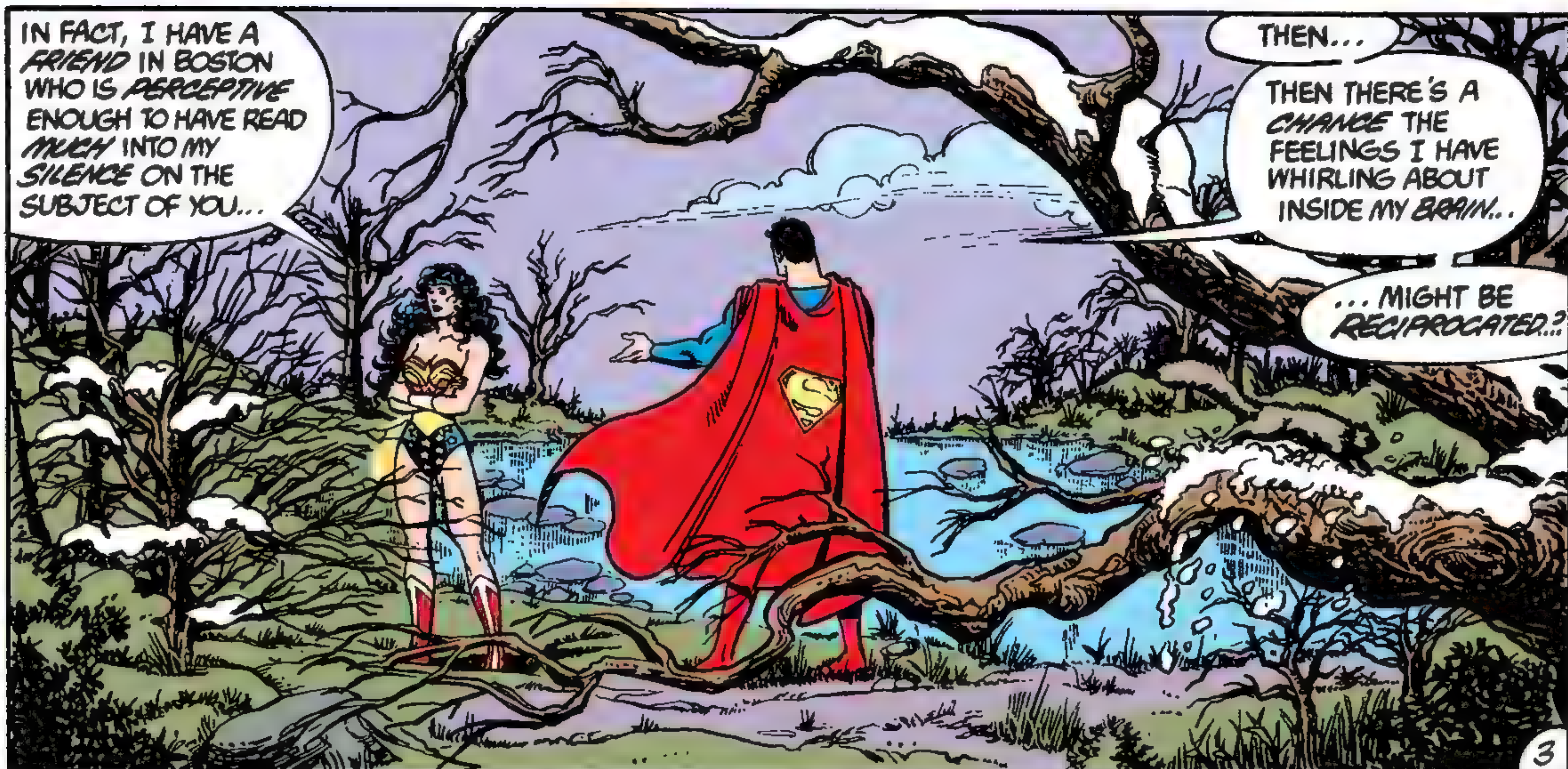
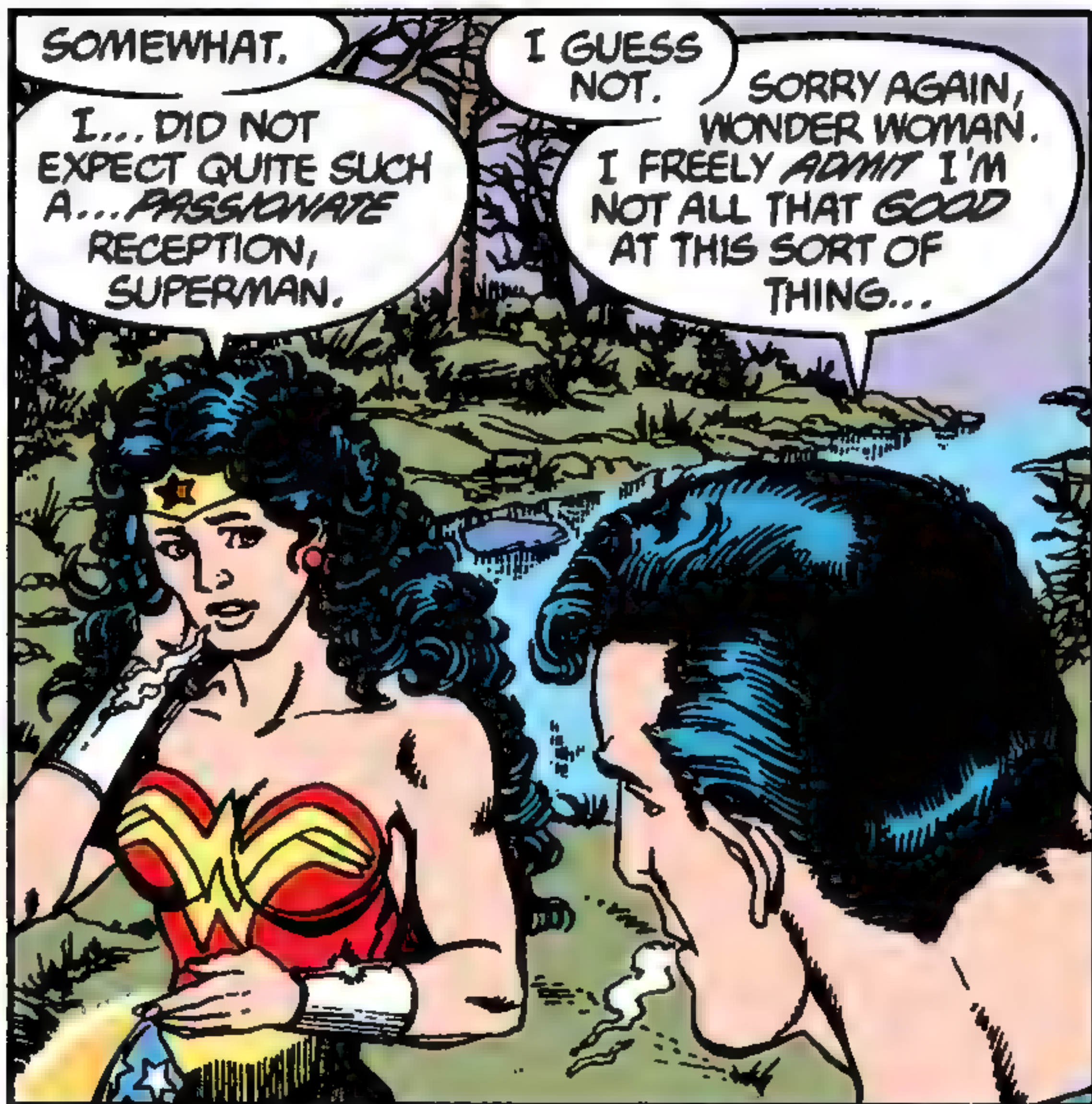
CHAPTER
ONE:

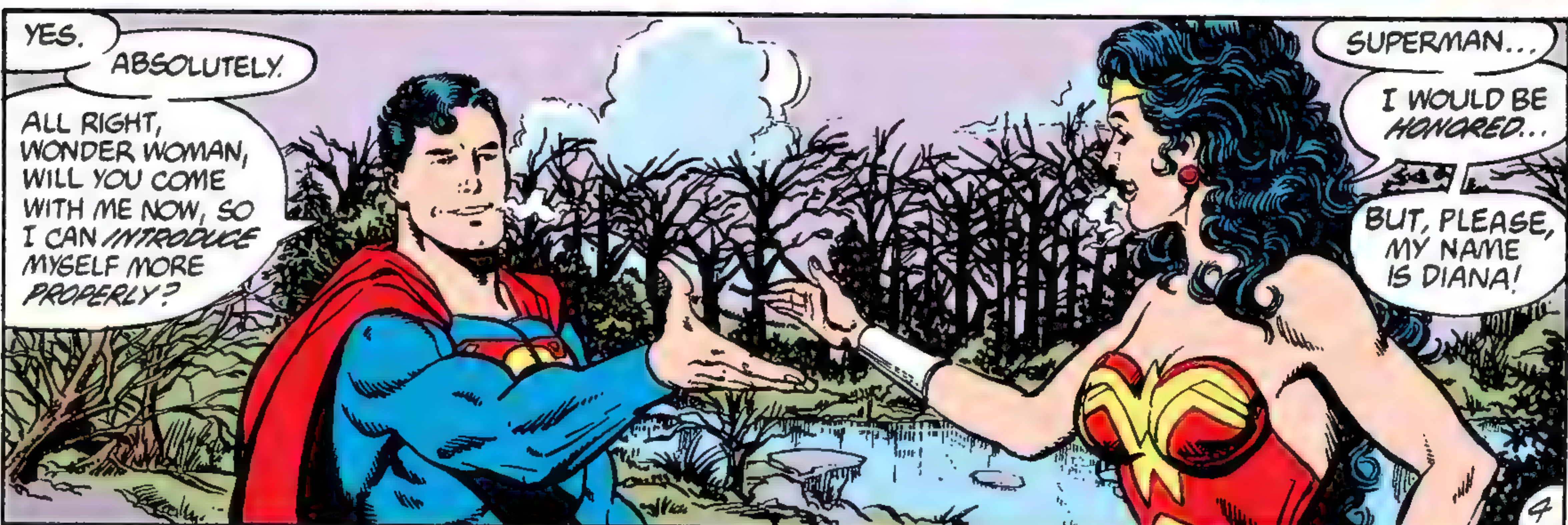
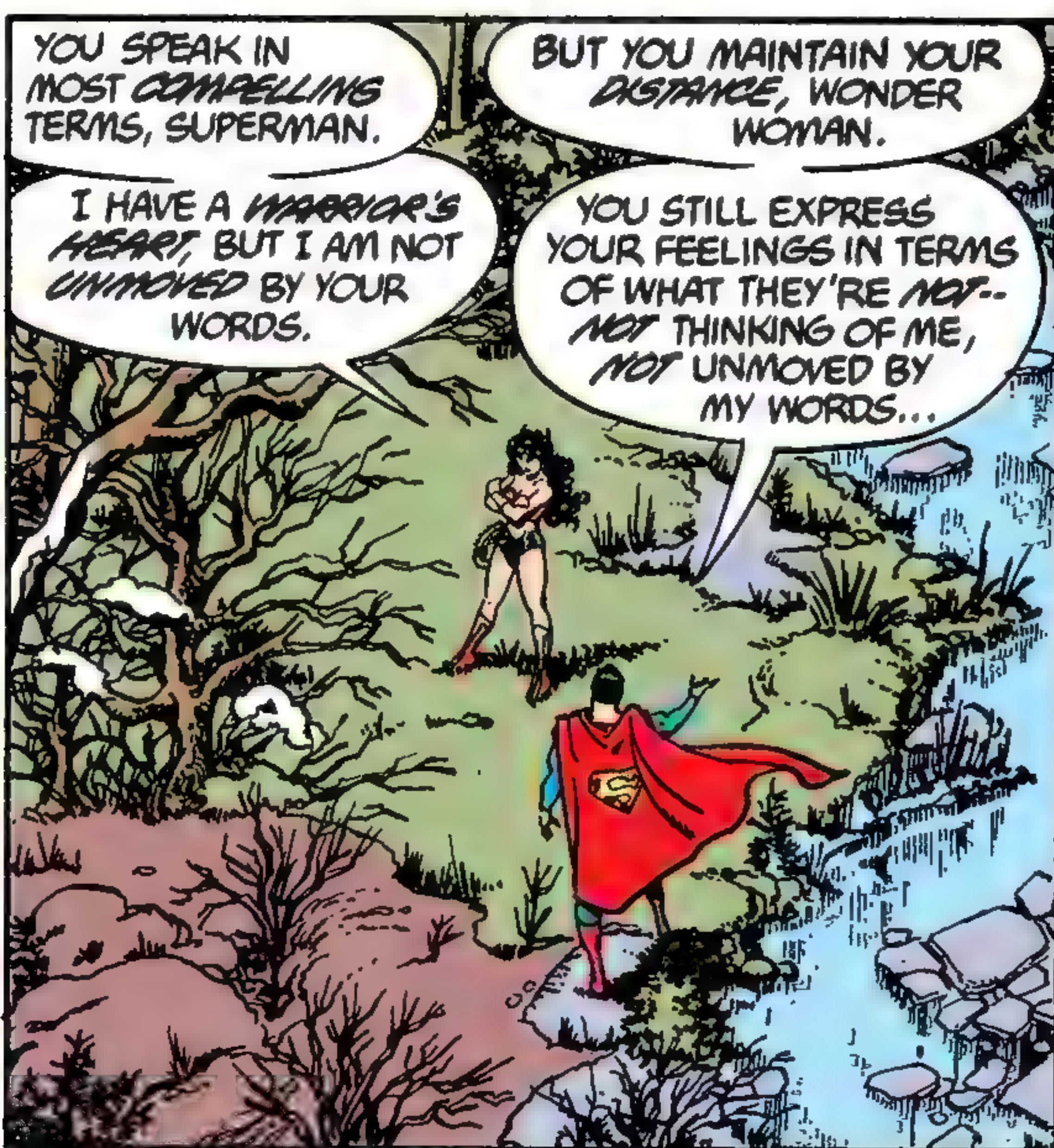
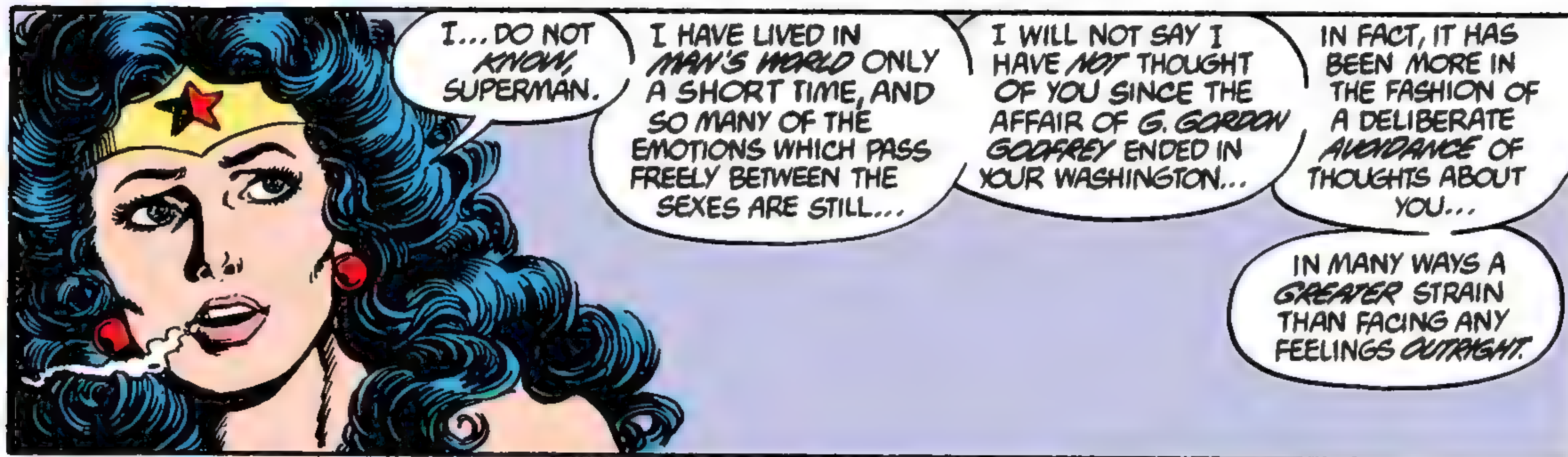
*First
Date...*

JOHN BYRNE . GEORGE PEREZ
STORY & BREAKDOWNS FINISHES

JOHN COSTANZA . TOM ZIUKO . RENEE WITTERSTAETTER . MIKE CARLIN
LETTERS COLORS ASSISTANT EDITOR EDITOR









THEN, FIRST,
WHAT SAY WE
GO TO MY
PLACE....?

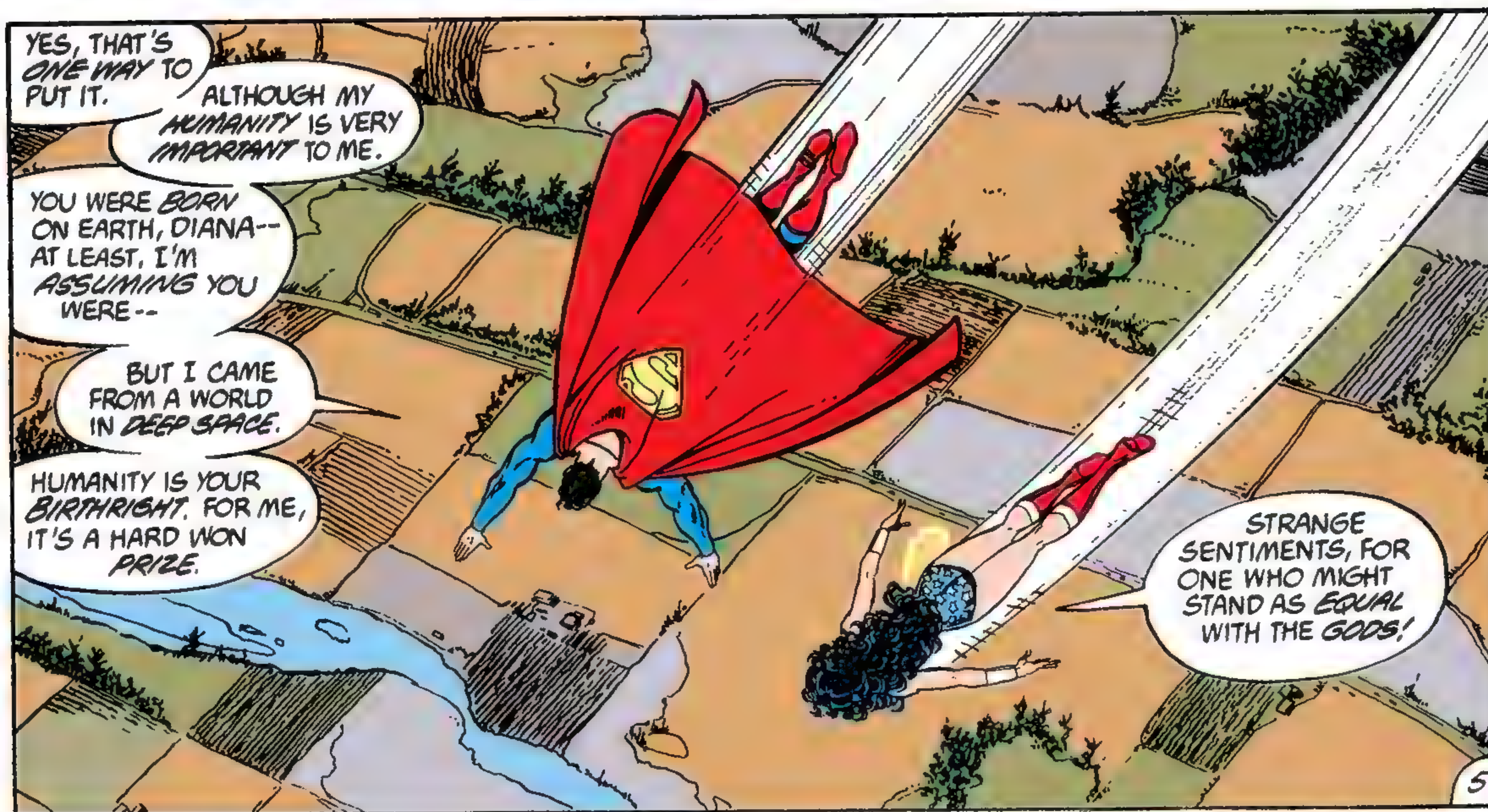


THIS IS WHERE I'M
MOST AT HOME, WON...
I MEAN-- DIANA.

IN THE SKY WHERE
ALL THE PROBLEMS OF
THE WORLD SEEM TO
FALL INTO THEIR
PROPER PERSPECTIVE.

IT IS A
FITTING PLACE
FOR SUCH AS
WE, SUPERMAN.

WE WHO ARE FLESH
AND BLOOD, AND YET
SO MUCH MORE THAN
HUMAN.



YES, THAT'S
ONE WAY TO
PUT IT.

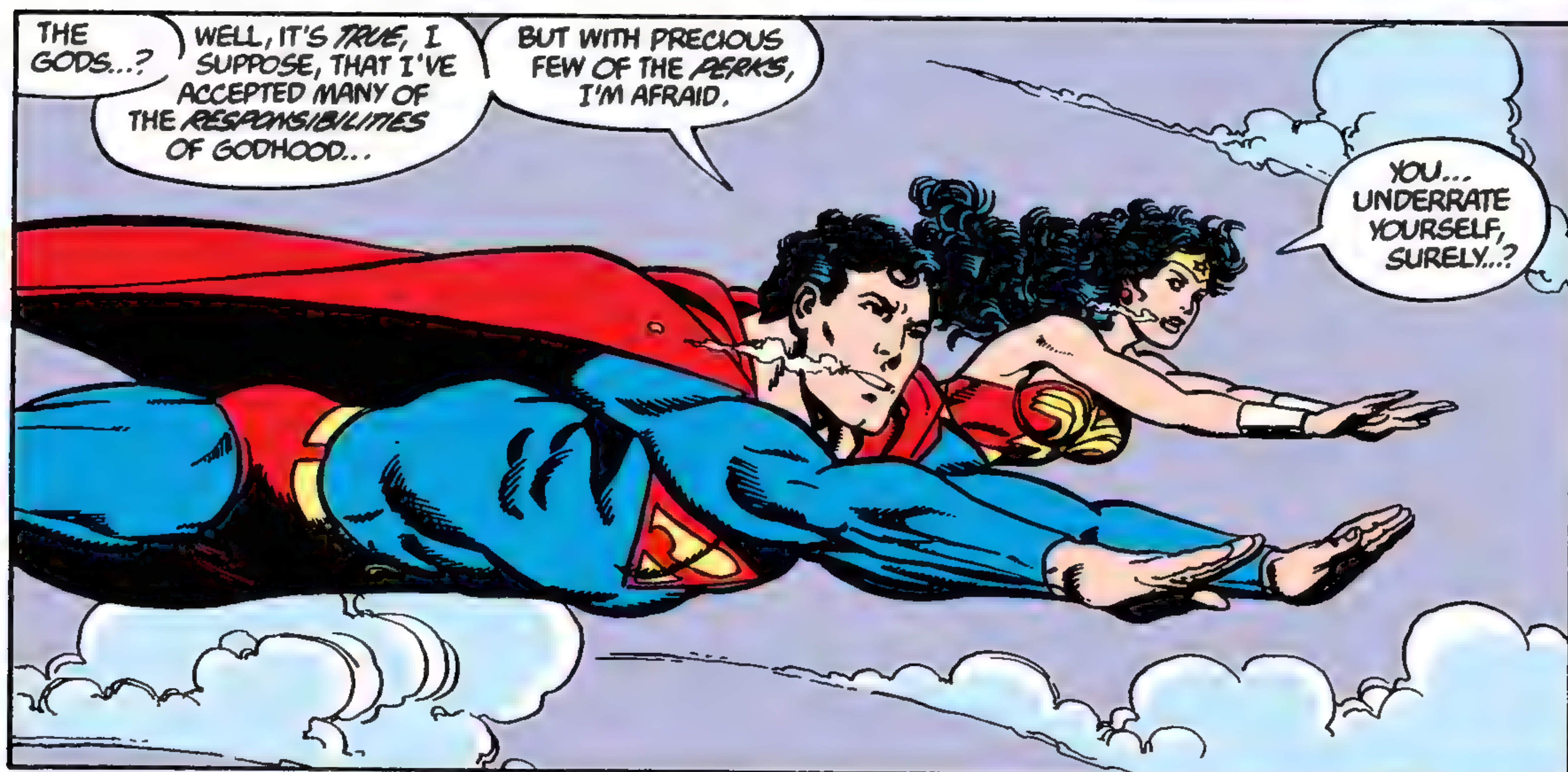
ALTHOUGH MY
HUMANITY IS VERY
IMPORTANT TO ME.

YOU WERE BORN
ON EARTH, DIANA--
AT LEAST, I'M
ASSUMING YOU
WERE--

BUT I CAME
FROM A WORLD
IN DEEP SPACE.

HUMANITY IS YOUR
BIRTHRIGHT. FOR ME,
IT'S A HARD WON
PRIZE.

STRANGE
SENTIMENTS, FOR
ONE WHO MIGHT
STAND AS EQUAL
WITH THE GODS!



THE GODS...?

WELL, IT'S TRUE, I SUPPOSE, THAT I'VE ACCEPTED MANY OF THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF GODHOOD...

BUT WITH PRECIOUS FEW OF THE PERKS, I'M AFRAID.

YOU... UNDERRATE YOURSELF, SURELY...?



NO. I CAN DO THINGS NO MORTAL CAN, PRINCESSES, BUT FOR ALL THAT... WELL, AT HEART I'M JUST A BOY FROM A SMALL TOWN IN KANSAS...

...DIANA...



HERMES?!

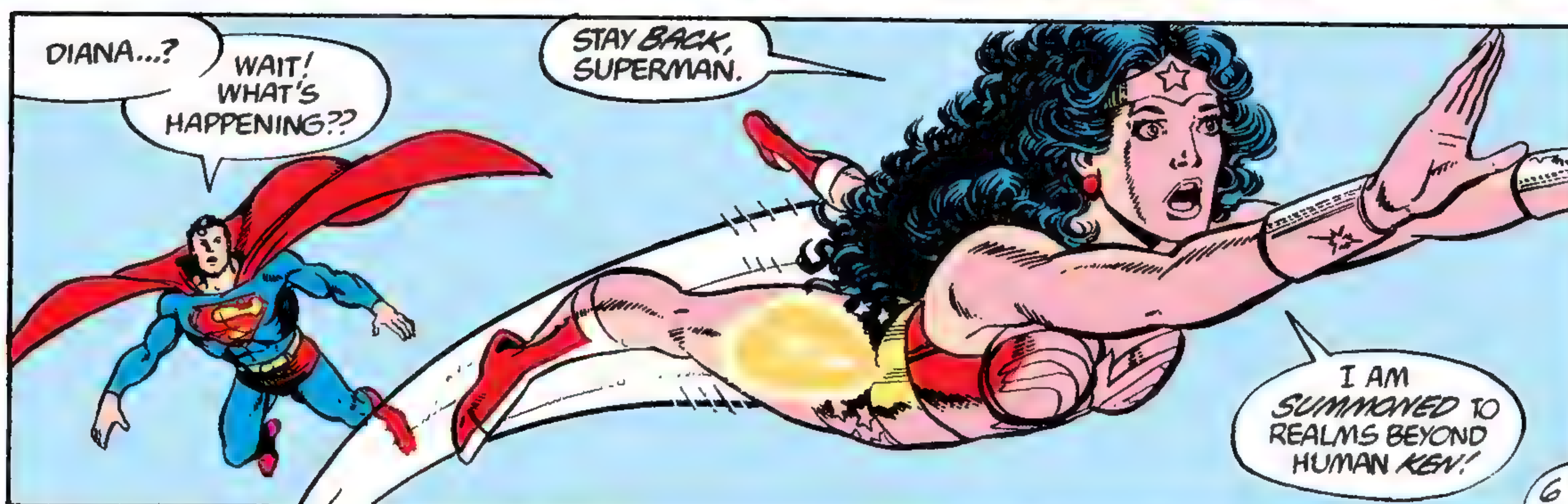
...DIANA...

WHAT...?!

...HELP ME...

YES!

YES, I'LL COME AT ONCE!

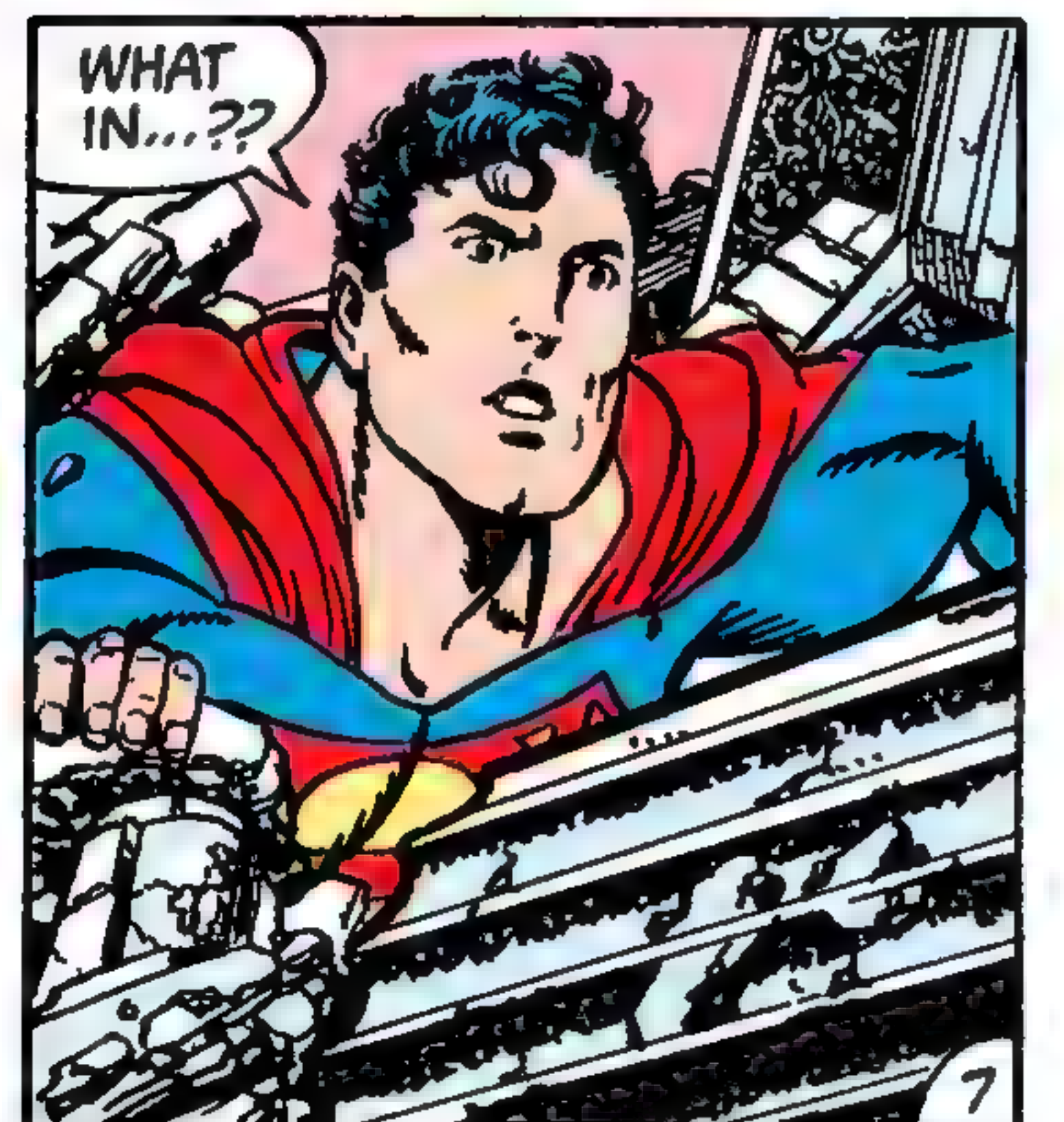
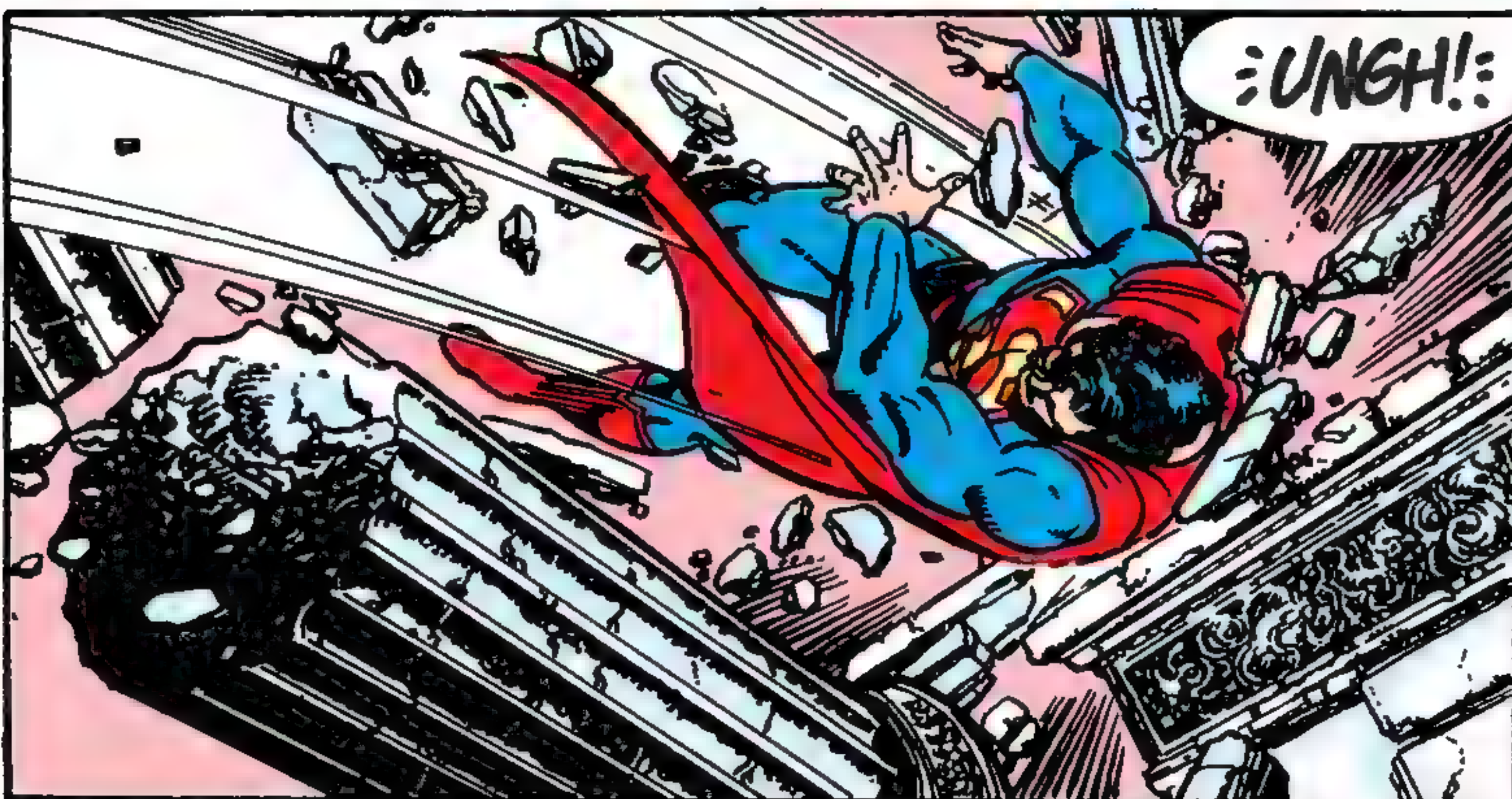
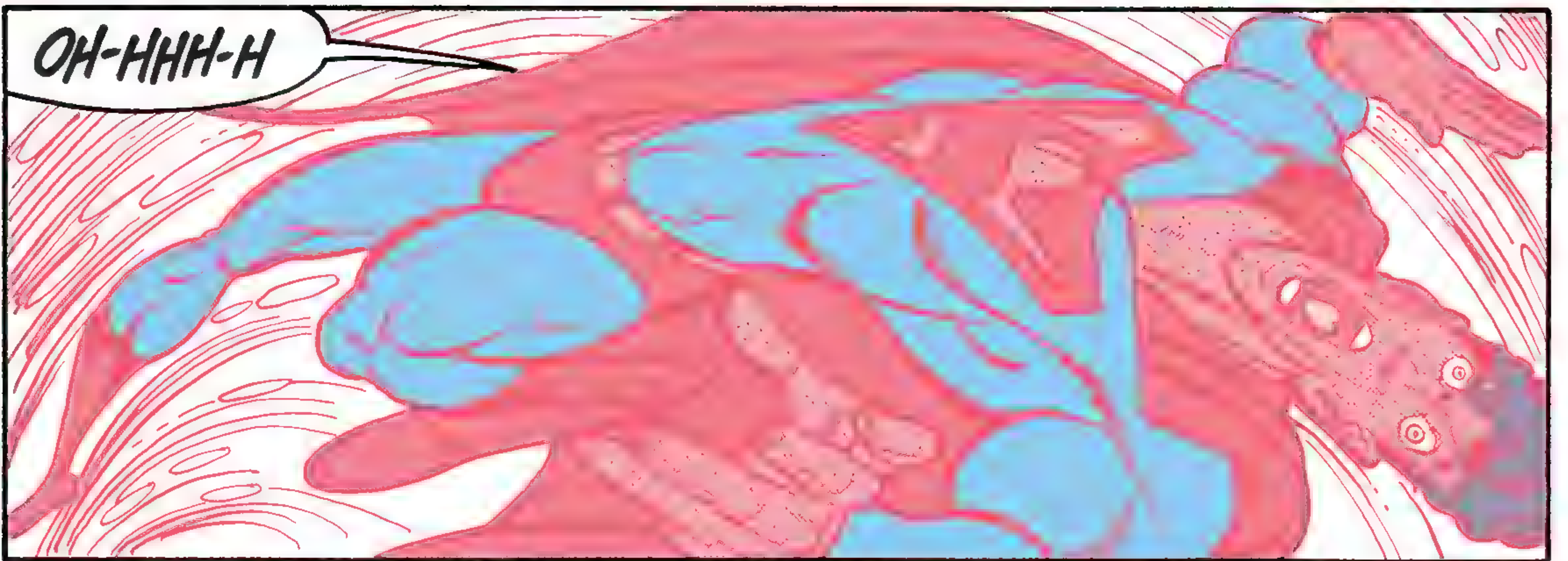
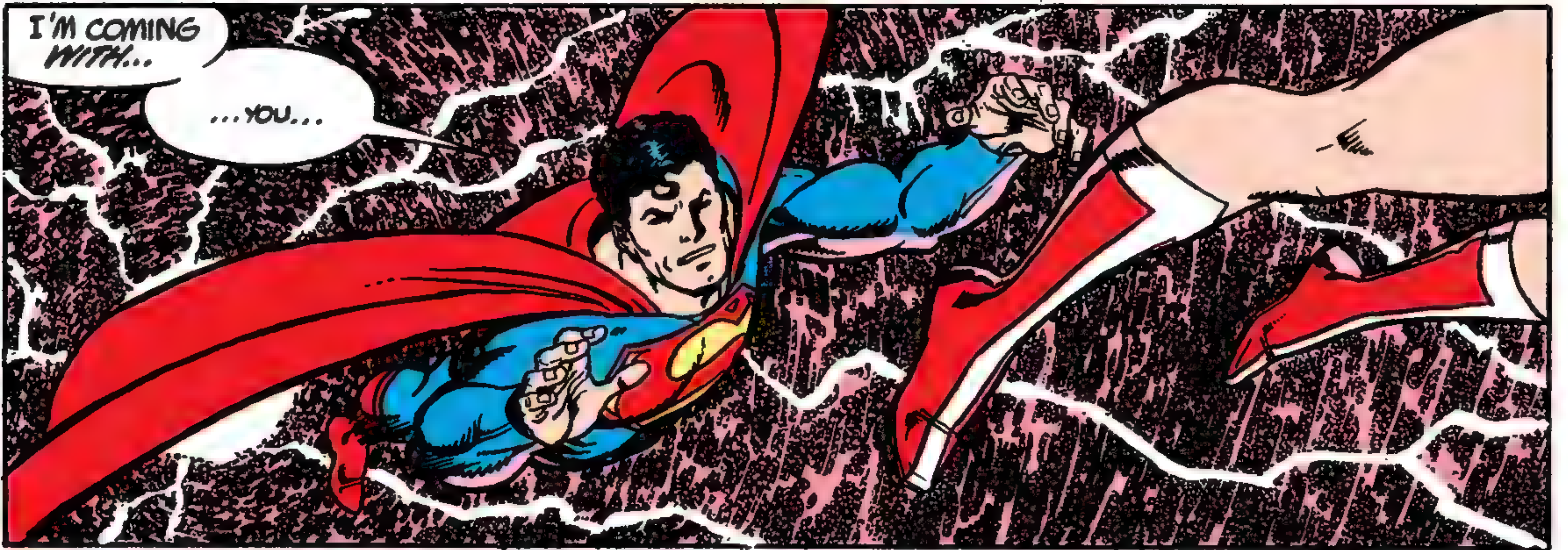
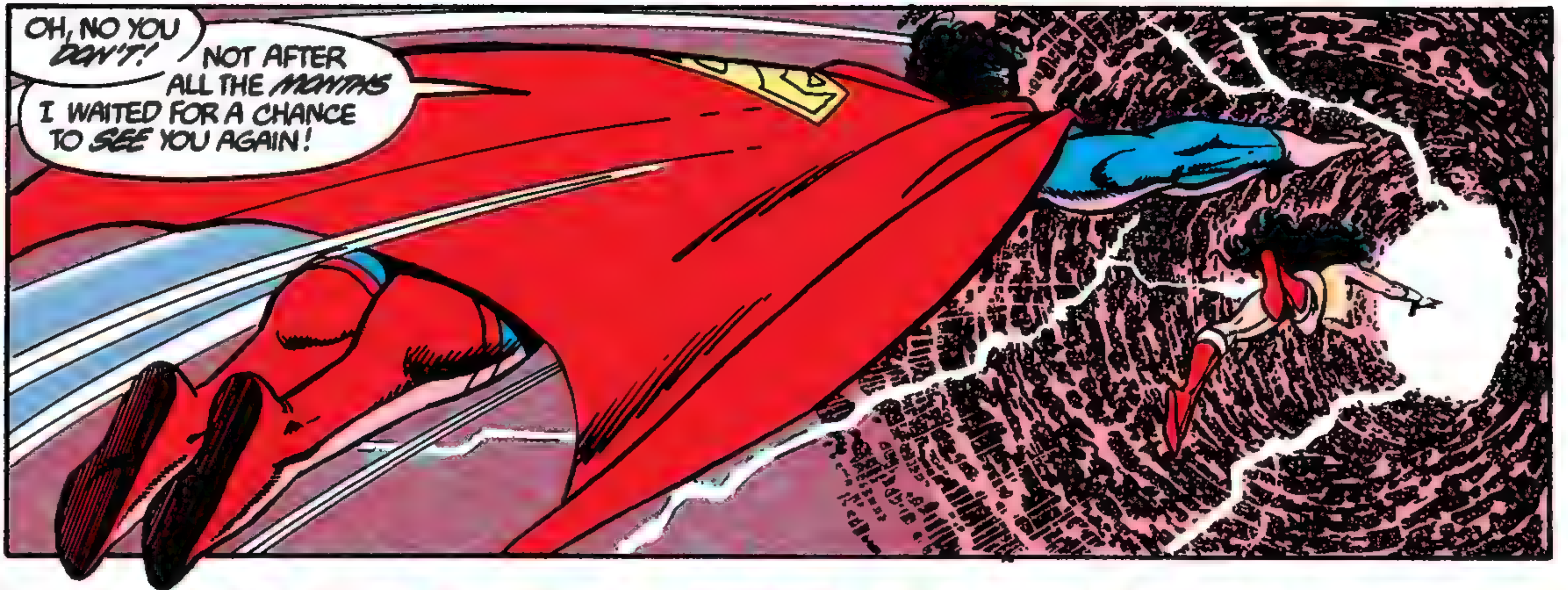


DIANA...?

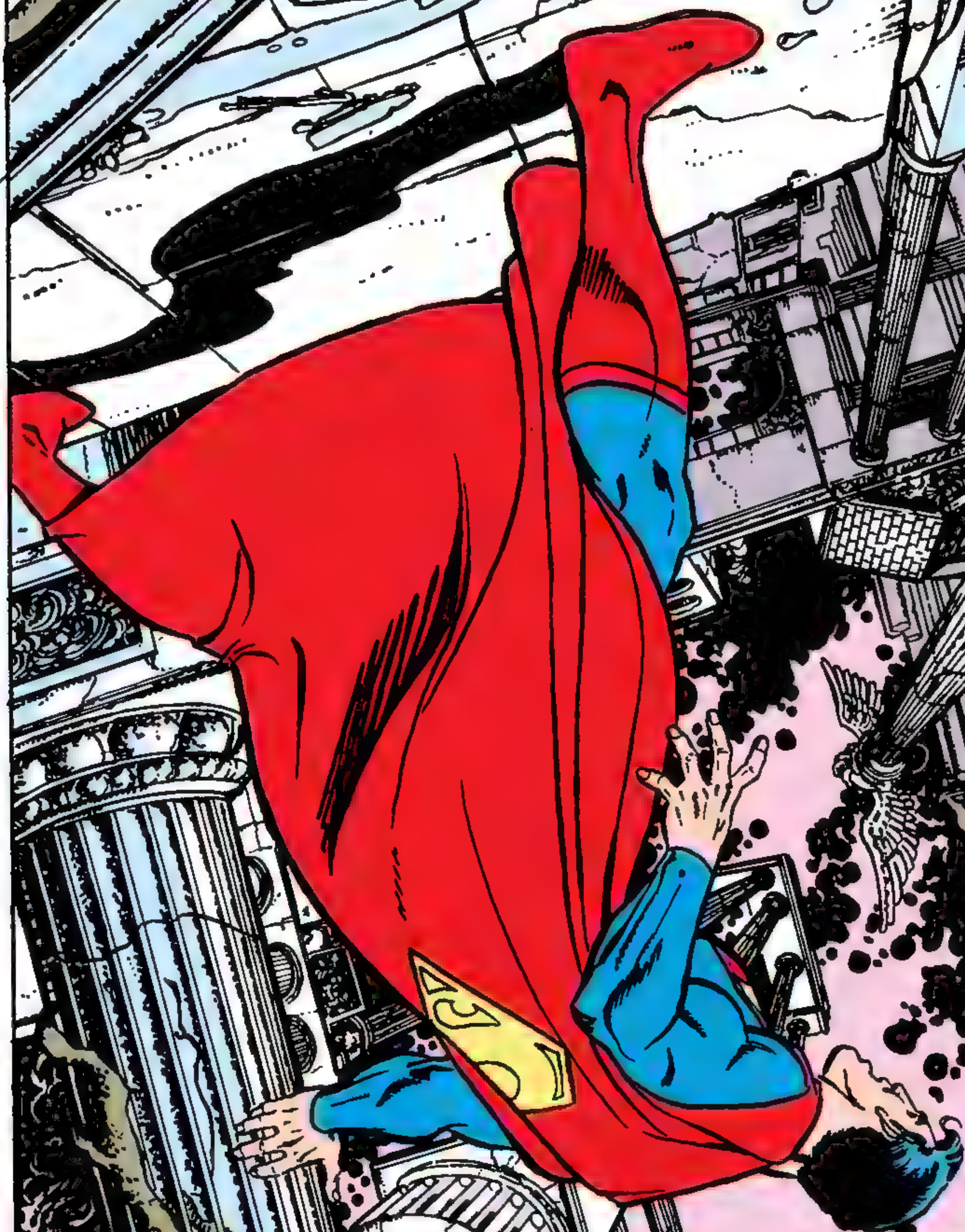
WAIT! WHAT'S HAPPENING??

STAY BACK, SUPERMAN.

I AM SUMMONED TO REALMS BEYOND HUMAN KEN!

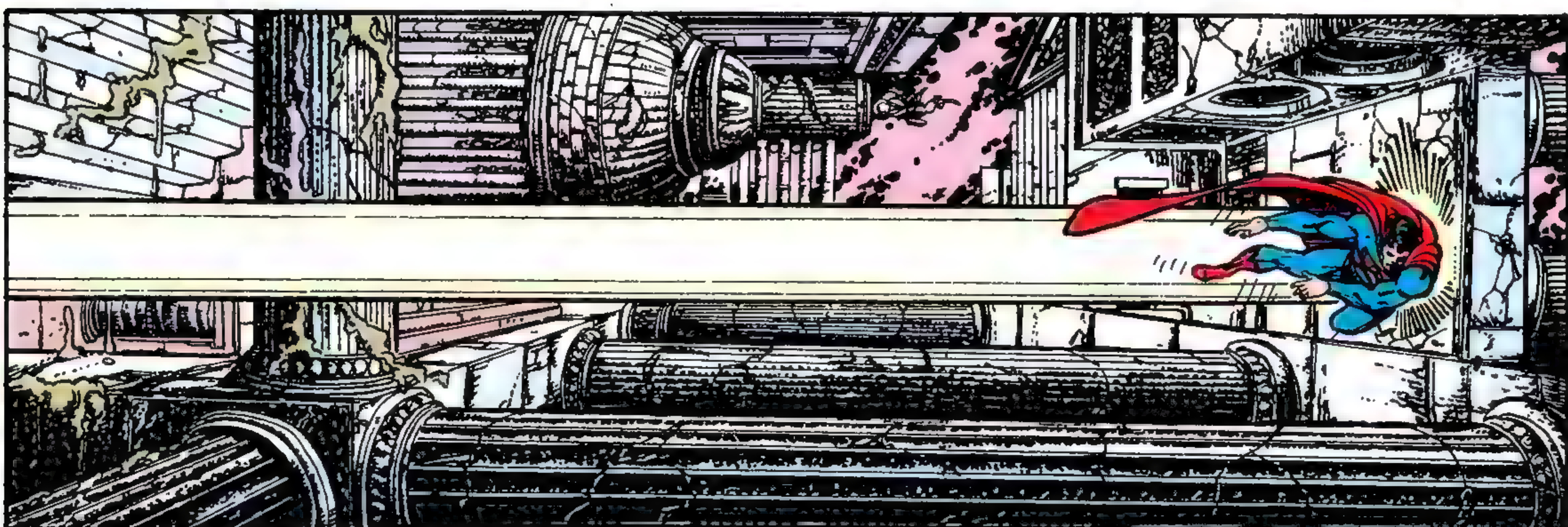
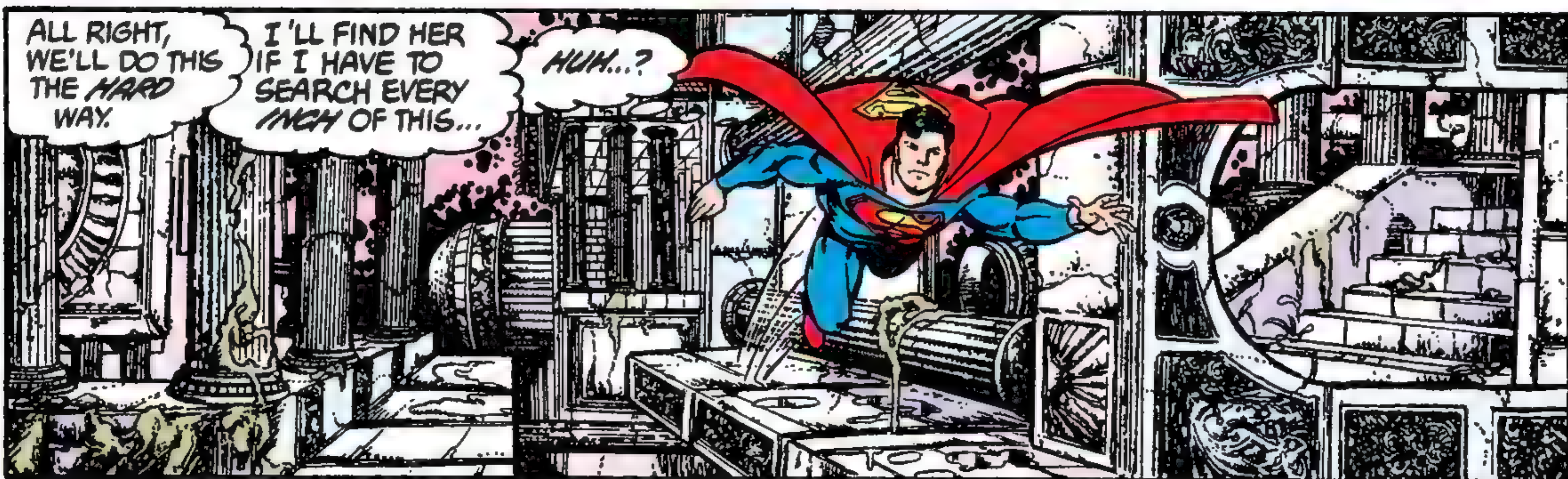
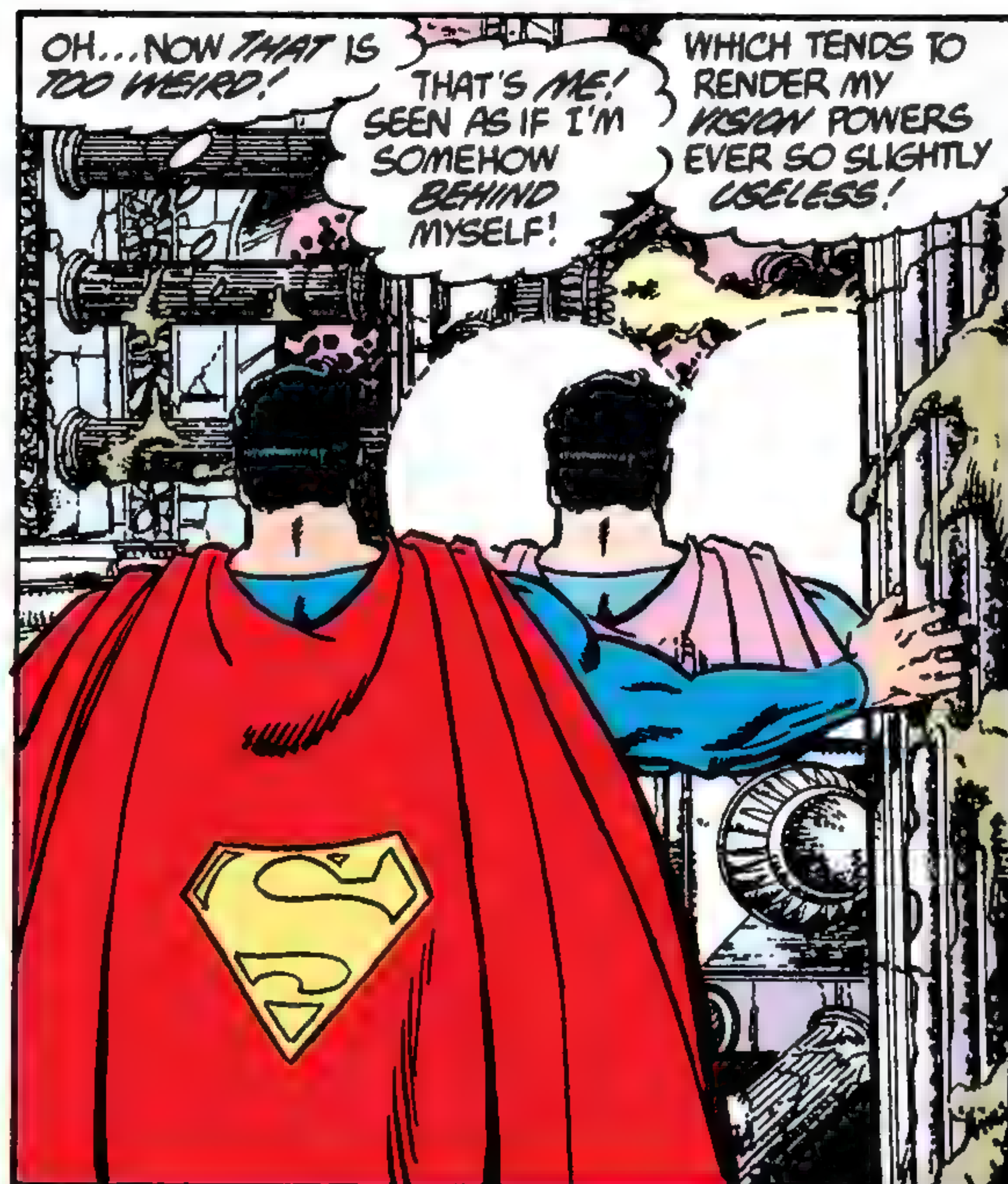
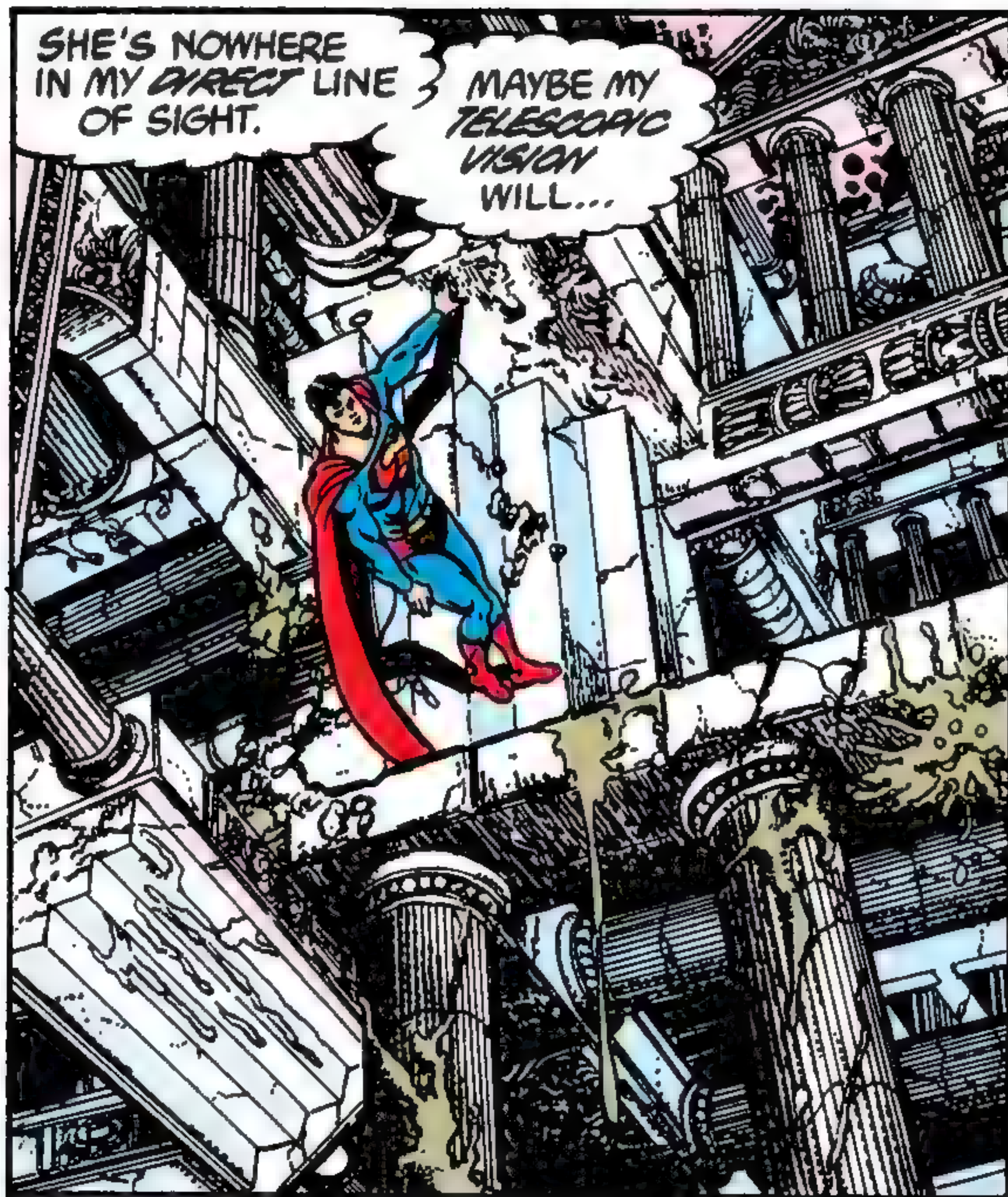


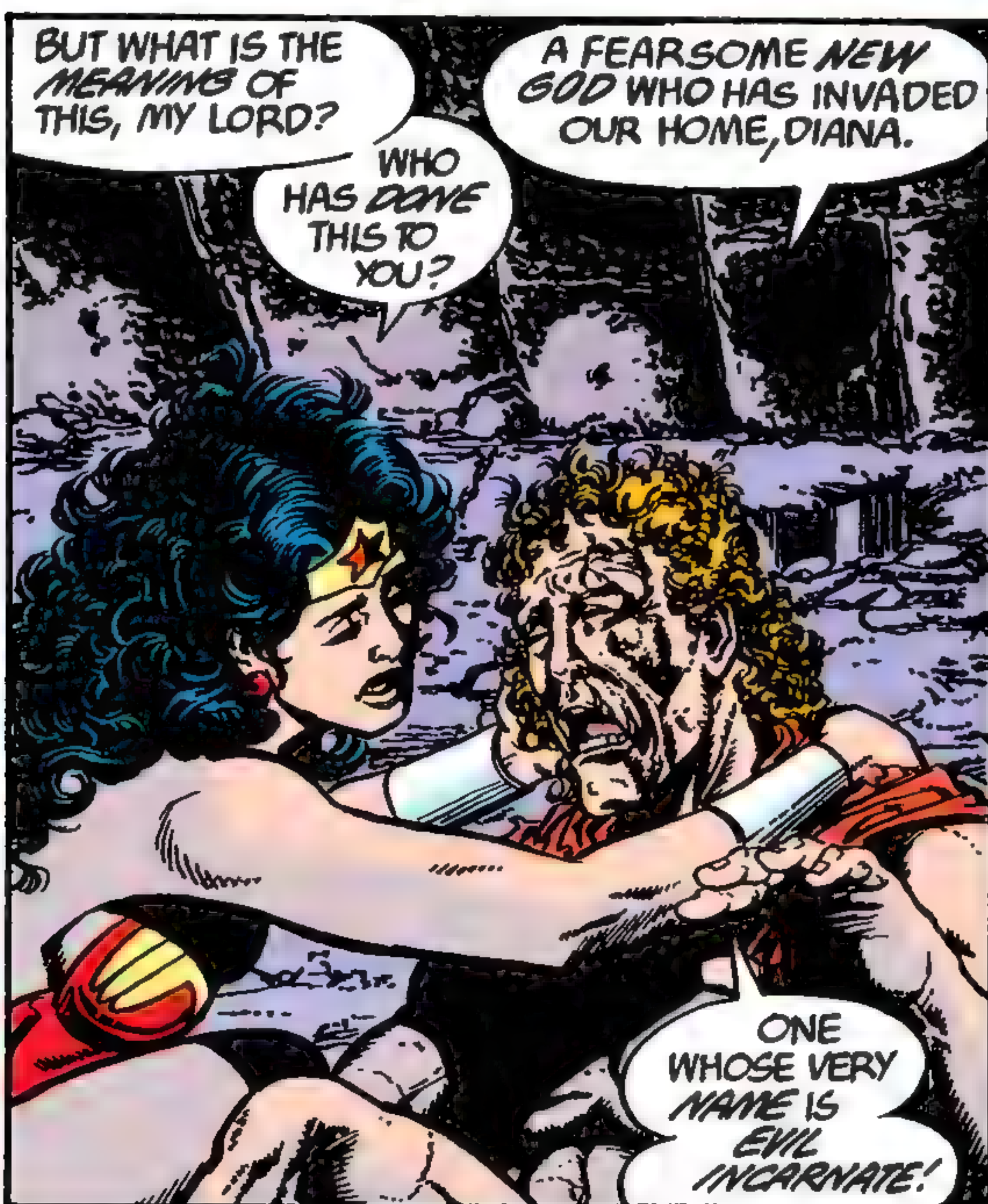
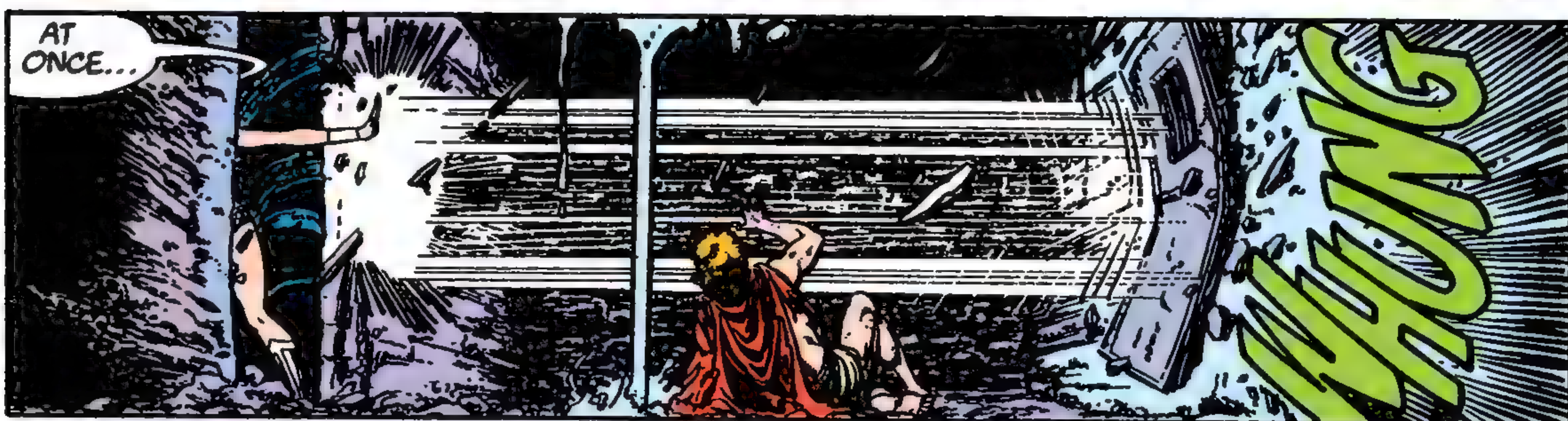
FALLEN IDOLS

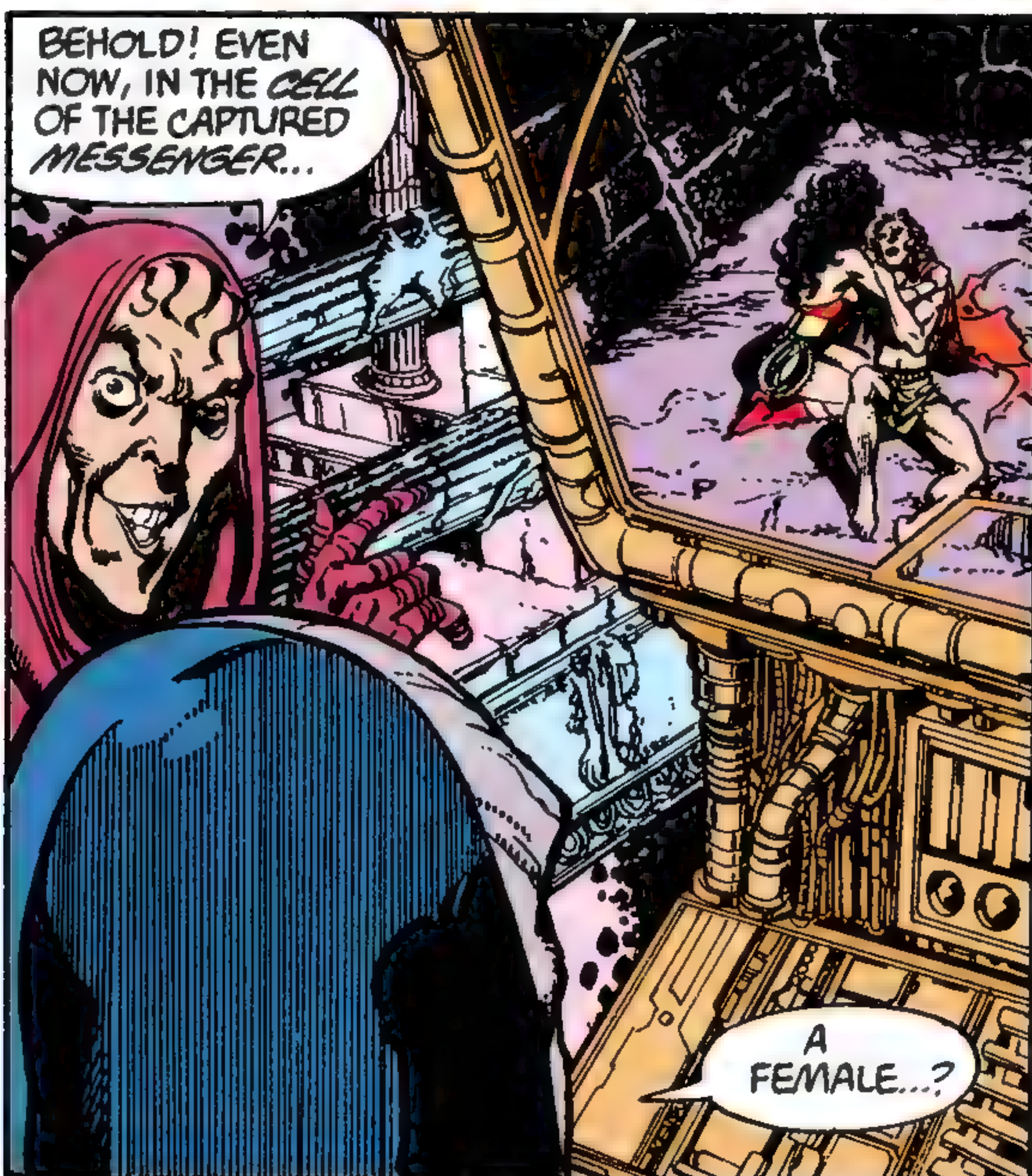
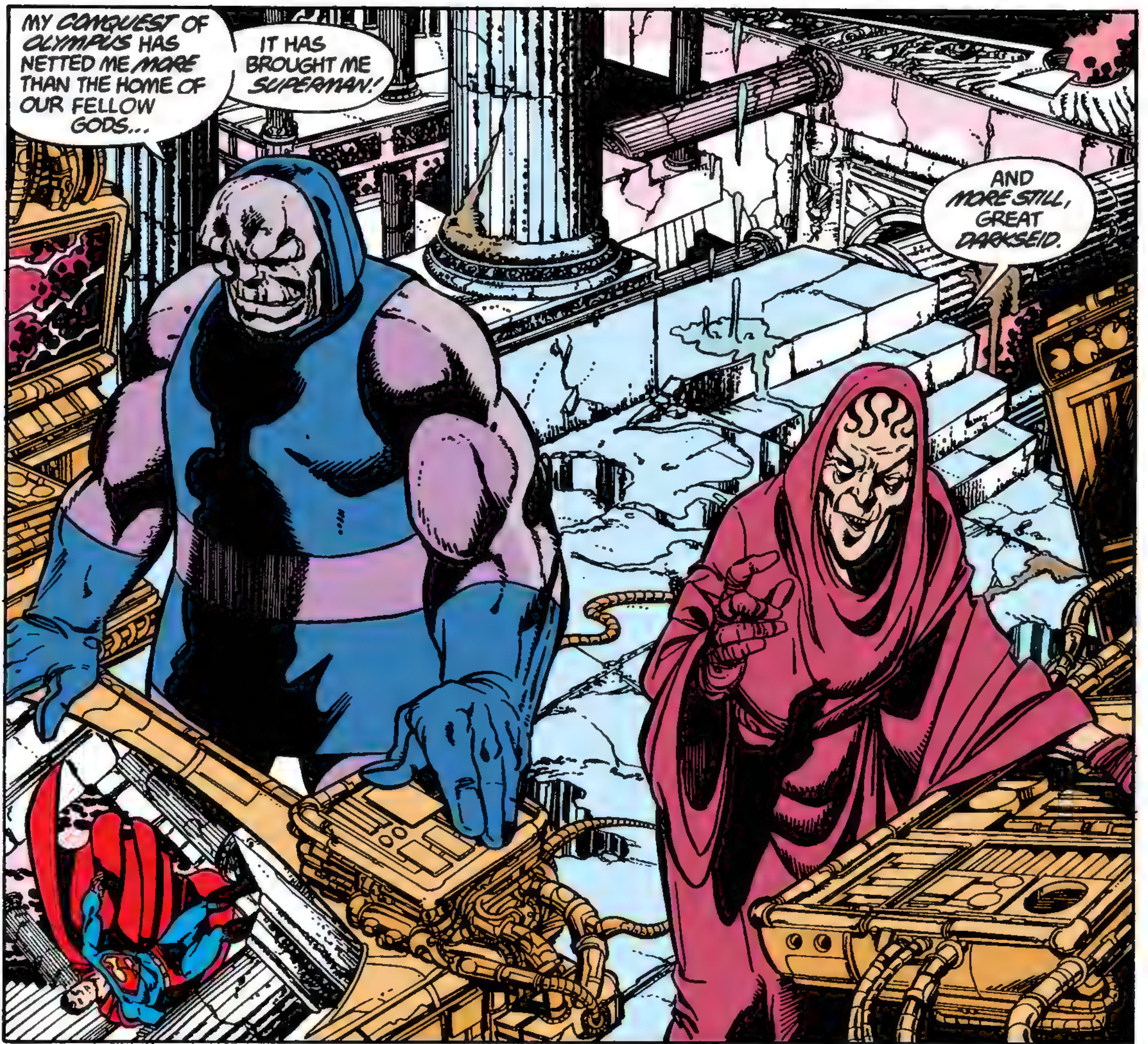


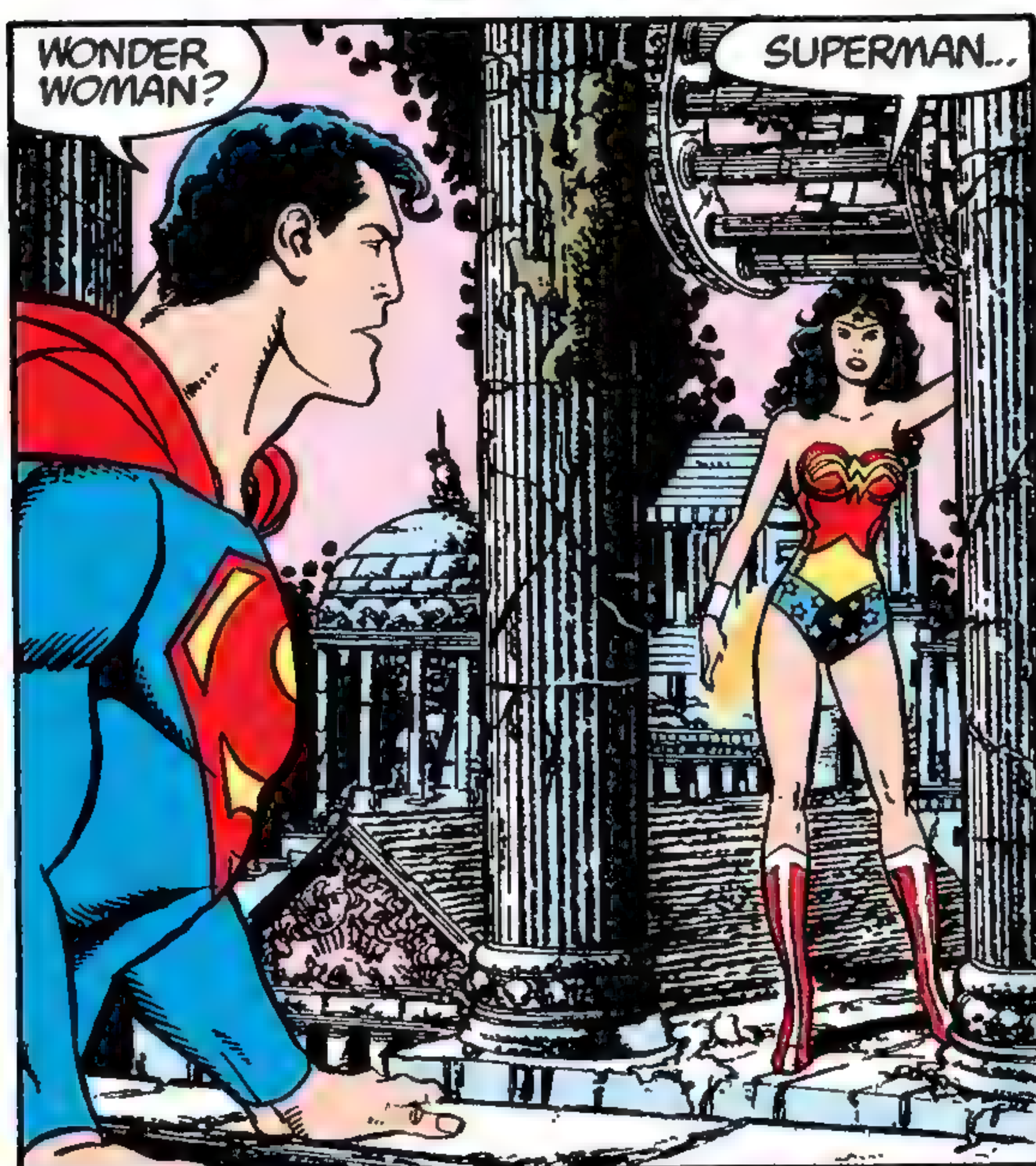
WHERE
IN *BLAZES*
AM I?

AND WHERE'S
WONDER
WOMAN...??

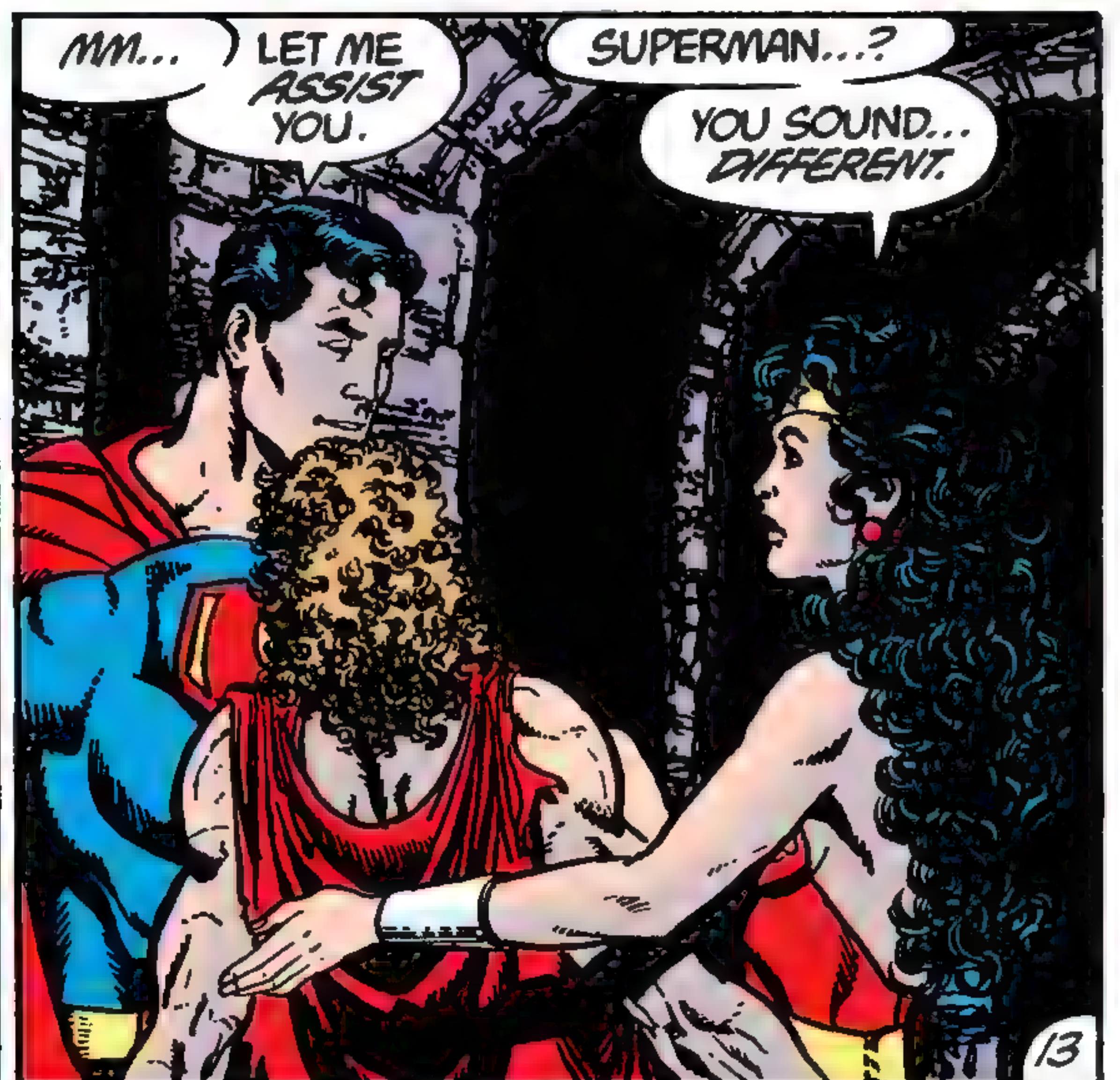
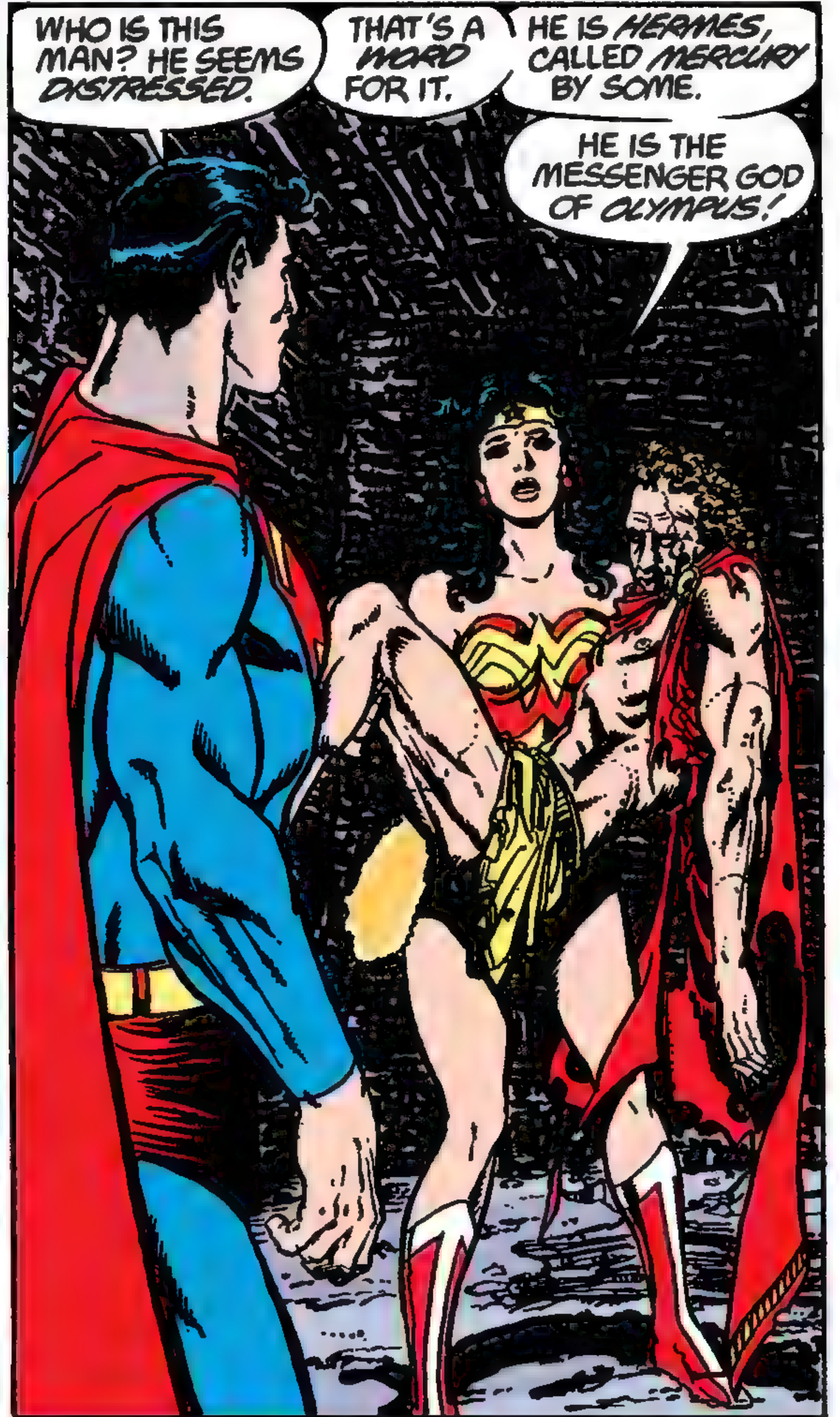
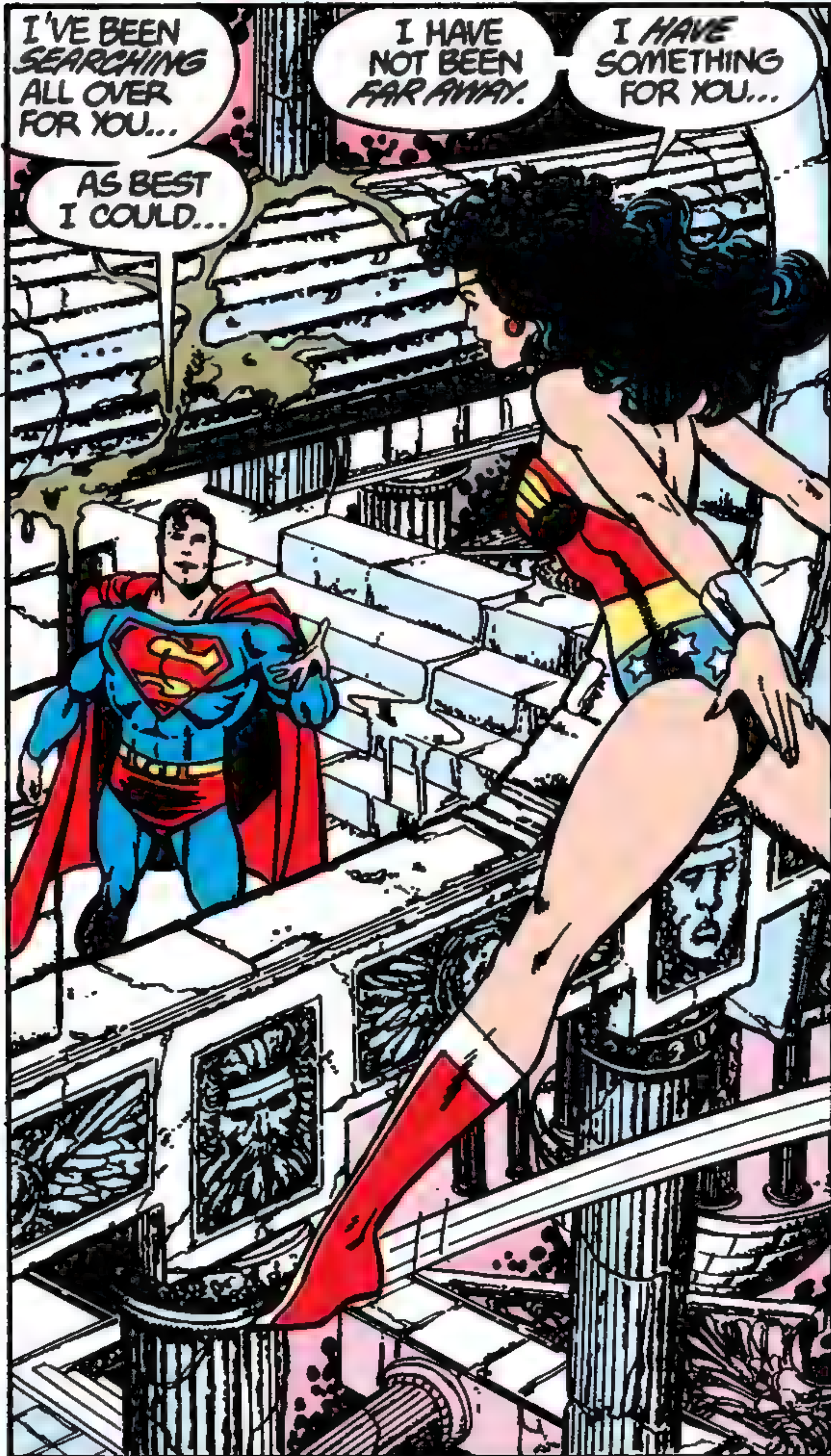


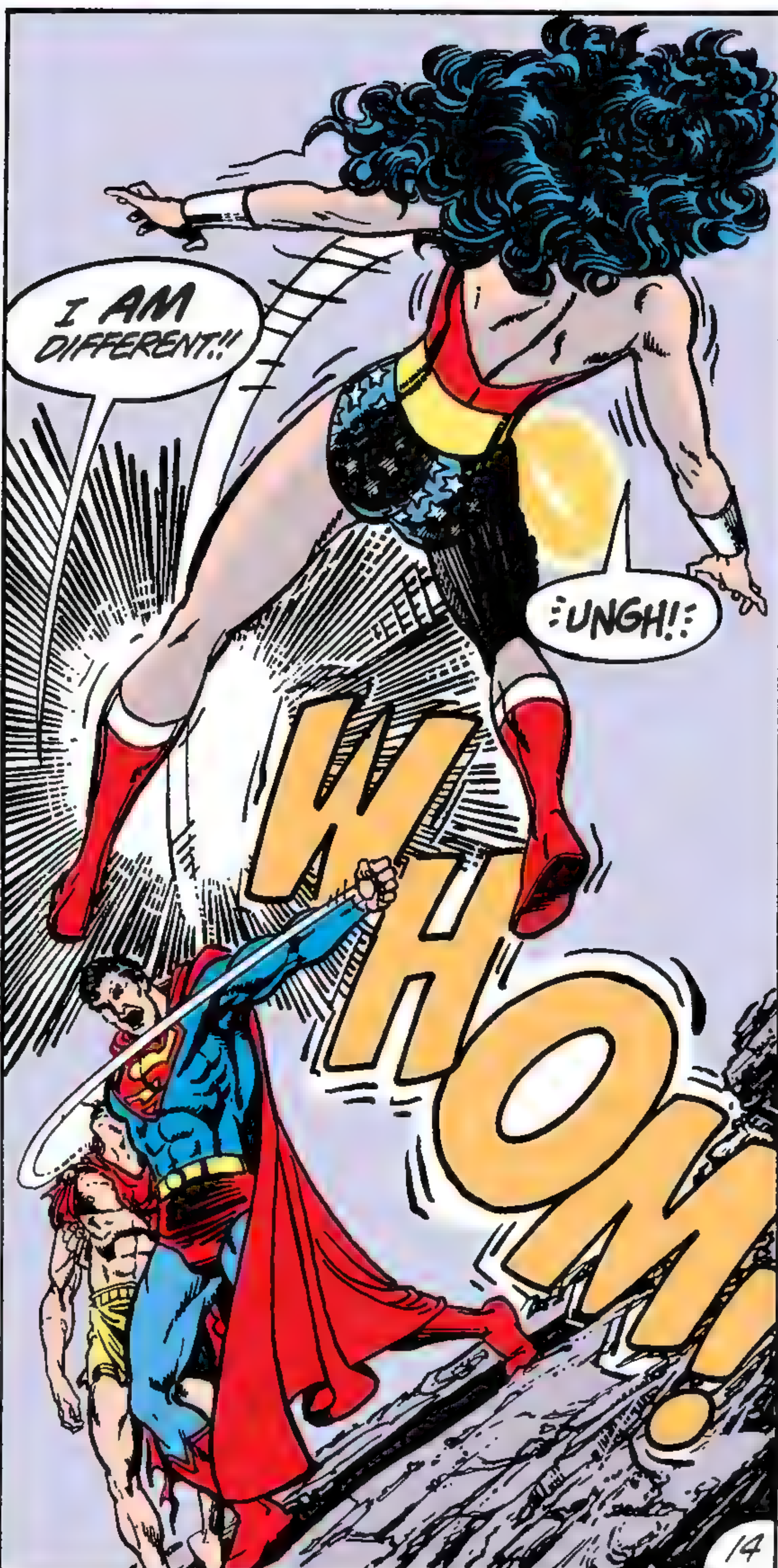
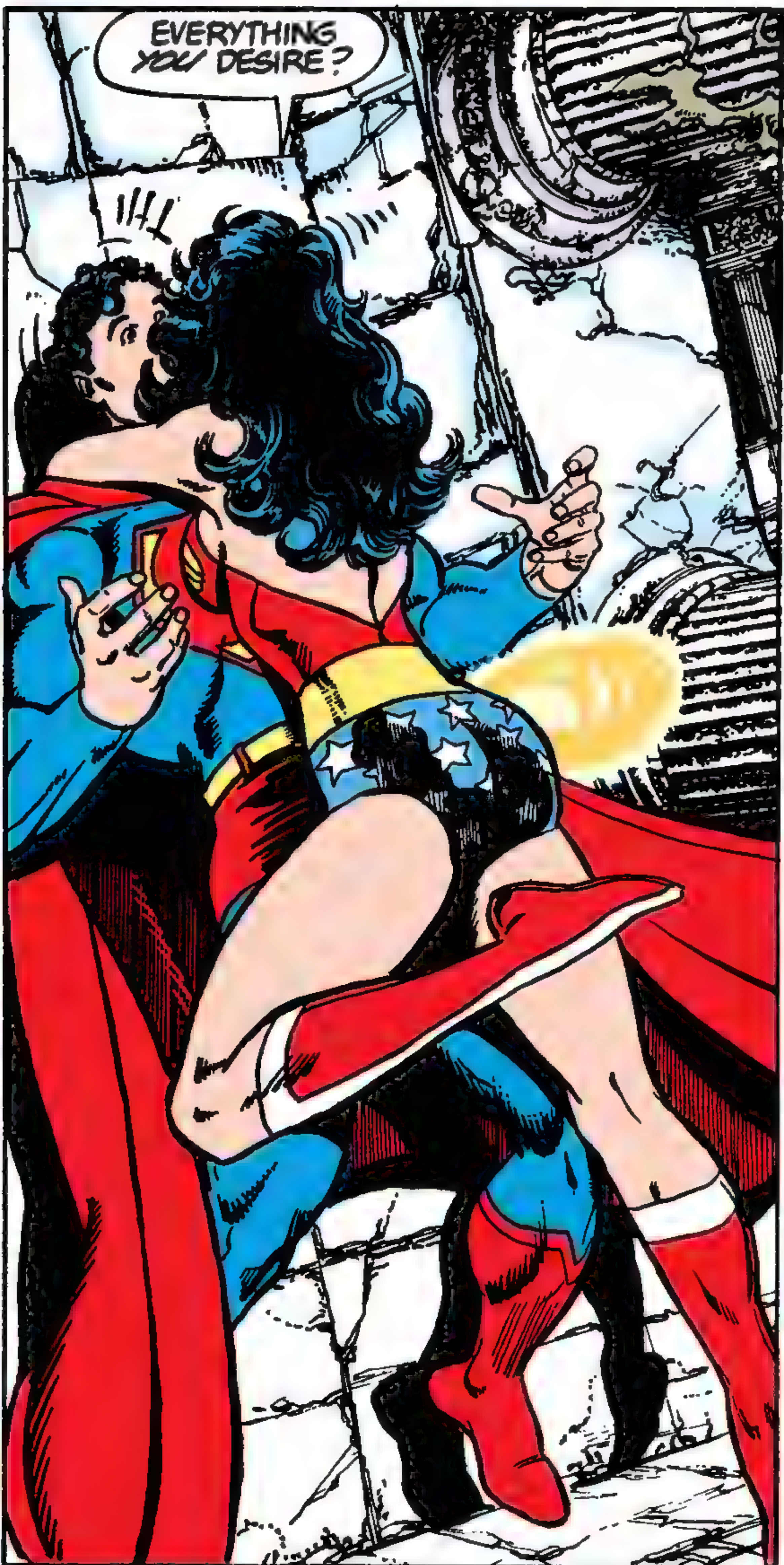






CHAPTER THREE: **BROKEN-MIRRORS**





НА НА НА
НА НА НА
НА НА НА



НАНА НА
НАНА НА
НАНА НА

DO YOU APPRECIATE
THE DELICIOUS IRONY
OF THE SITUATION,
DESAAD?

DO YOU SEE HOW MY
~~CONSTRUCTS~~ PLAY OFF
THE INNER ~~WEAKNESSES~~
OF EACH OF OUR UN-
SUSPECTING ~~GUESTS~~?

**YES,
GREAT
DARKSE**

BUT... IS THIS
NOT DANGEROUS,
MY LORD?

THUS FAR OUR...
YOUR CONQUEST
OF OLYMPUS
HAS BEEN WITH-
OUT FLAW.

SHOULD THESE
INTRUDERS NOT
BE SUMMARILY
DESTROYED,
RATHER THAN
TOYED WITH?

STRANGE
SENTIMENTS,
FROM YOU,
DESAAD.

YOU, WHOSE WHOLE EXISTENCE
IS DEDICATED TO CRUELTY
AND SUFFERING.

BUT FRET NOT, DESAAD. I HAVE WAITED TOO LONG TO LET THIS SMALL DIVERSION DISRUPT MY MASTER PLAN.

WAITED ALL
THESE CENTURIES
SINCE FIRST I
LEARNED THE
TRUTH ABOUT
OLYMPUS.

"REMEMBER, DESAAD?"

**"REMEMBER THE GREAT
LEGENDS OF HOW THE
WORLD OF THE FIRST
GODS, THE OLD GODS,
DIED?"**

"SPLIT ASUNDER
BY THE FURY OF
THEIR FINAL
RAGNAROK..

"OUT OF THAT
CATACLYSM WERE
BORN TWO WORLDS..."

"BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL
NEW GENESIS, HOME
OF ALL THAT WAS GOOD
AND PURE IN OUR
FOREFATHERS..."

"AND DARK AND TERRIBLE
APOCALIPS, SPAWNING
GROUND OF ULTIMATE
EVIL..."

"AND OUR
HOME."

"BUT WHAT WE NEW GODS
NEVER GUESSED, DESAAD,
WAS THAT THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE OLD WORLD HAD UN-
LEASHED IN ALL DIRECTIONS
TORRENTS OF UNIMAGINABLE
ENERGY!"

"ENERGY THAT HURLED ITSELF
ACROSS THE UNIVERSE..."

"UNTIL ONE SEARING BOLT
STRUCK HOME..."

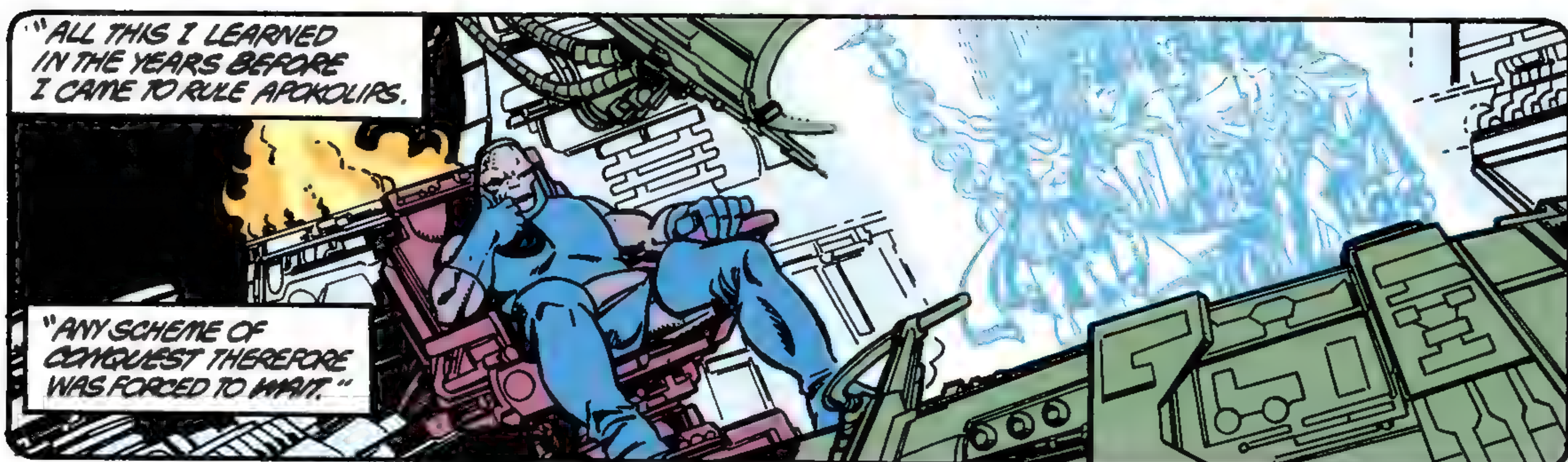
"ON A PLANET
ONE DAY TO BE
CALLED THE
EARTH..."

"IN A CLUSTER OF
ISLANDS SOME CALL
GREECE..."



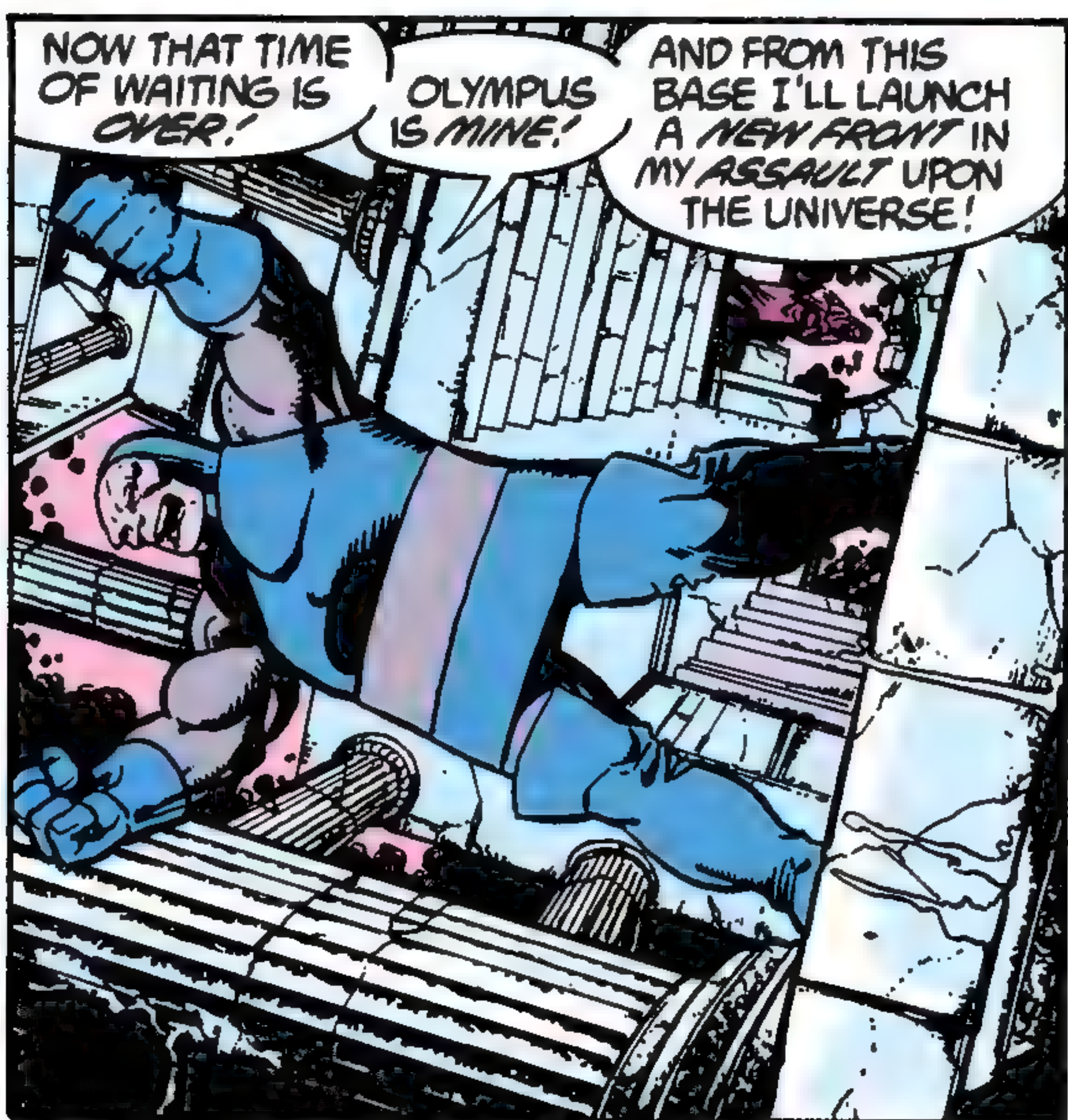
"THAT ENERGY CREATED, IN TIME,
A RACE OF BEINGS WHO CAME
TO THINK OF THEMSELVES AS
GODS, LIKE US..."

"AND WHOSE POWERS AND
INFLUENCE GENERATED ON
EARTH A GOLDEN AGE..."



"ALL THIS I LEARNED
IN THE YEARS BEFORE
I CAME TO RULE APOKOLIPS."

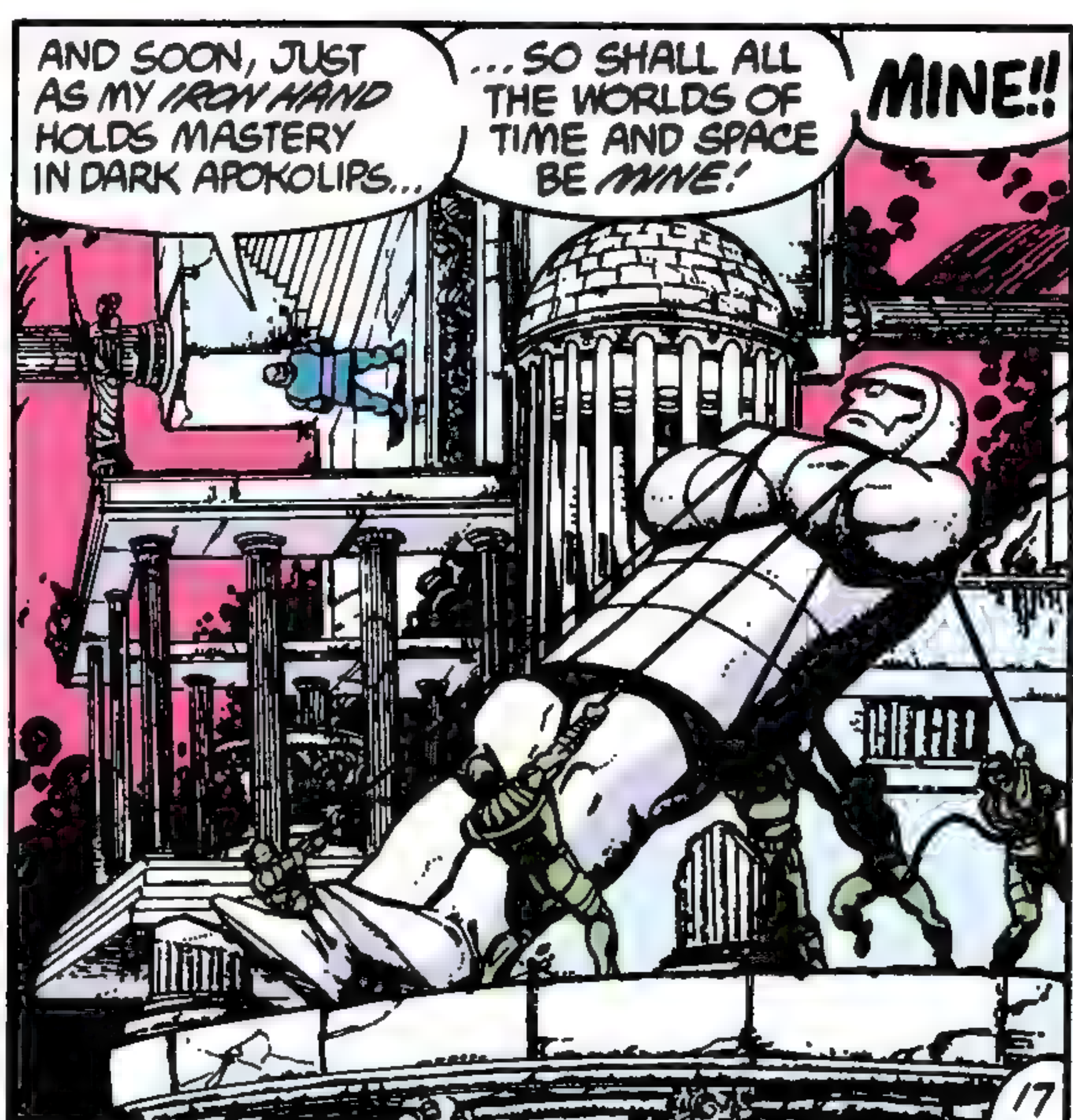
"ANY SCHEME OF
CONQUEST THEREFORE
WAS FORCED TO WAIT."



NOW THAT TIME
OF WAITING IS
OVER!

OLYMPUS
IS MINE!

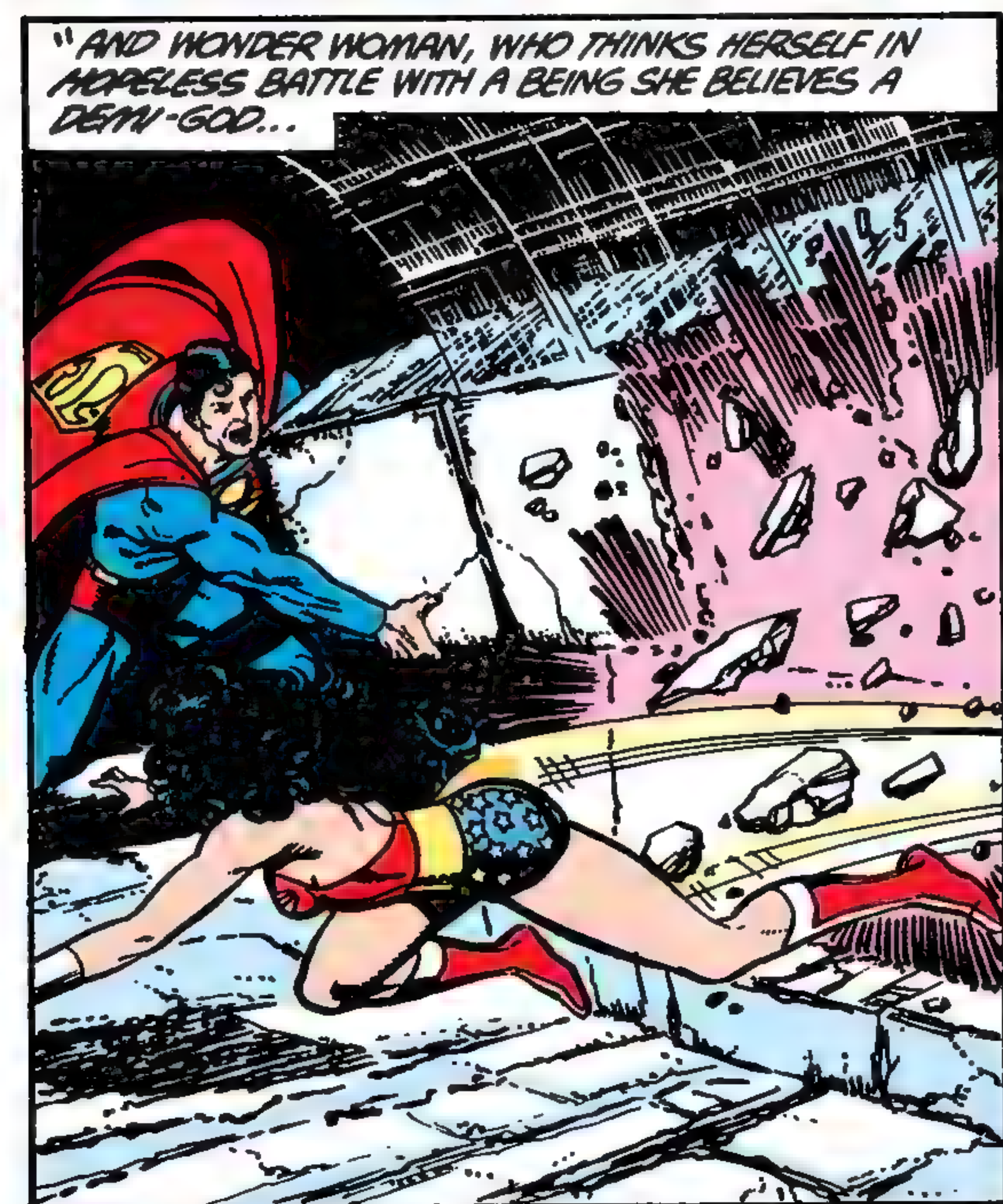
AND FROM THIS
BASE I'LL LAUNCH
A NEW FRONT IN
MY ASSAULT UPON
THE UNIVERSE!

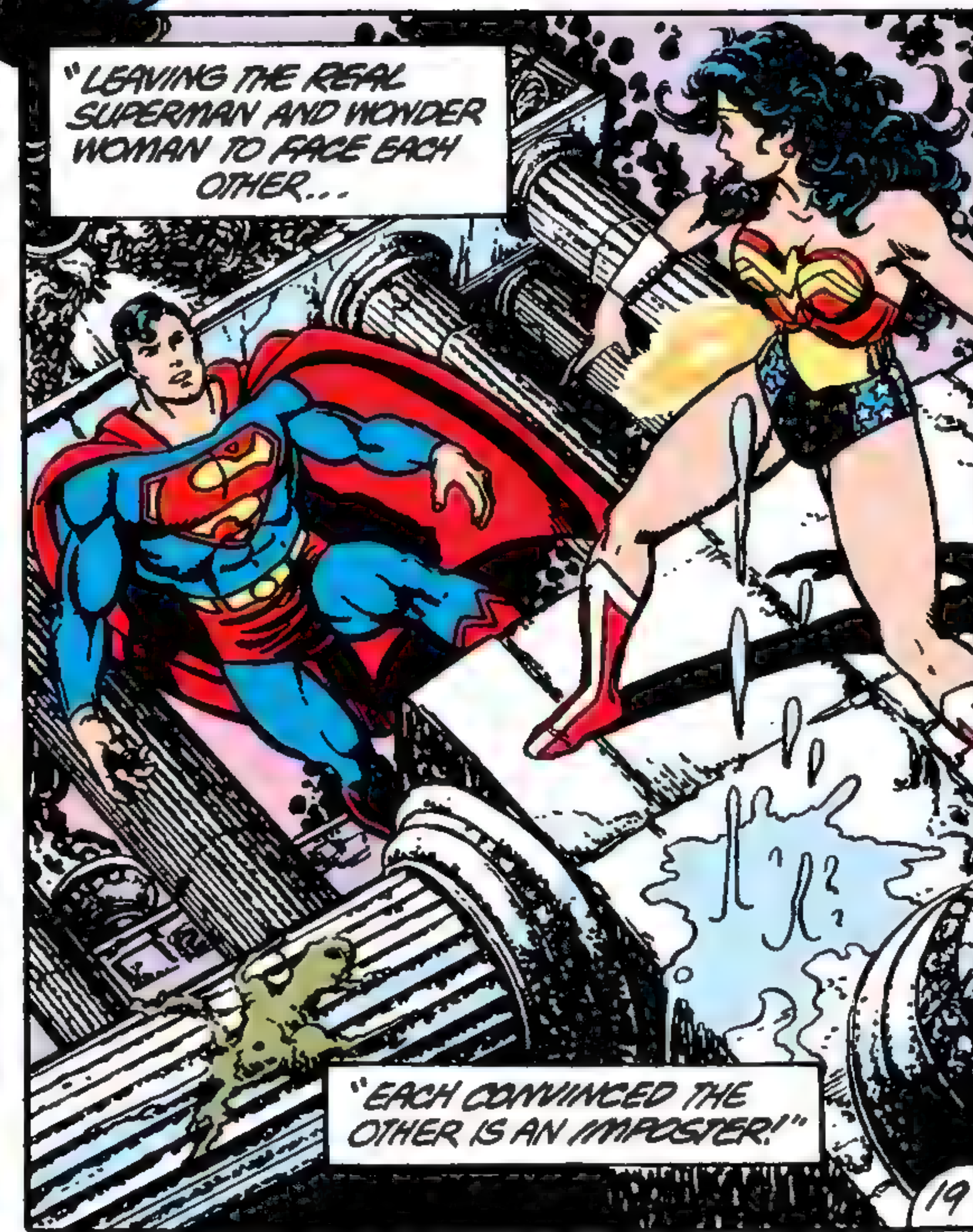
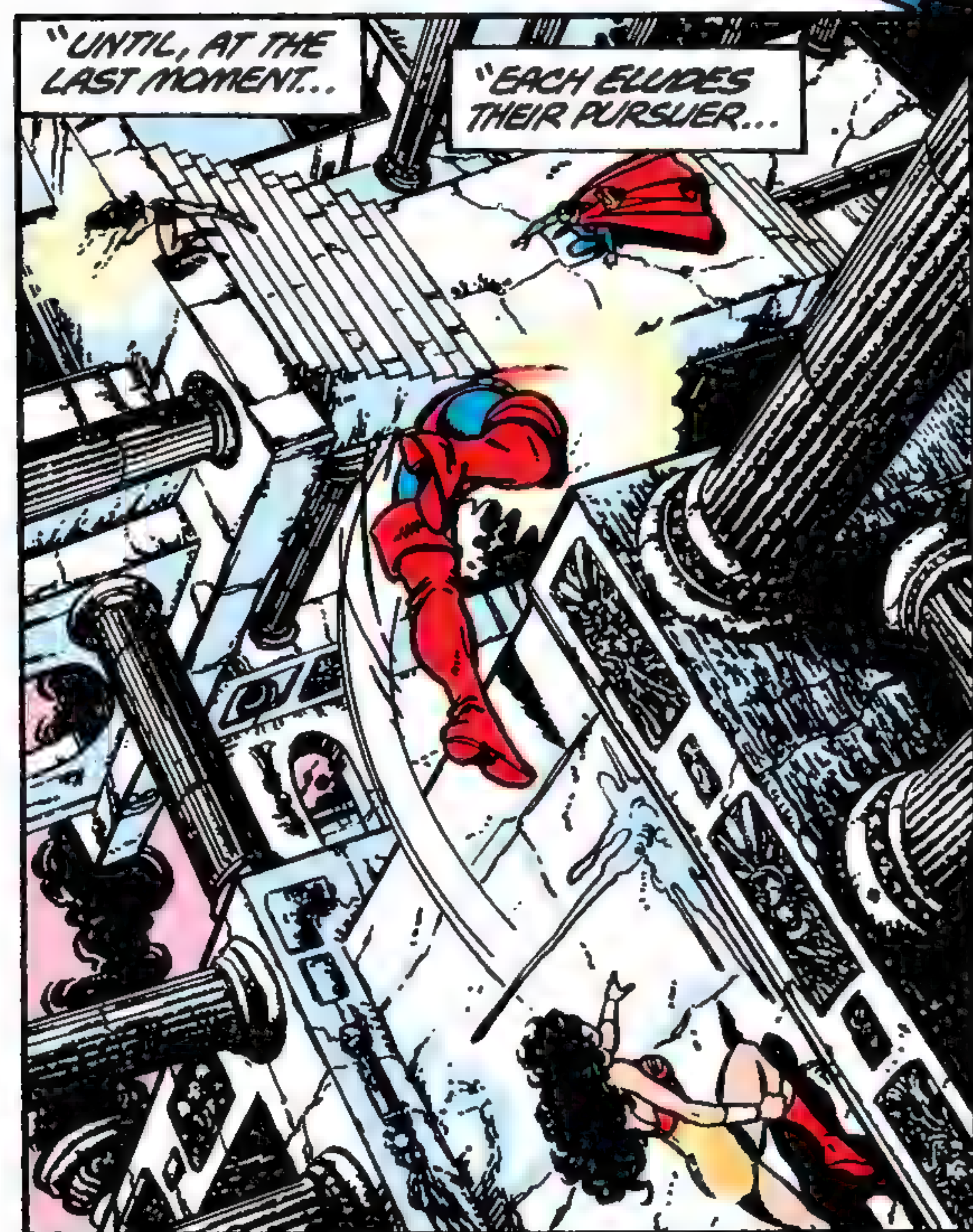
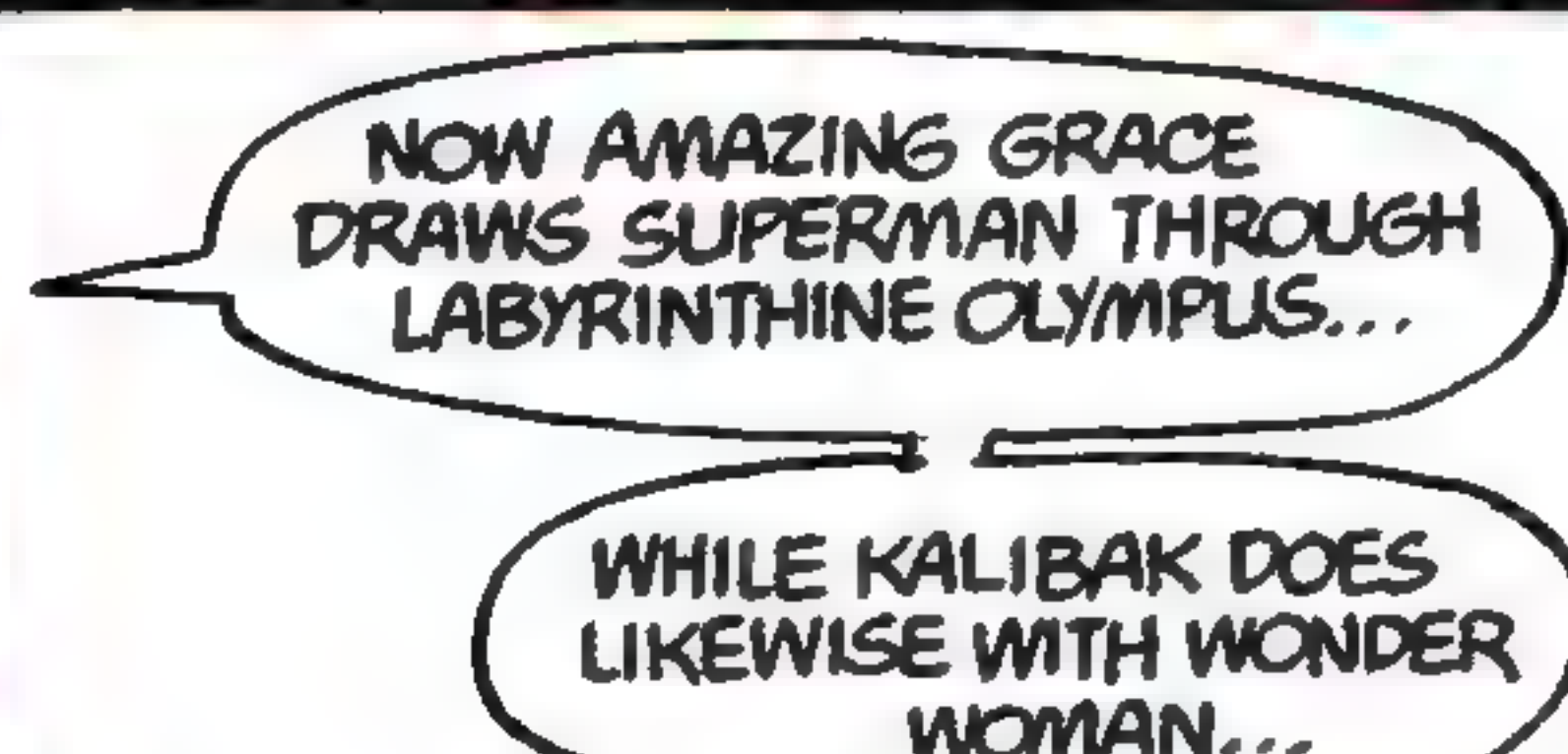
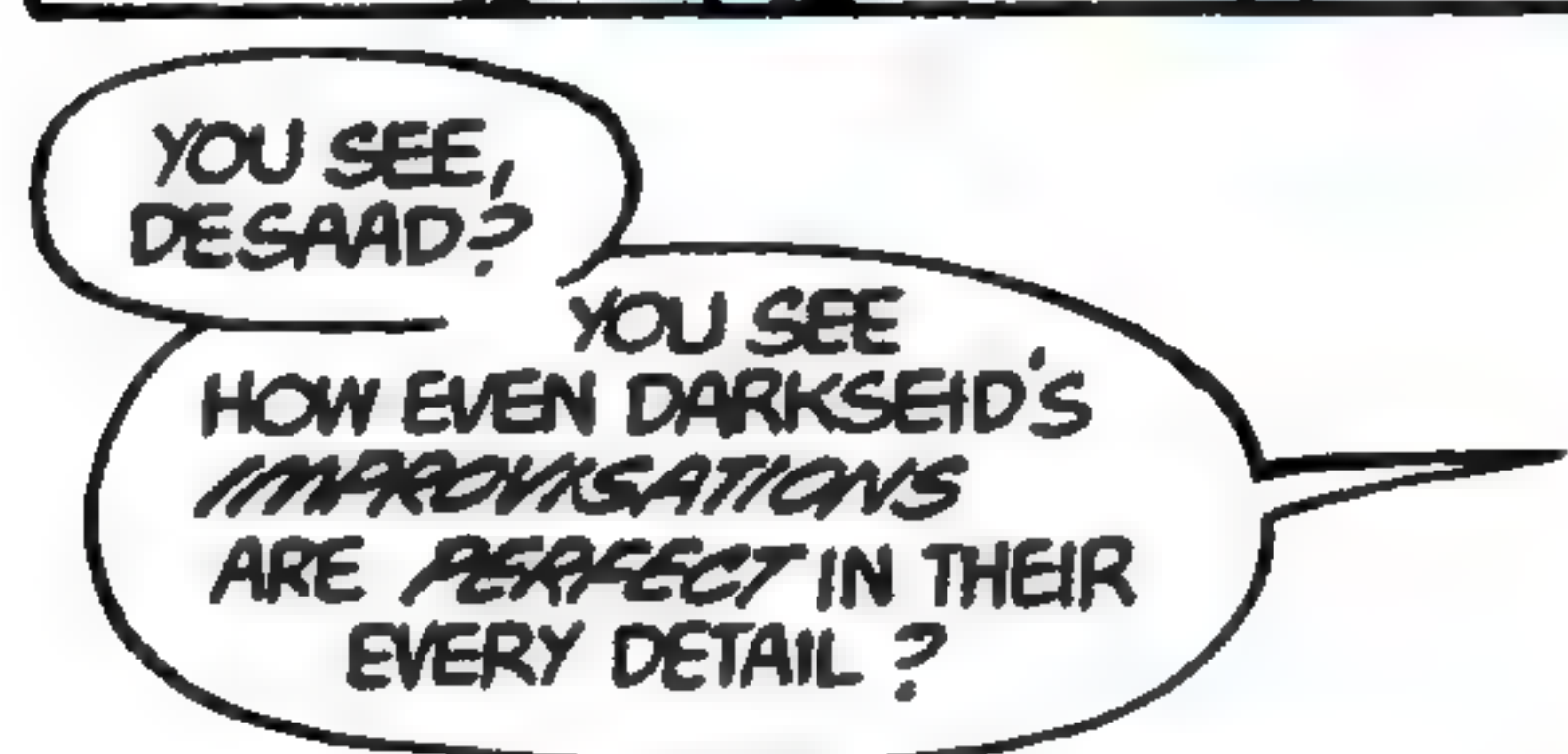
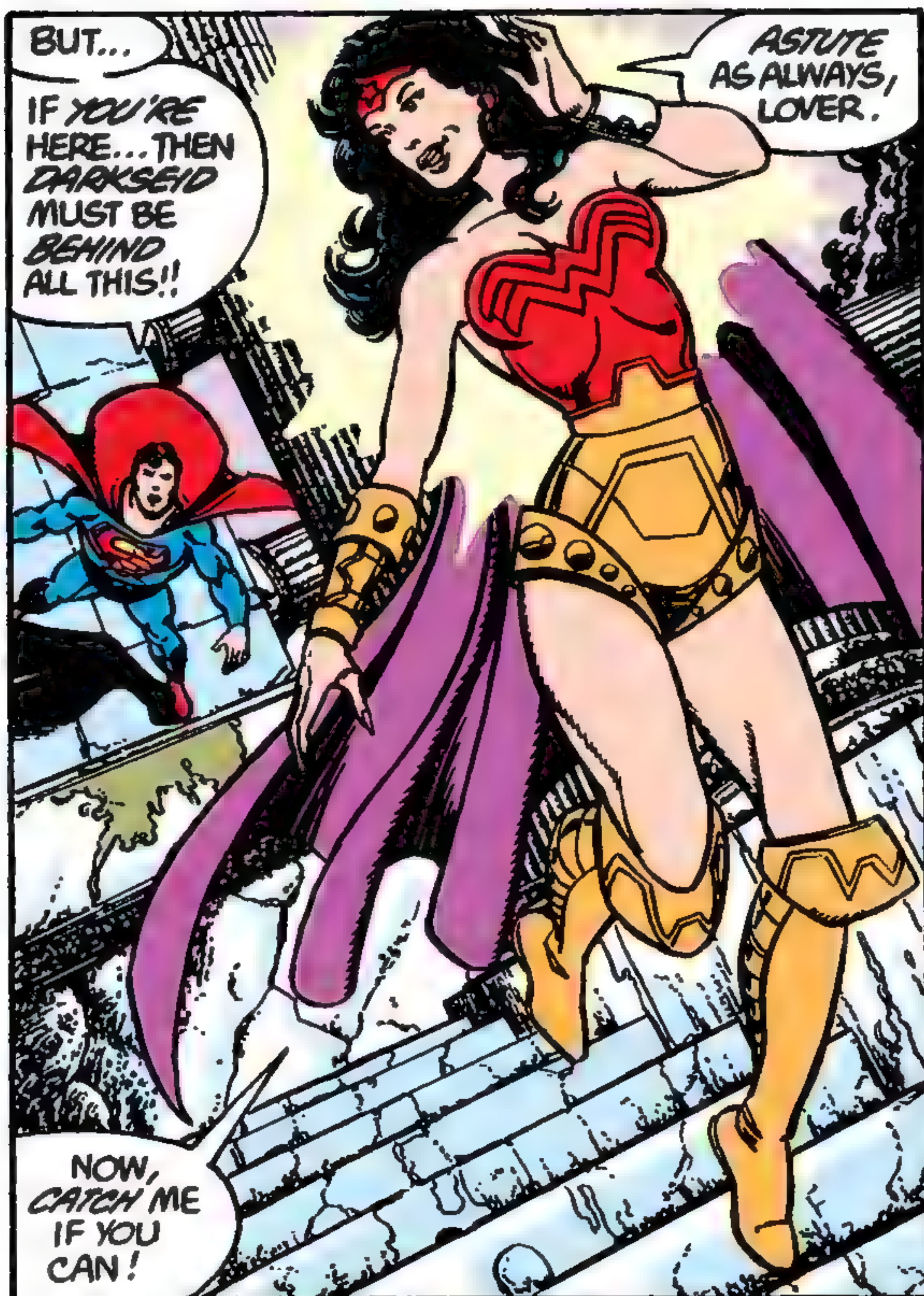


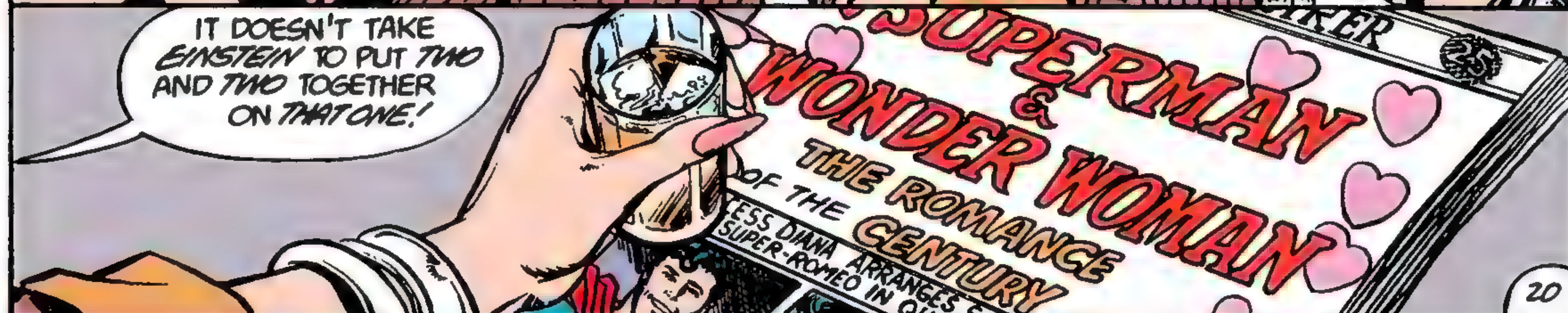
AND SOON, JUST
AS MY IRON HAND
HOLDS MASTERY
IN DARK APOKOLIPS...

...SO SHALL ALL
THE WORLDS OF
TIME AND SPACE
BE MINE!

MINE!!







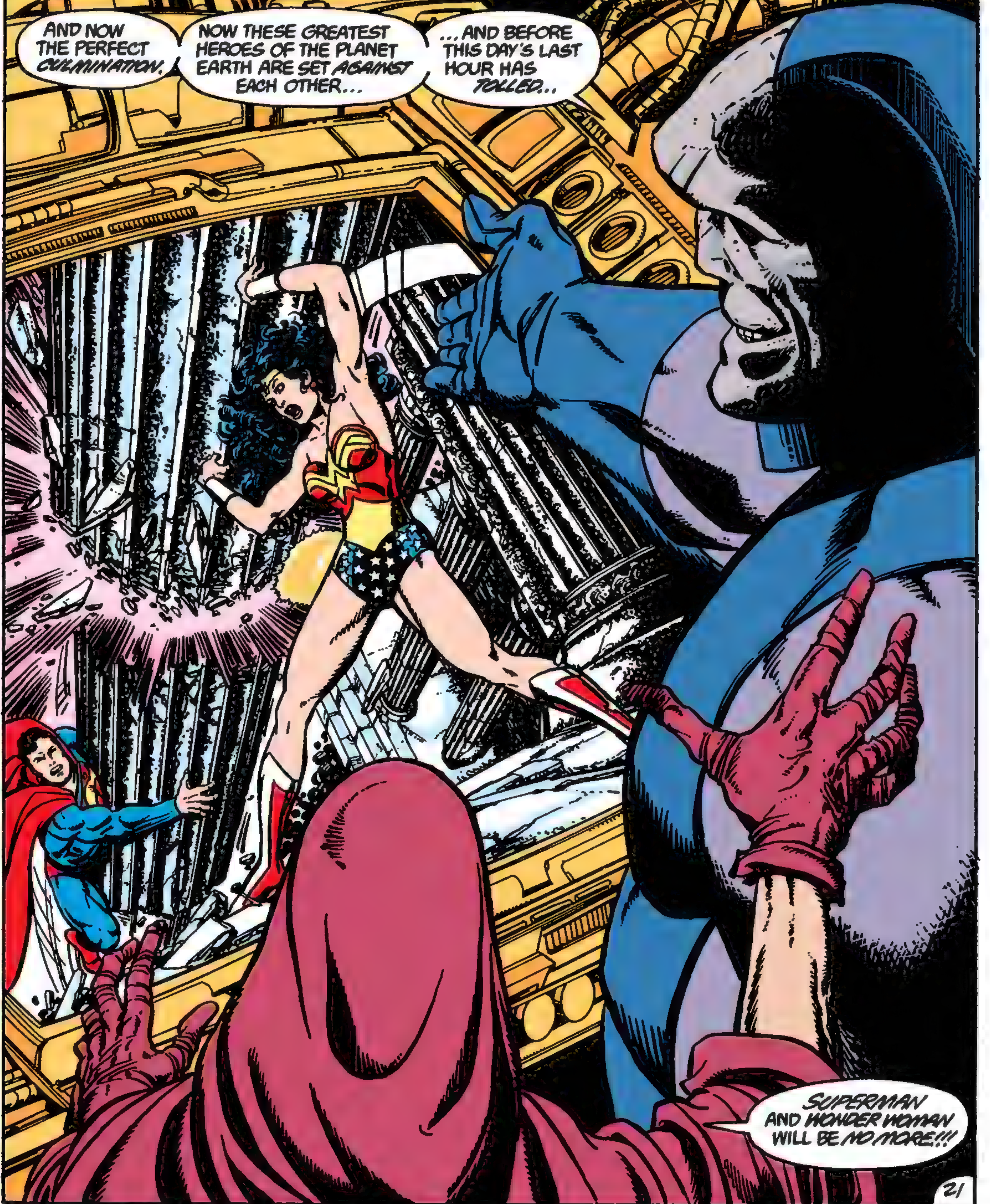
CHAPTER FOUR

BATTLE!

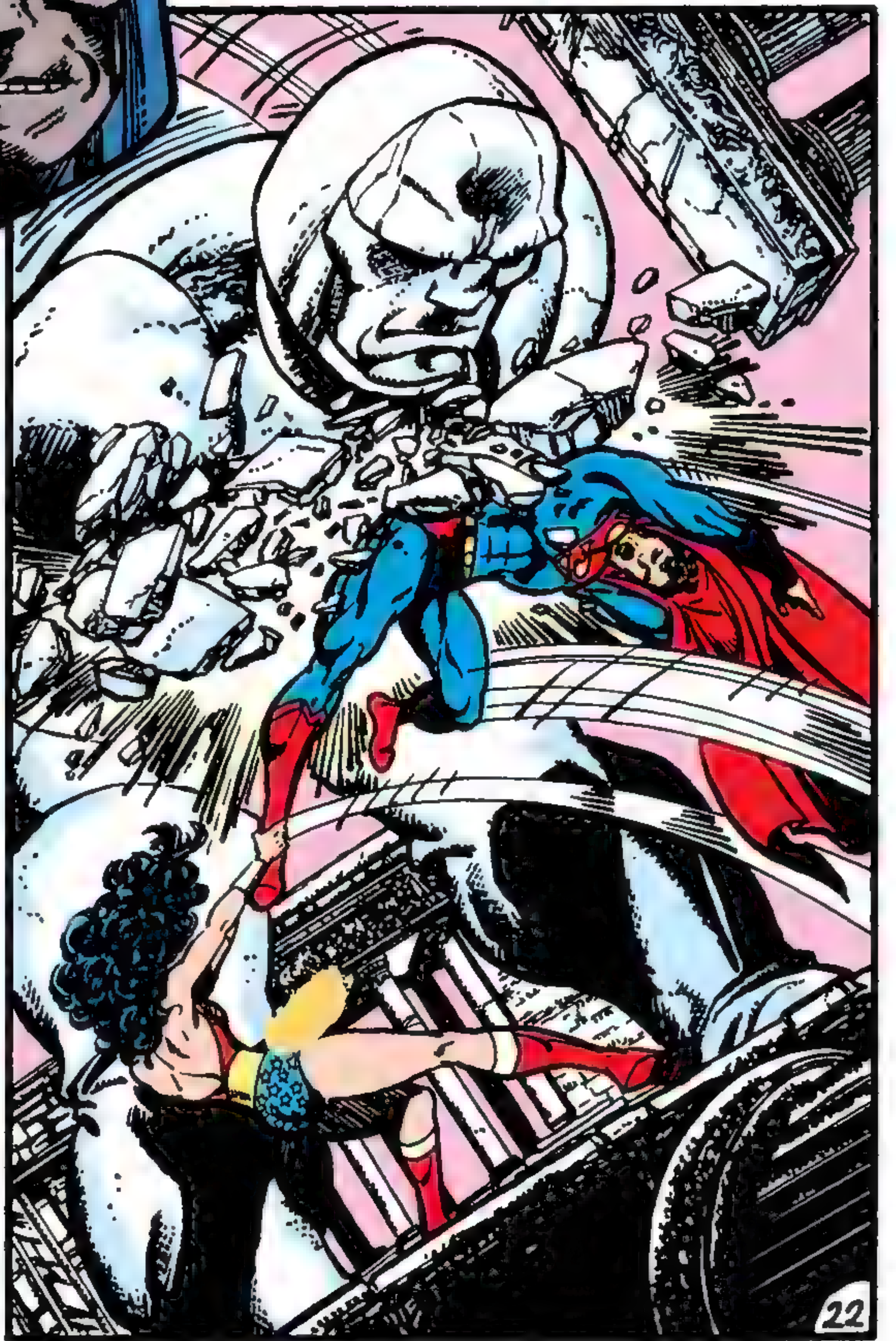
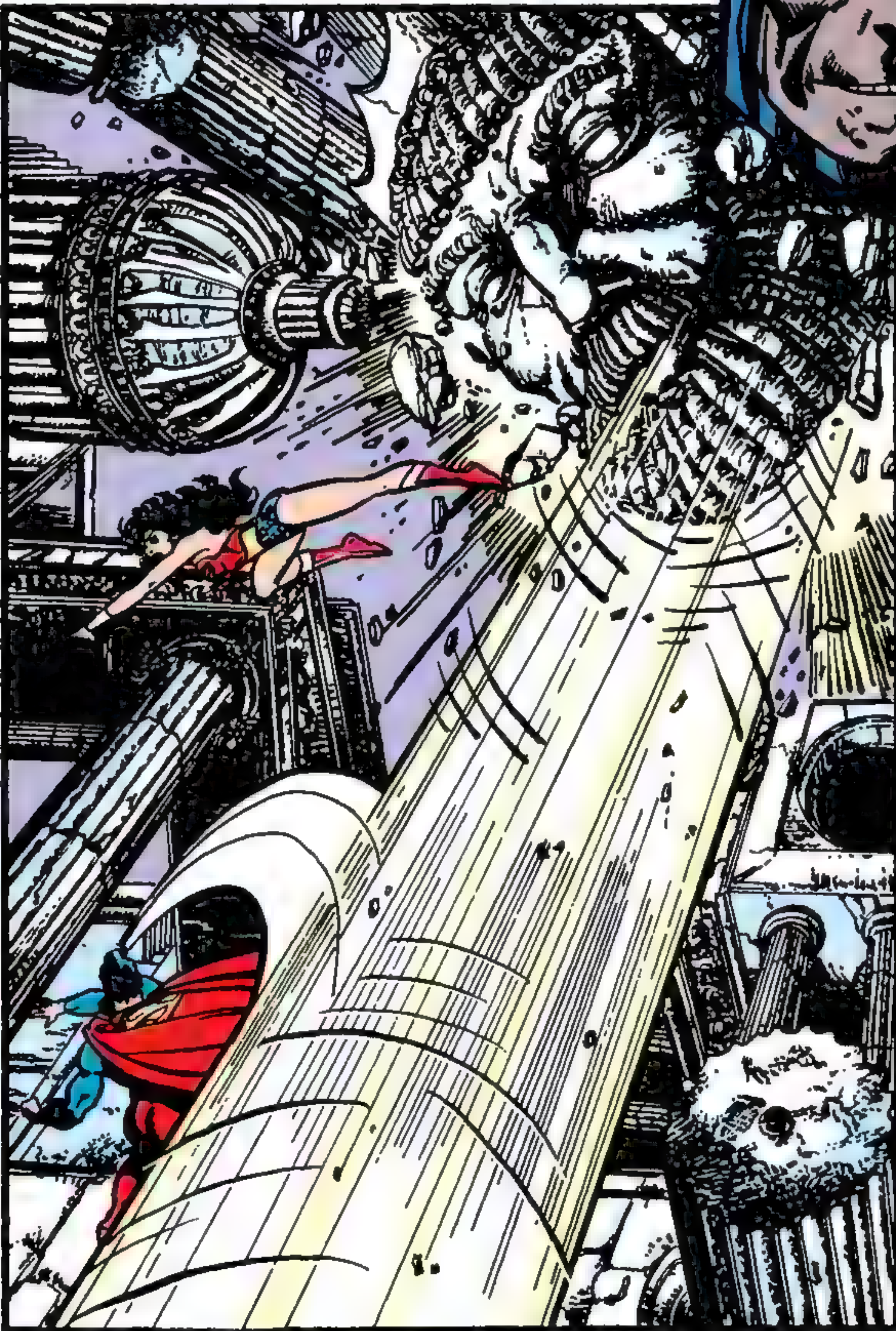
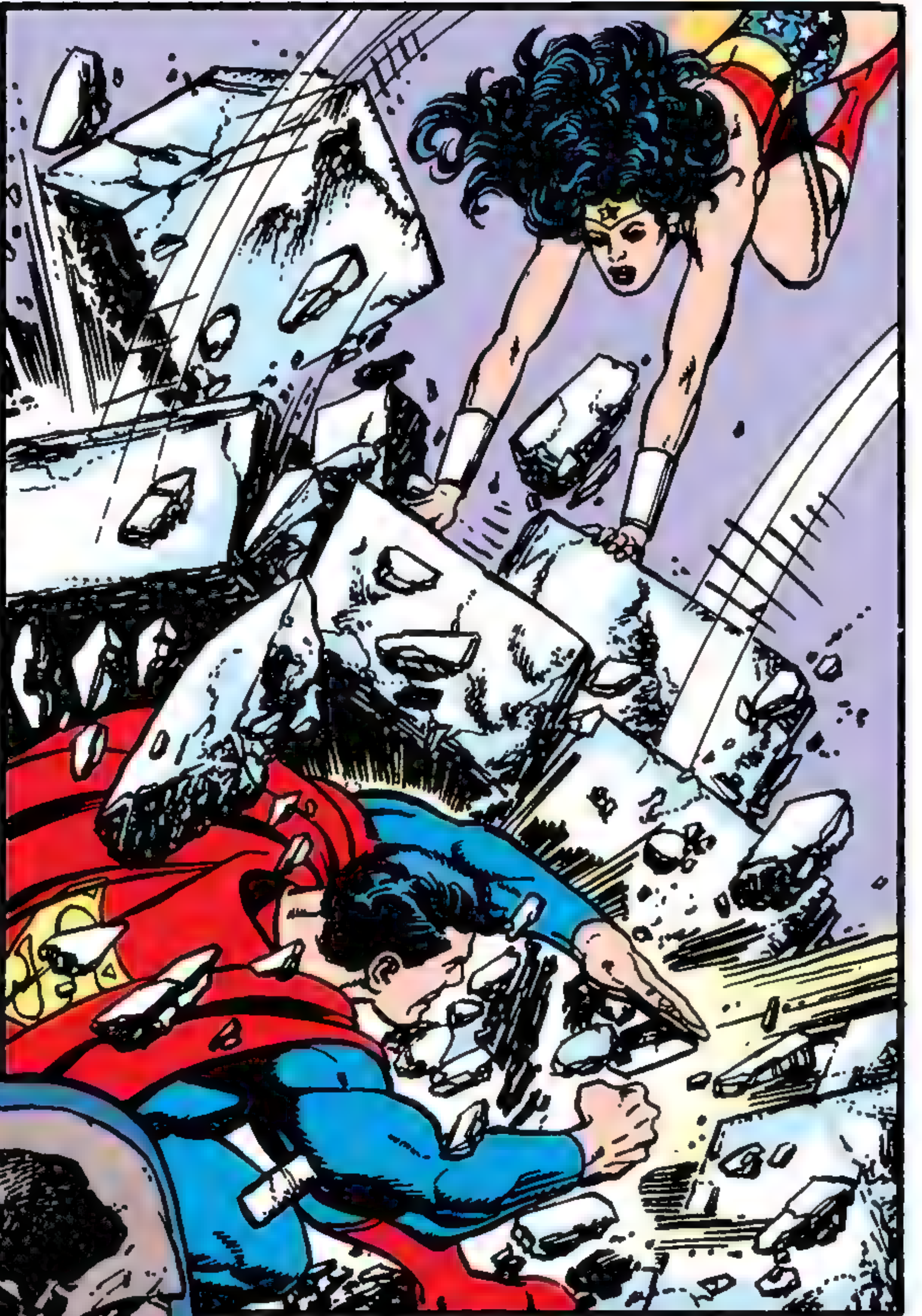
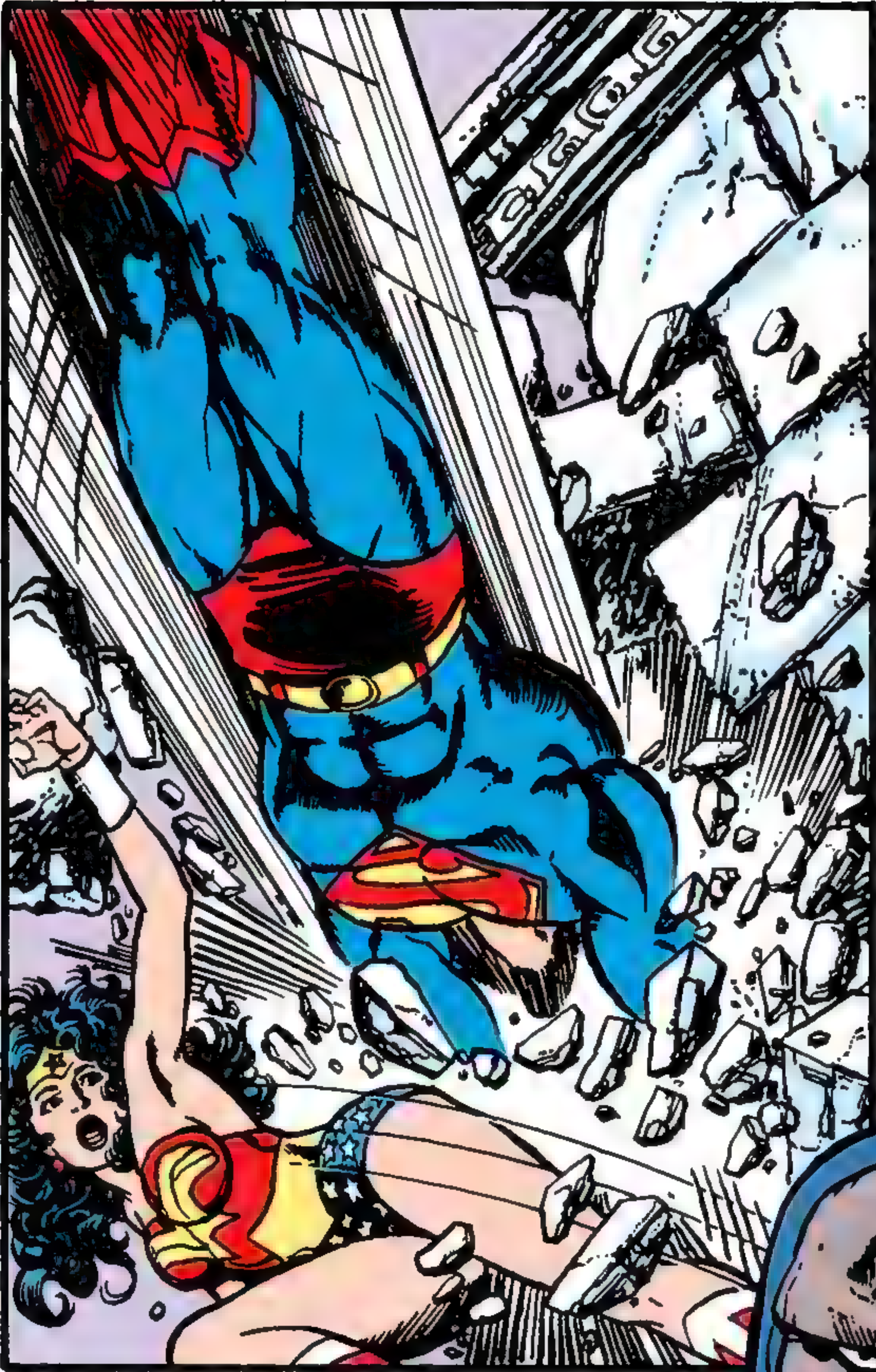
AND NOW
THE PERFECT
CULMINATION.

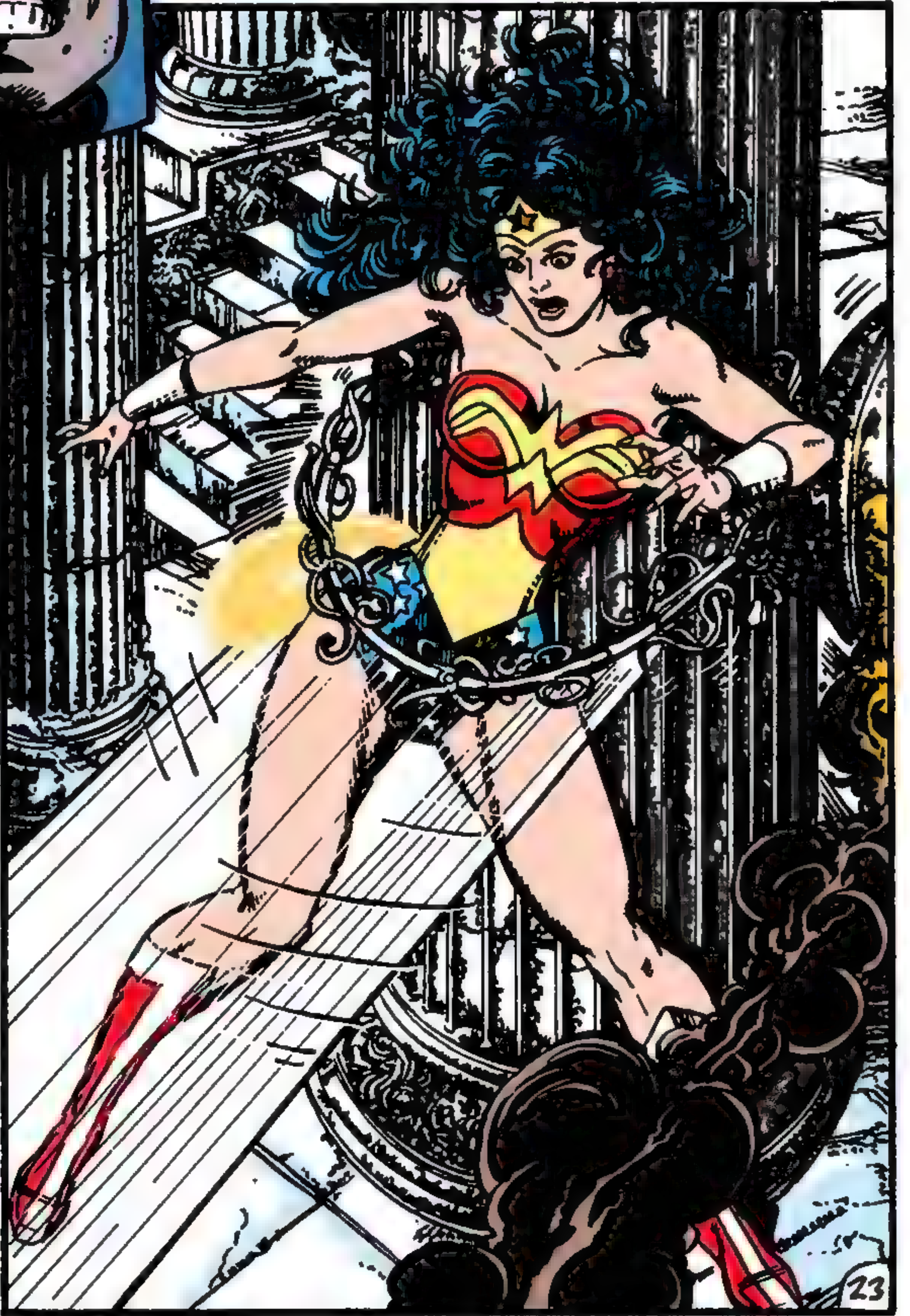
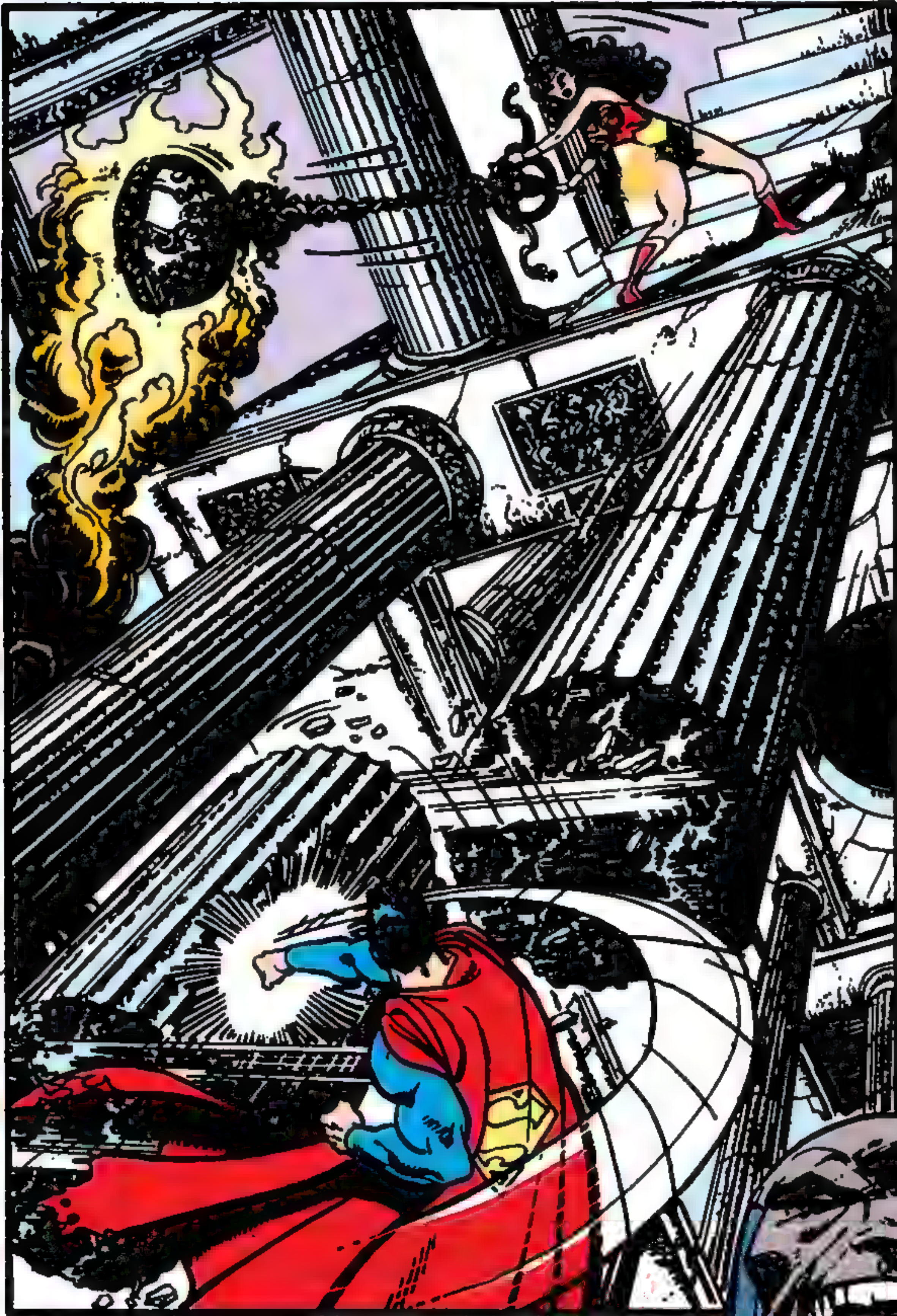
NOW THESE GREATEST
HEROES OF THE PLANET
EARTH ARE SET AGAINST
EACH OTHER...

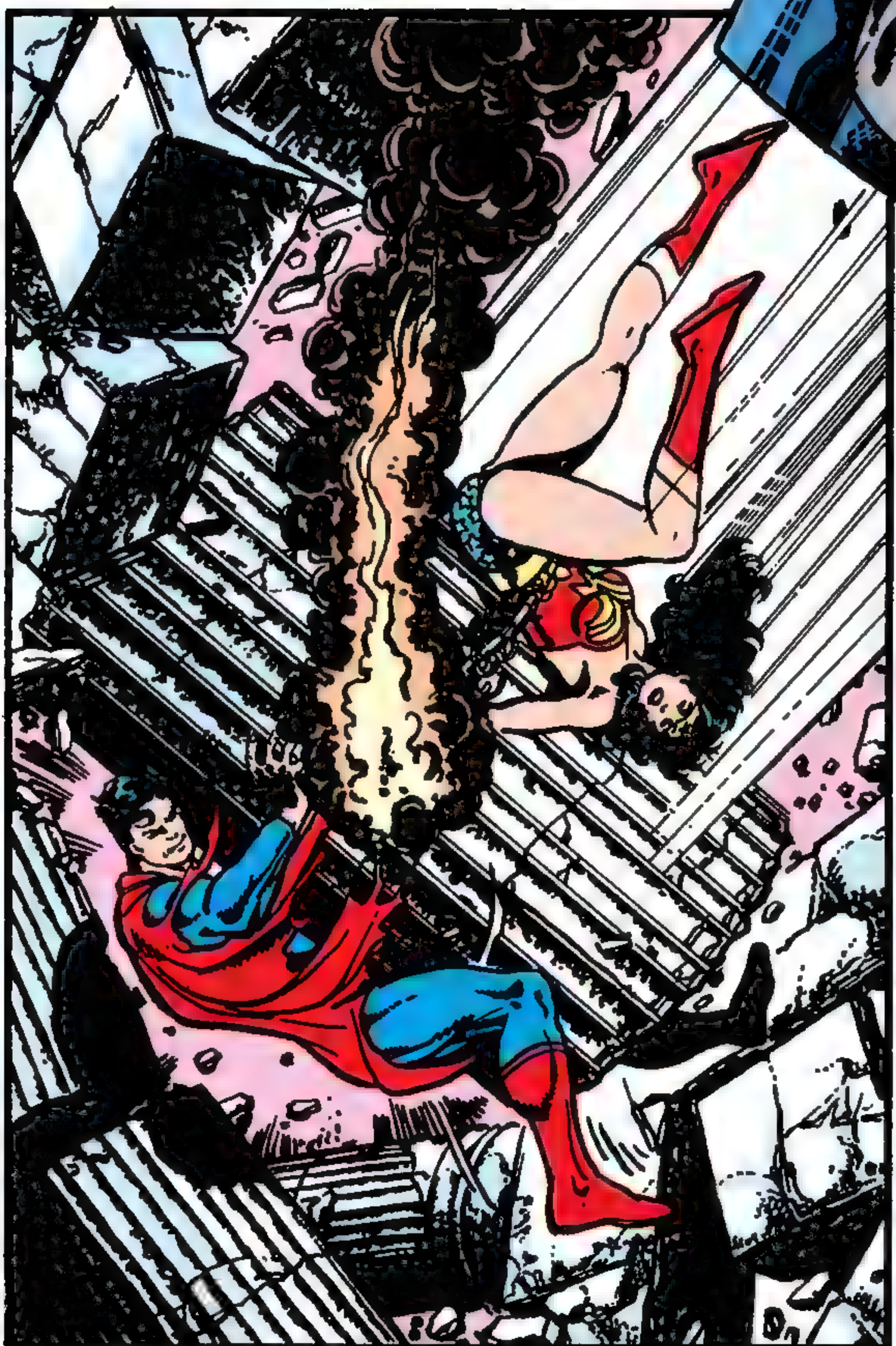
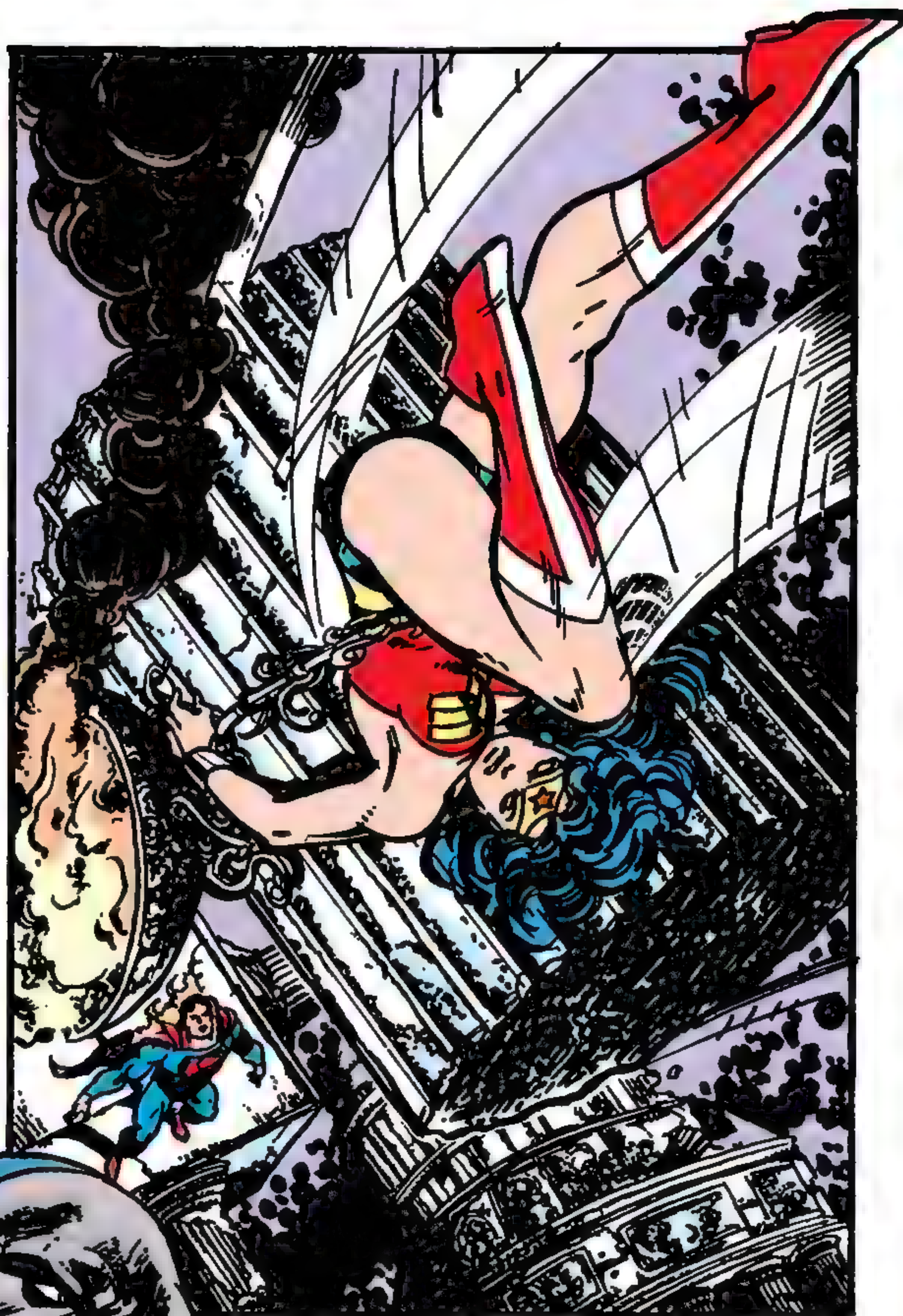
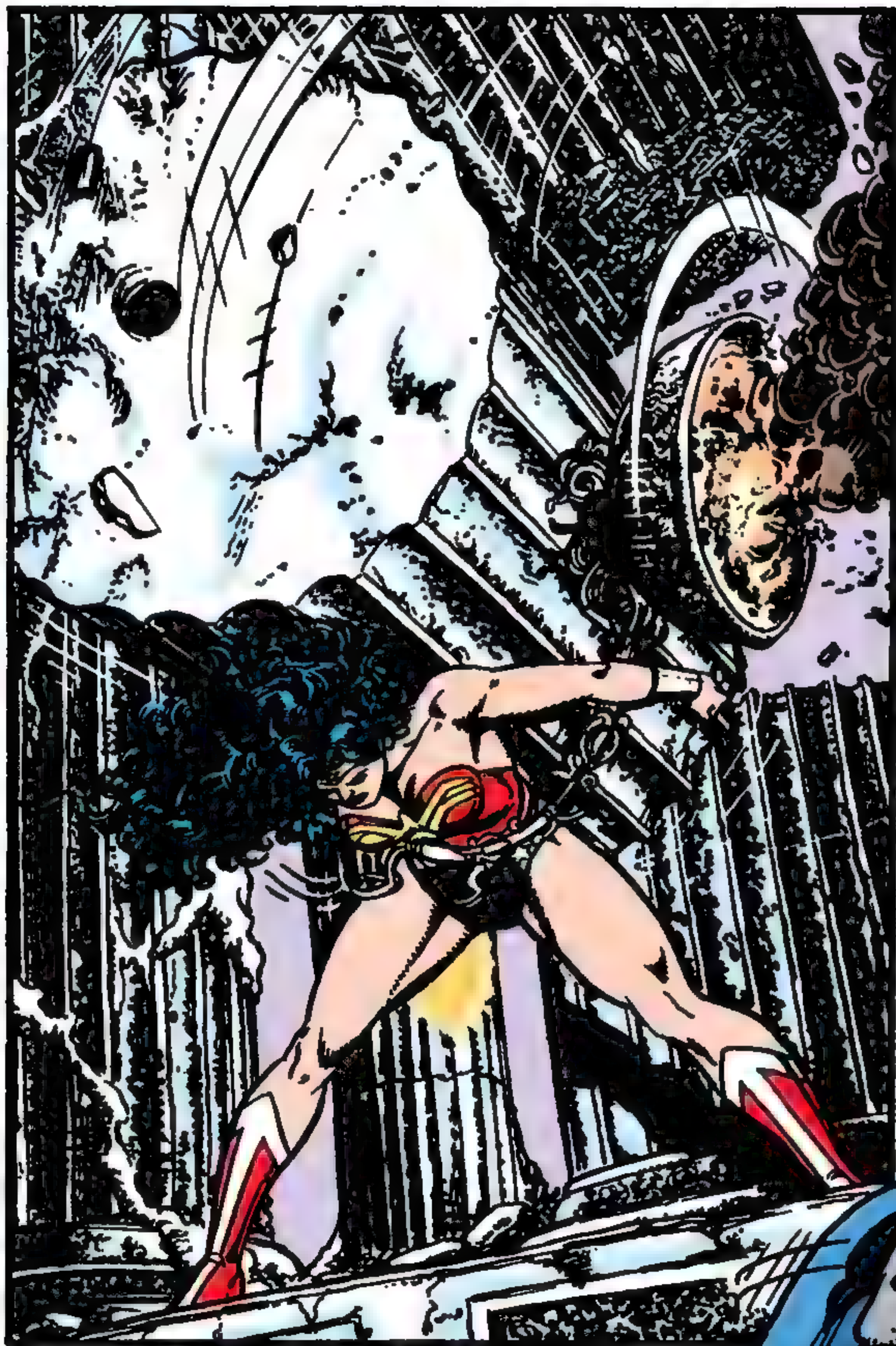
... AND BEFORE
THIS DAY'S LAST
HOUR HAS
TOLLED...



SUPERMAN
AND WONDER WOMAN
WILL BE NO MORE!!!







CHAPTER
FIVE...

THIS HOLLOW VICTORY...

WELL WELL!
LOOKS LIKE IT
WORKED, DIANA!

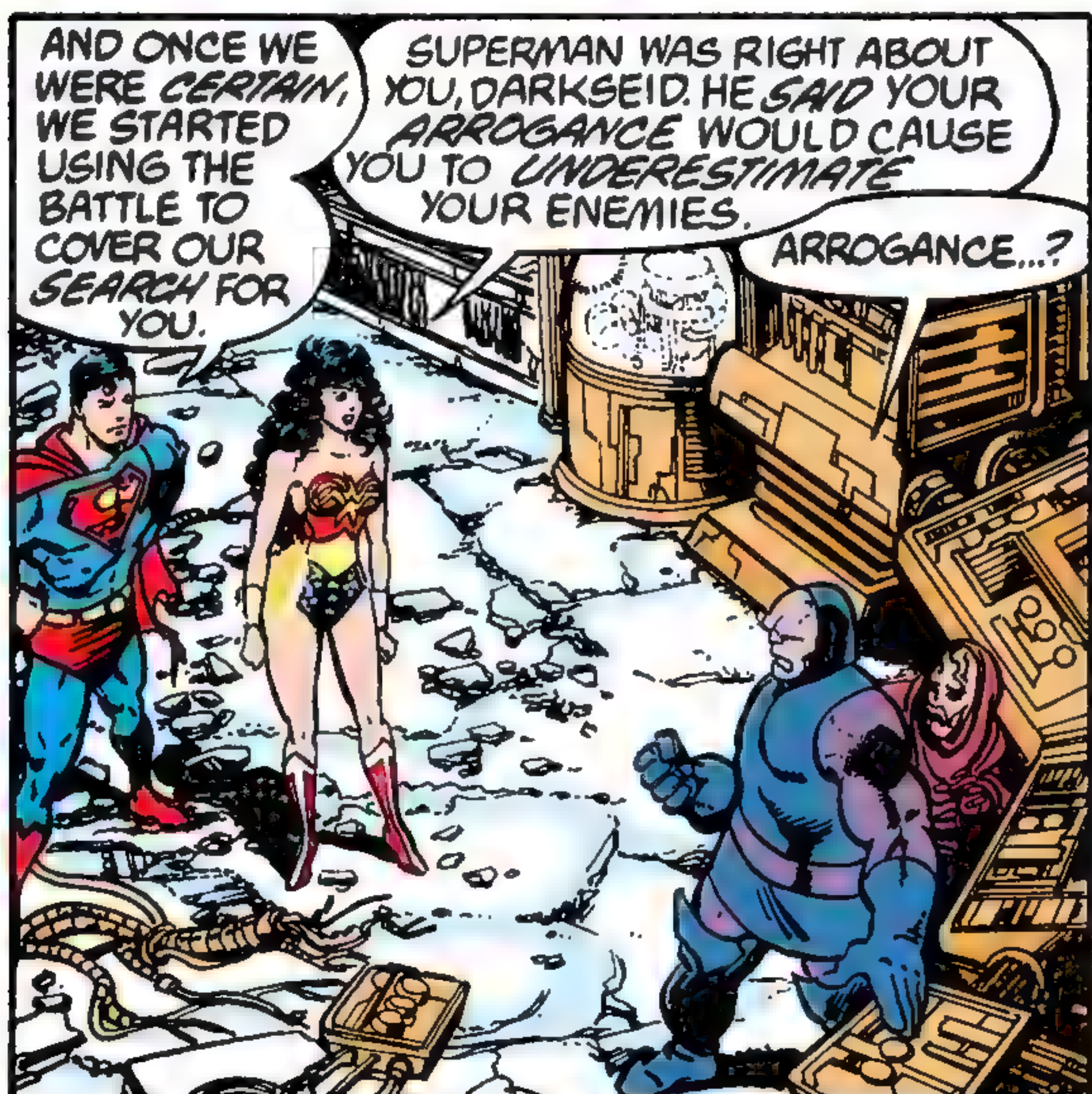
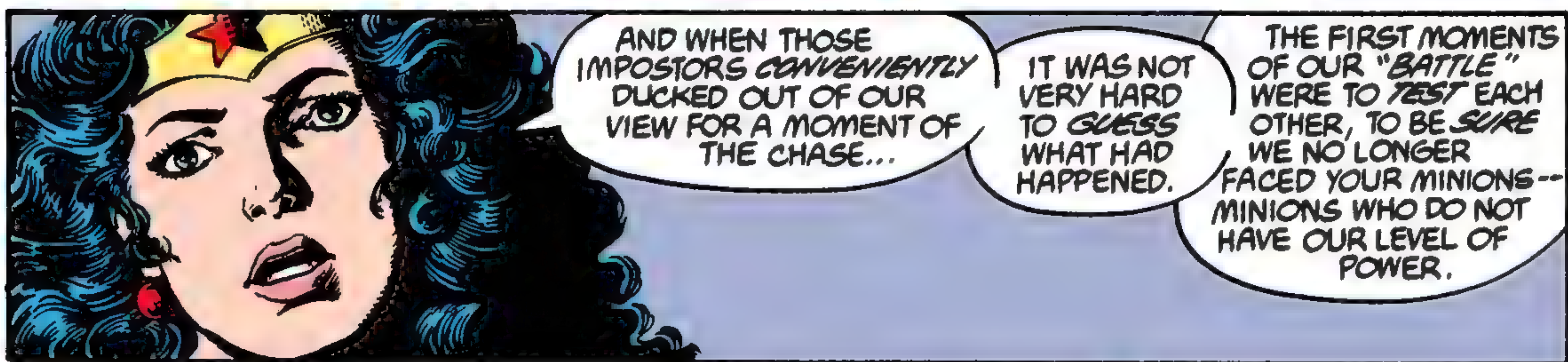
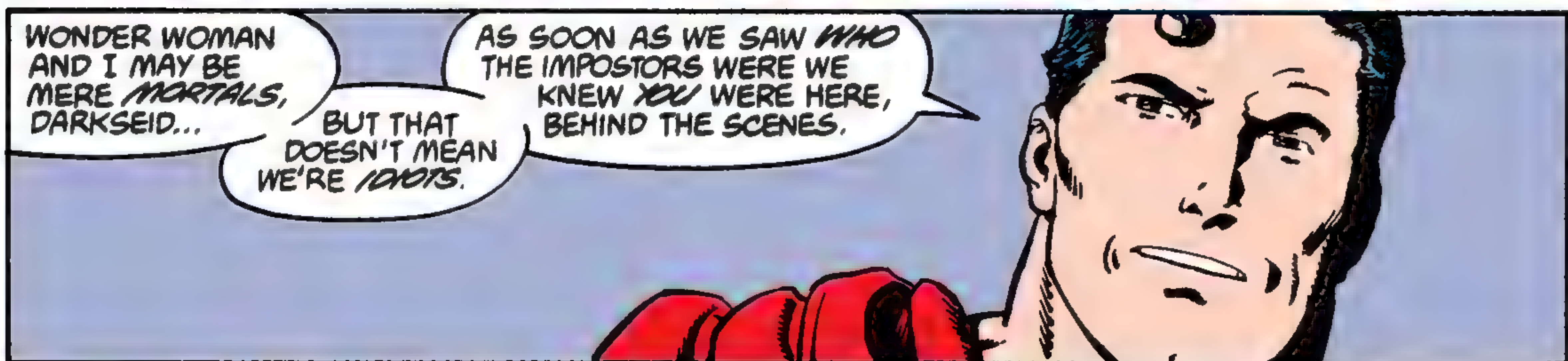
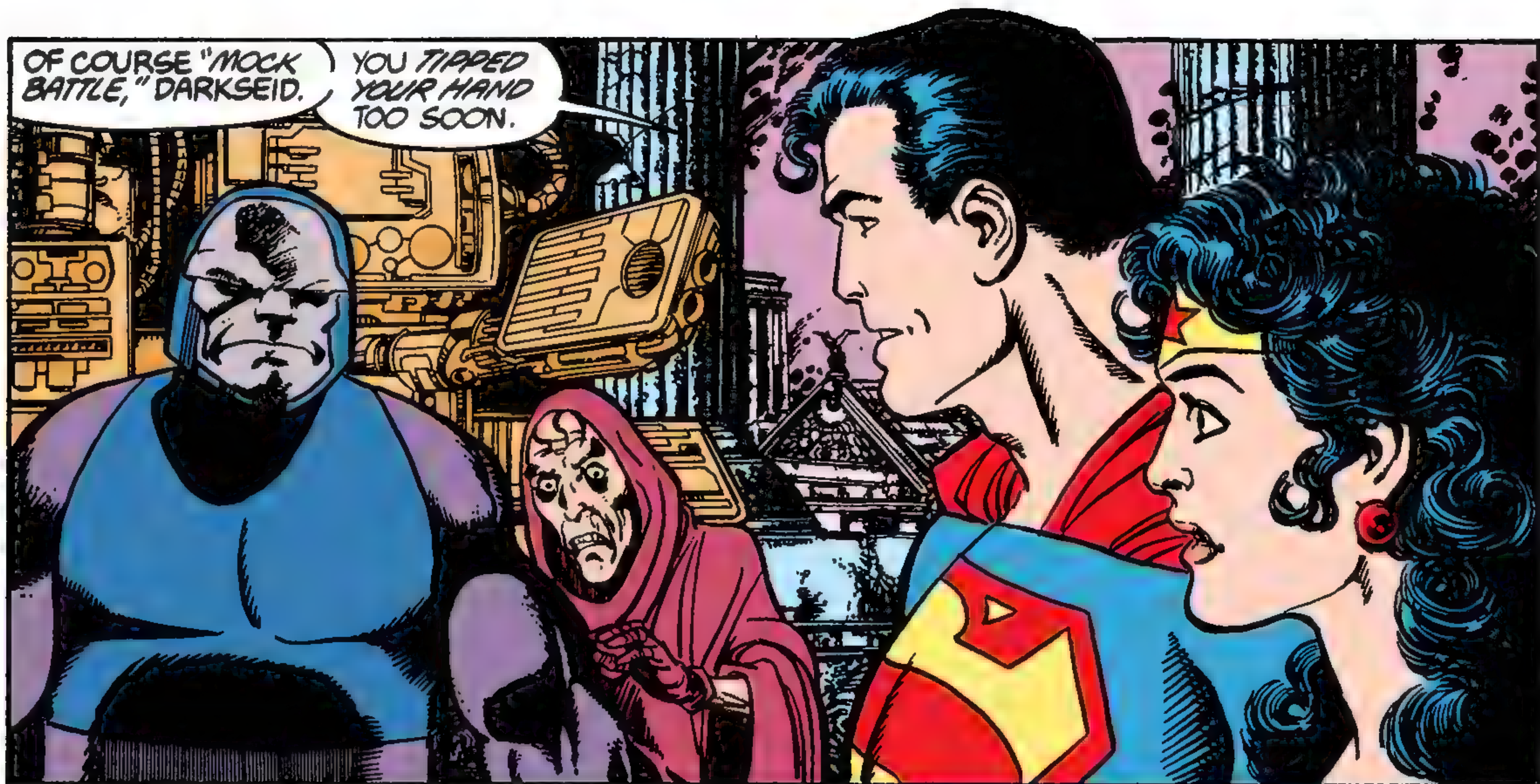
YES,
SUPERMAN.
OUR *MOCK*
BATTLE HAS
BROUGHT US
RIGHT TO
DARKSEID'S
LAIR!

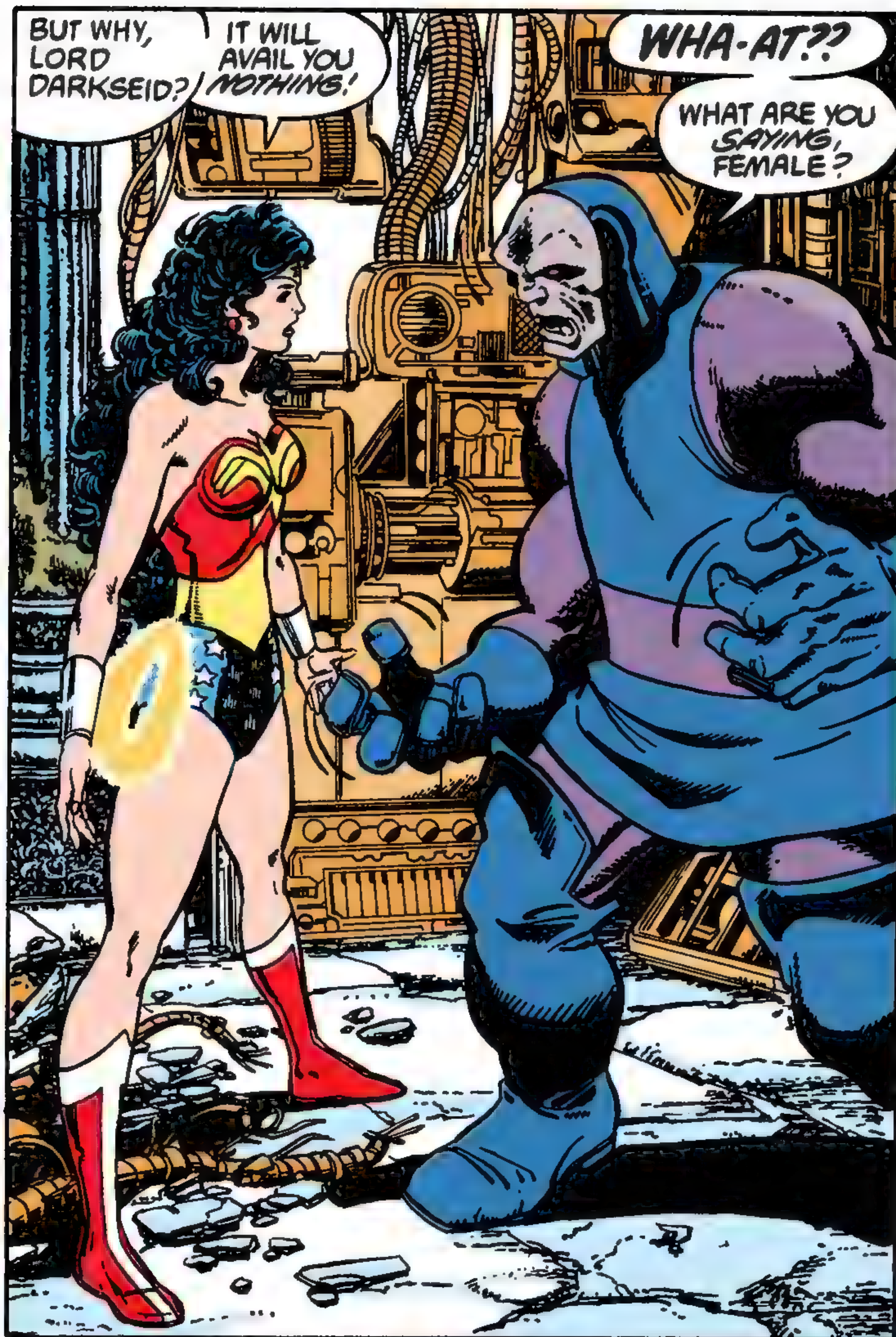
M-MASTER!

T-TELL ME
THIS IS *PART*
OF YOUR
PLAN....!!

MOCK
BATTLE.....

25







TO PARAPHRASE
SHAKESPEARE,
DARKSEID...
YOU'VE SEIZED
"A PIECE OF
GROUND THAT
HATH NO VALUE IN
IT BUT THE
NAME."

NOOOO!!



THE GODS ARE
HERE! THEIR
PRESENCE
PERMEATES
THIS PLACE!

BUT THEY
ARE *HIDING*
FROM ME!
HIDING FROM
MY *WRATH!*

EVEN NOW MY
PARADEMONS
SCOUR EVERY
CRAWNY OF
THIS MARBLE
TOMB!

NO STONE
IS LEFT
UNTURNED,
NO DOOR
UNOPENED!

THE GODS
WILL SOON
BE *ROOTED*
OUT...

AND THEN
ENSLAVED!!

M-MASTER...

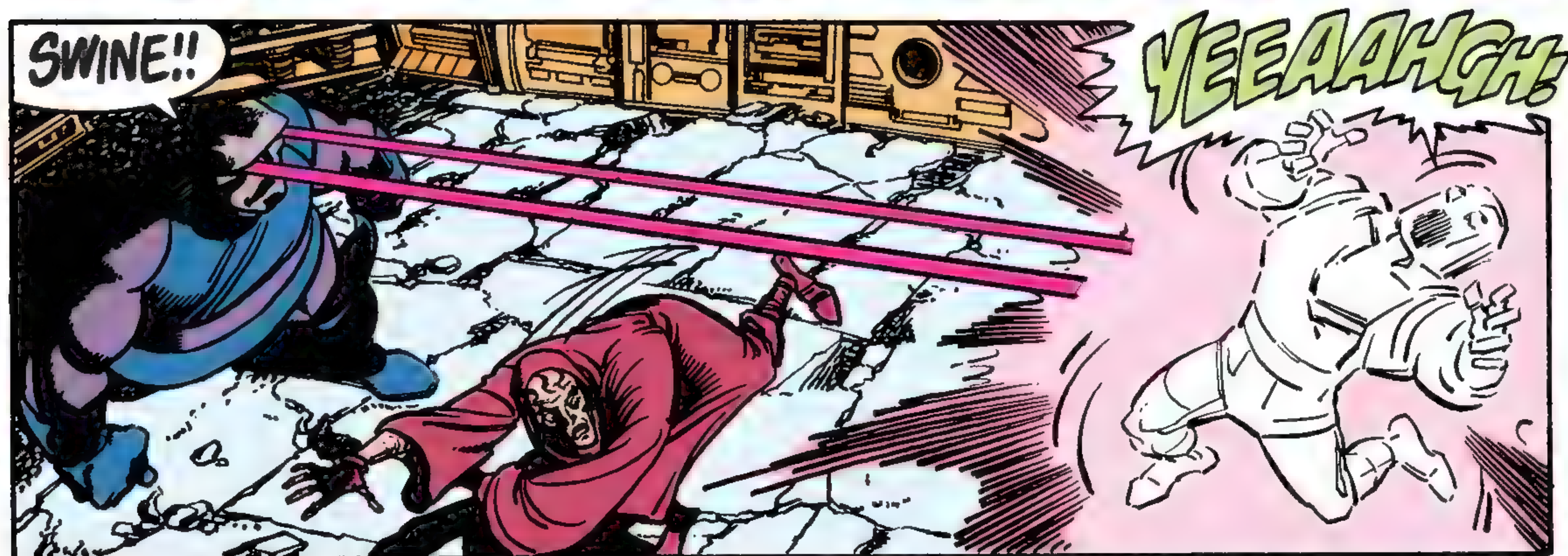


WHAT?

TH- THEY ARE
R-RIGHT,
M-MASTER!

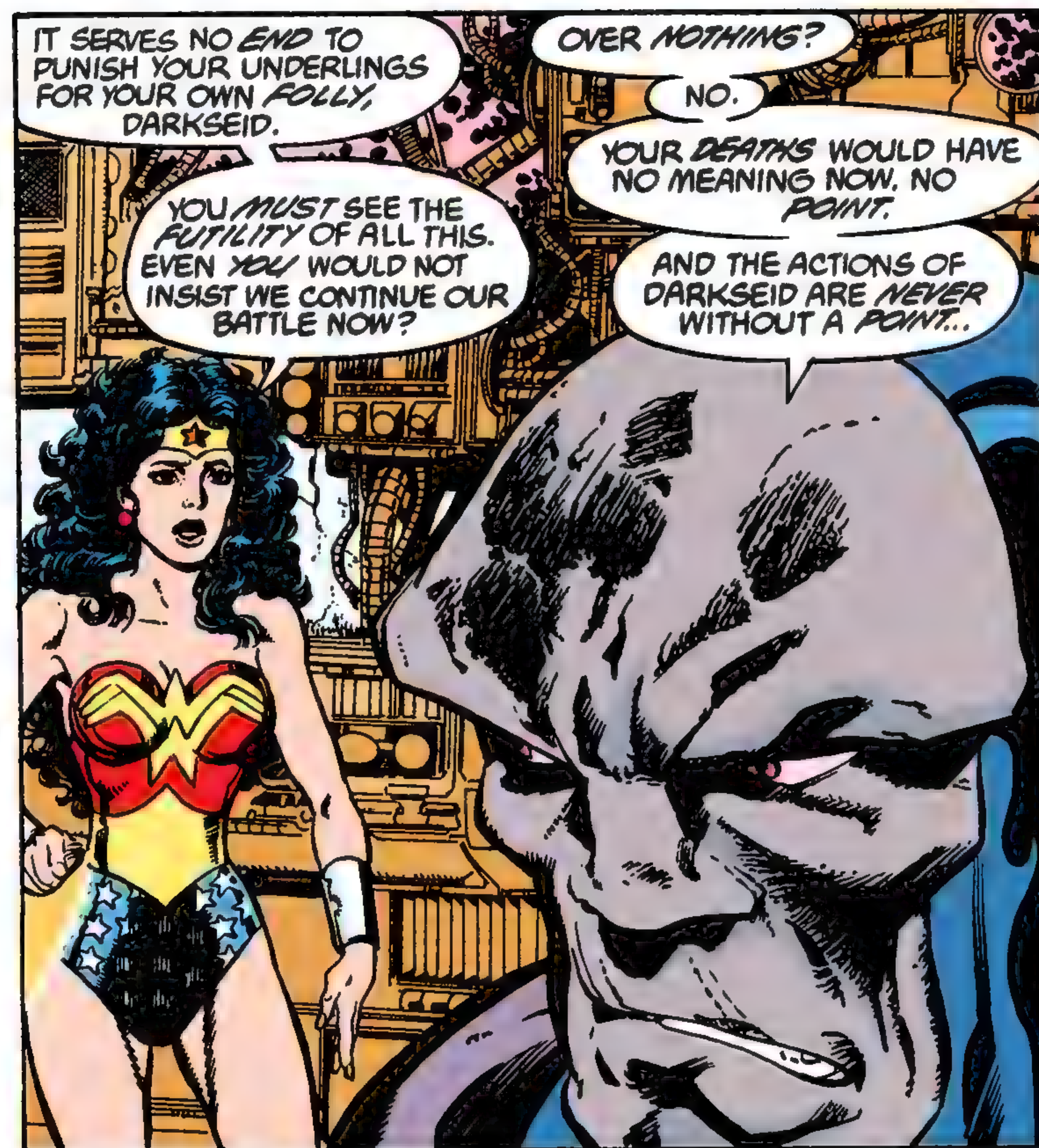
THIS PARADEMON
CAPTAIN HAS JUST
CONFIRMED IT.

THE GODS
ARE NOT
HERE!



SWINE!!

YEEAAAHGH!



IT SERVES NO END TO
PUNISH YOUR UNDERLINGS
FOR YOUR OWN FOLLY,
DARKSEID.

YOU MUST SEE THE
FUTILITY OF ALL THIS.
EVEN YOU WOULD NOT
INSIST WE CONTINUE OUR
BATTLE NOW?

OVER NOTHING?

NO.

YOUR DEATHS WOULD HAVE
NO MEANING NOW. NO
POINT.

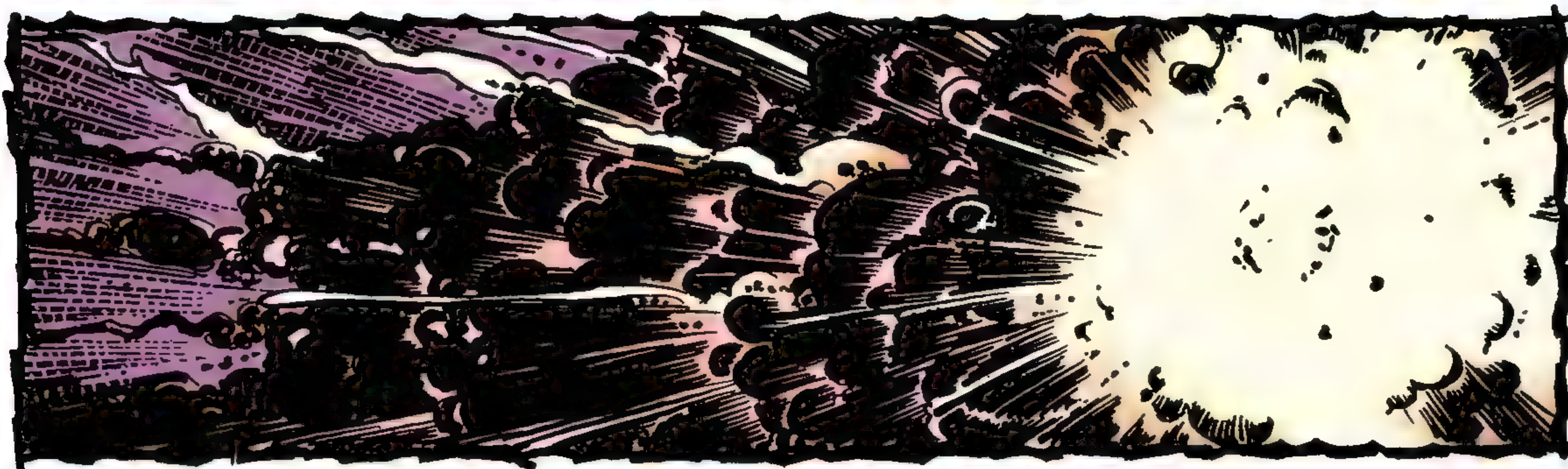
AND THE ACTIONS OF
DARKSEID ARE NEVER
WITHOUT A POINT...

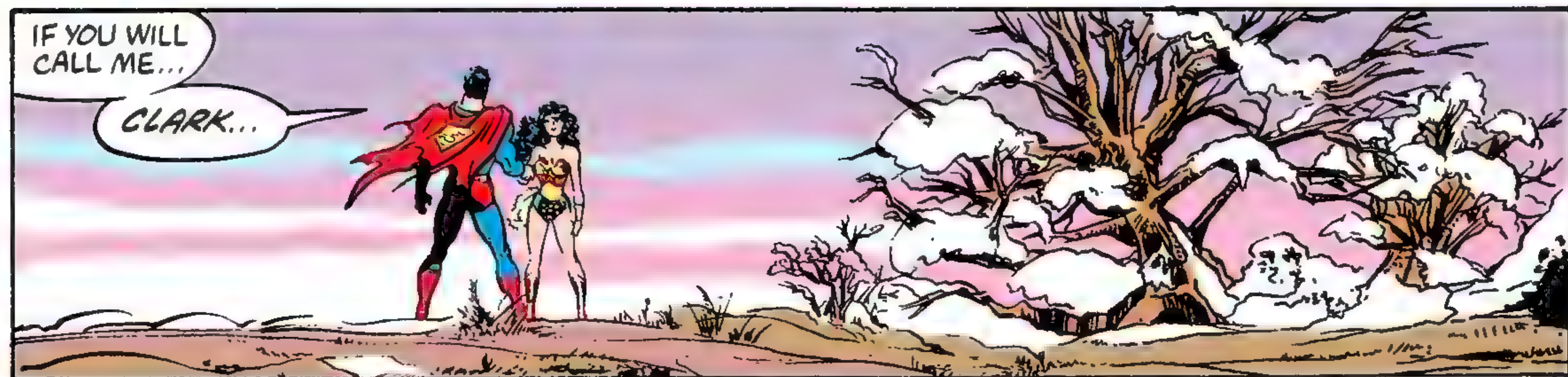
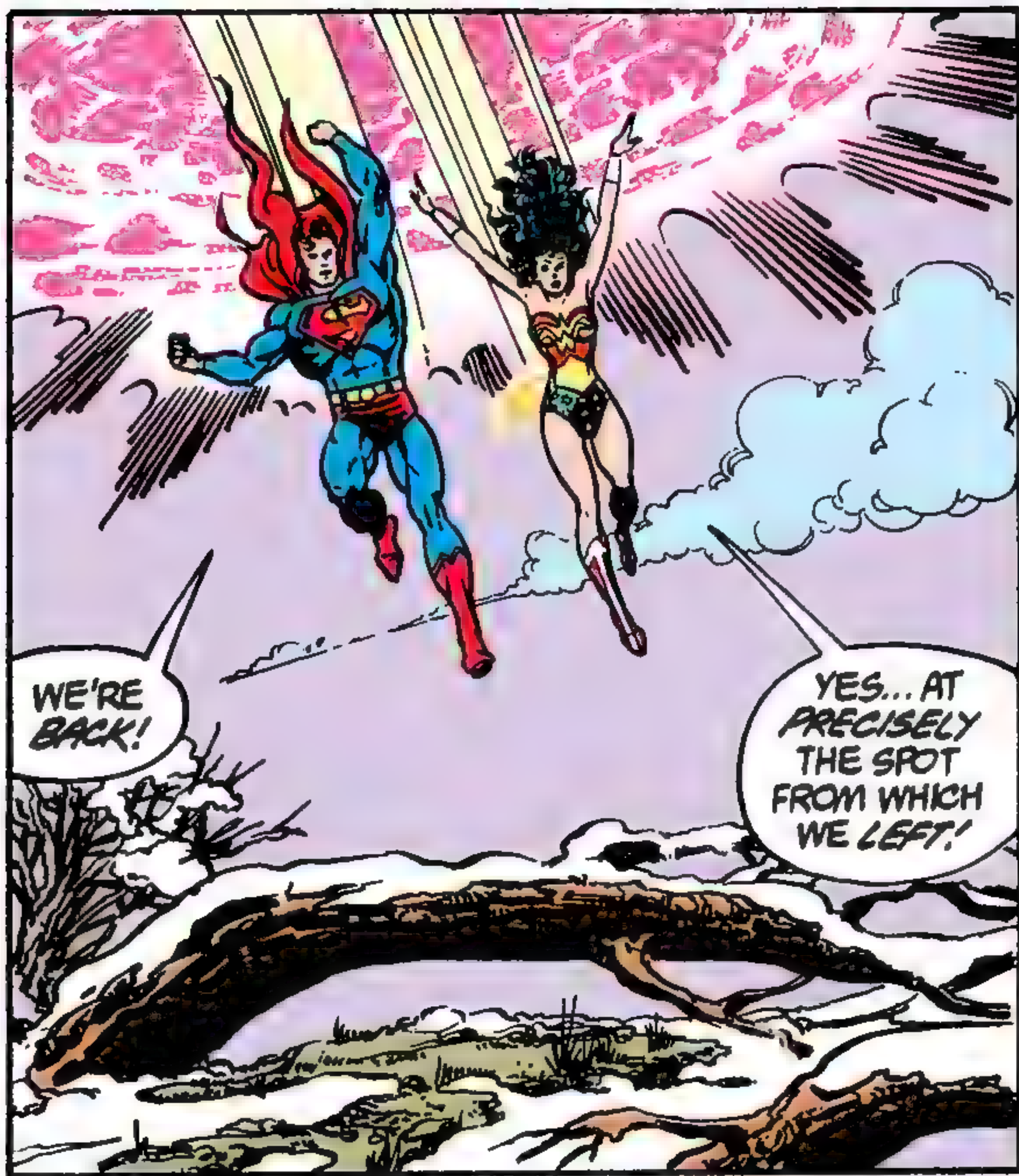


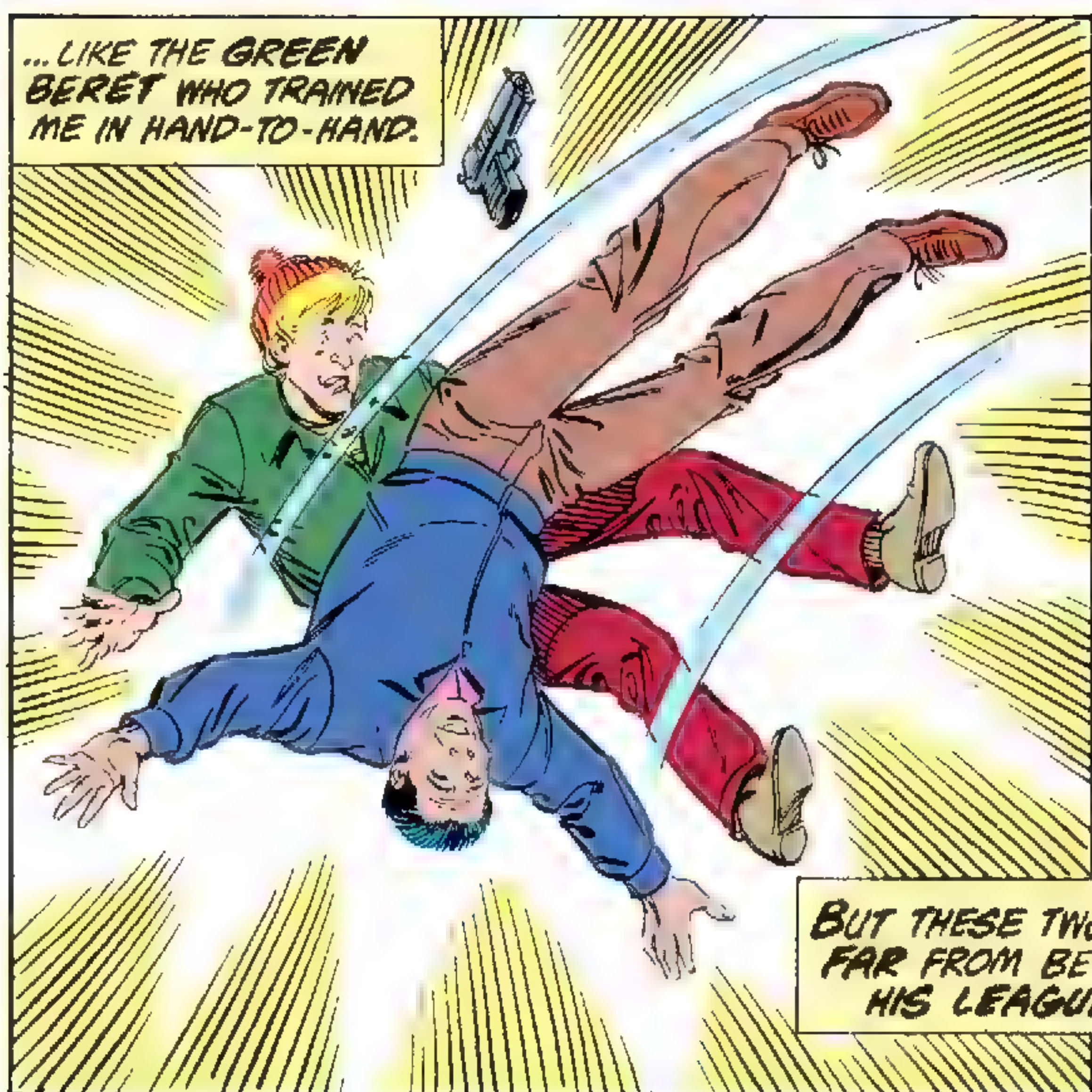
...IF
SOMETIMES
THEY MIGHT
BE PETTY...

CLIC

29









YES, DESPITE YOUR...
DISTRACTING
ATTIRE--

-- I RECOGNIZED YOU IMMEDIATELY.
YOU SEE, I SAW YOU ON A.M. ME-
TROPOLIS LAST MONTH... AND I
NEVER FORGET A FACE.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE
KOZAK WAS AS SLIPPERY
AS THEY COME... A WHITE
COLLAR CRIMINAL WHO'D
GONE INTO EXTORTION
BEFORE HE WAS
CAUGHT.

SIX WEEKS AGO,
HE'D ESCAPED
POLICE CUSTODY
IN ANOTHER
CITY.

TWO NIGHTS AGO, I'D GOTTEN A TIP HE
WAS IN TOWN... AND I SET OUT TO FIND HIM.

IT'S UNFORTUNATE
THAT WE HAD TO MEET THIS
WAY, MS. LANE. I MUST ASK
YOU TO KEEP YOUR HANDS
WHERE I CAN SEE THEM.



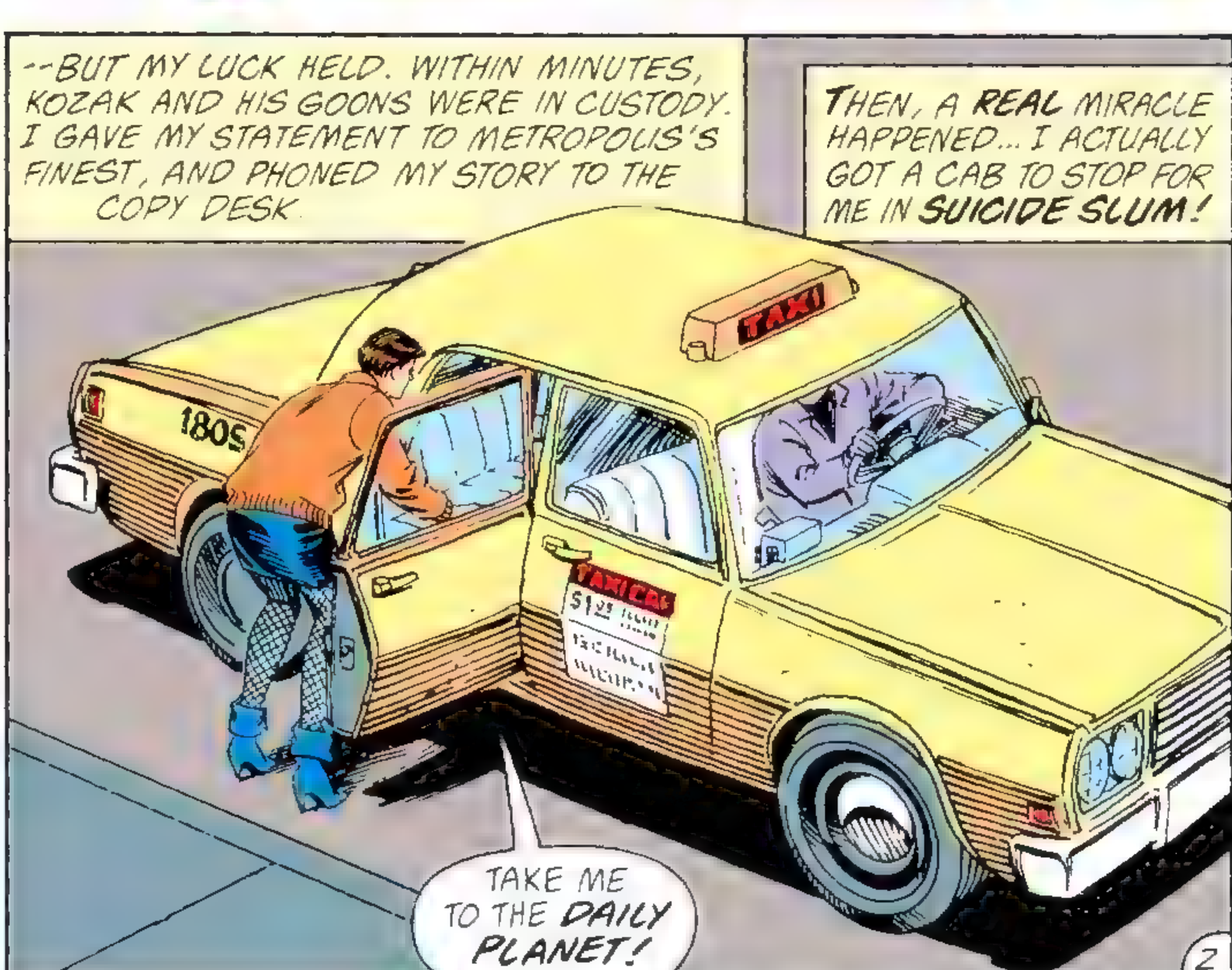
I ONCE INTERVIEWED A LAS VEGAS
CHORUS GIRL WHO'D DEVELOPED
HER OWN STYLE OF SELF-DEFENSE.

SHE COULD'VE
TAUGHT THE
GREEN BERETS
A FEW THINGS!

I TIED THEM UP AS BEST I COULD, BUT KNOTS
WERE NEVER MY STRONG SUIT. FORTUNATELY,
THERE WAS A PAY PHONE DOWN THE BLOCK.



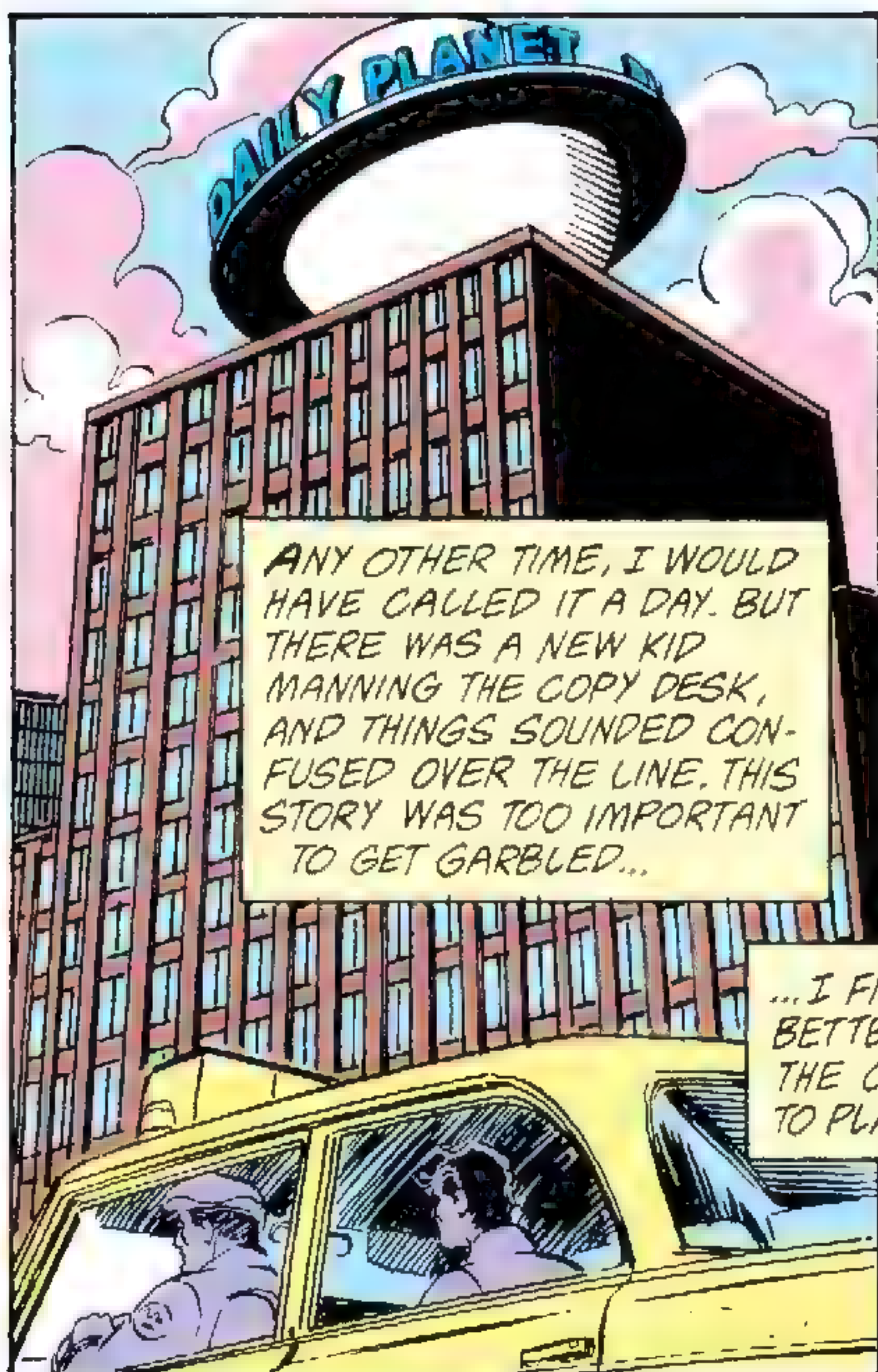
IF IT WAS WORK-
ING, I HAD NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT.
THAT WAS A BIG
"IF" FOR THIS
NEIGHBORHOOD--



--BUT MY LUCK HELD. WITHIN MINUTES,
KOZAK AND HIS GOONS WERE IN CUSTODY.
I GAVE MY STATEMENT TO METROPOLIS'S
FINEST, AND PHONED MY STORY TO THE
COPY DESK.

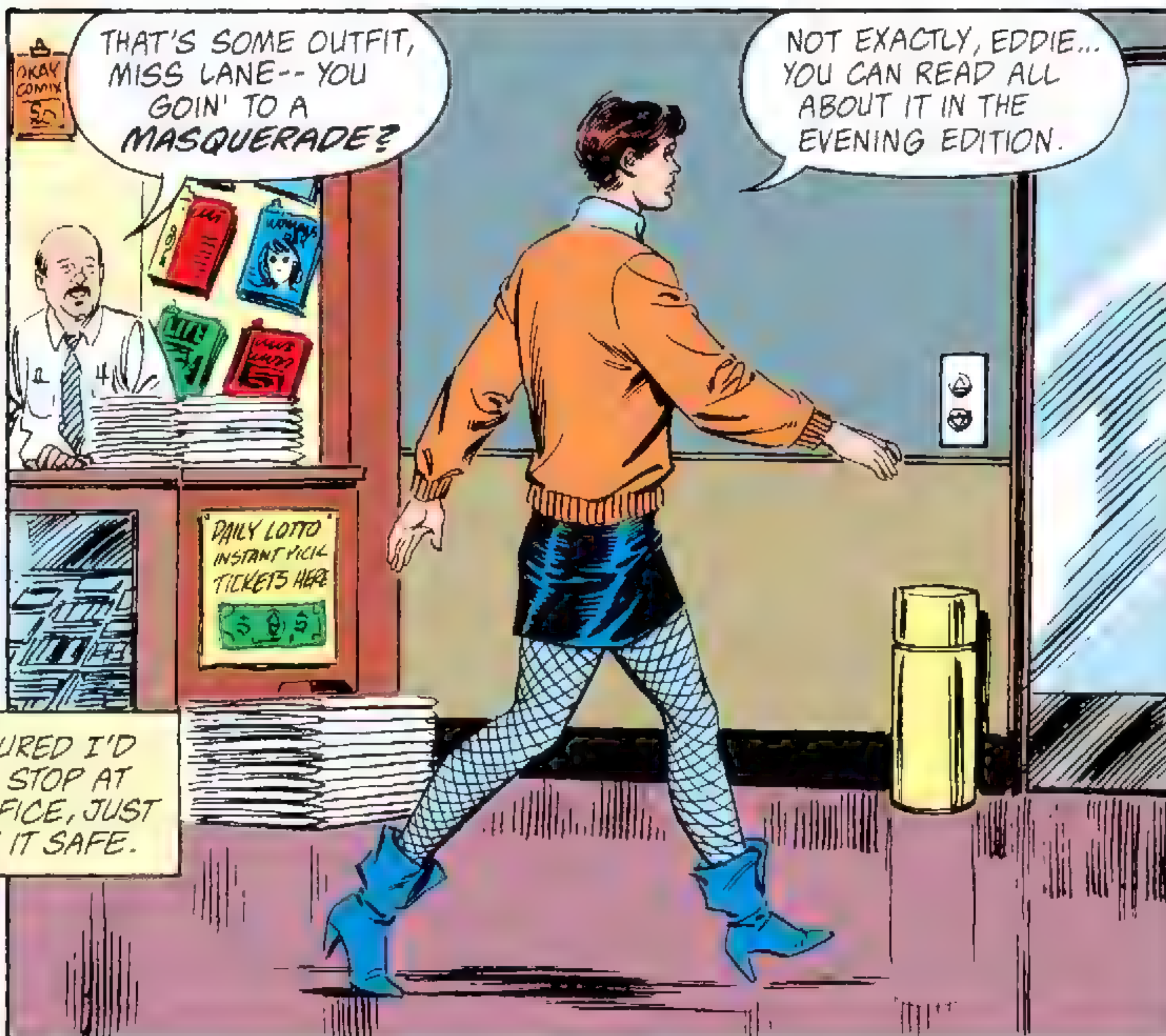
THEN, A REAL MIRACLE
HAPPENED... I ACTUALLY
GOT A CAB TO STOP FOR
ME IN SUICIDE SLUM!

TAKE ME
TO THE DAILY
PLANET!



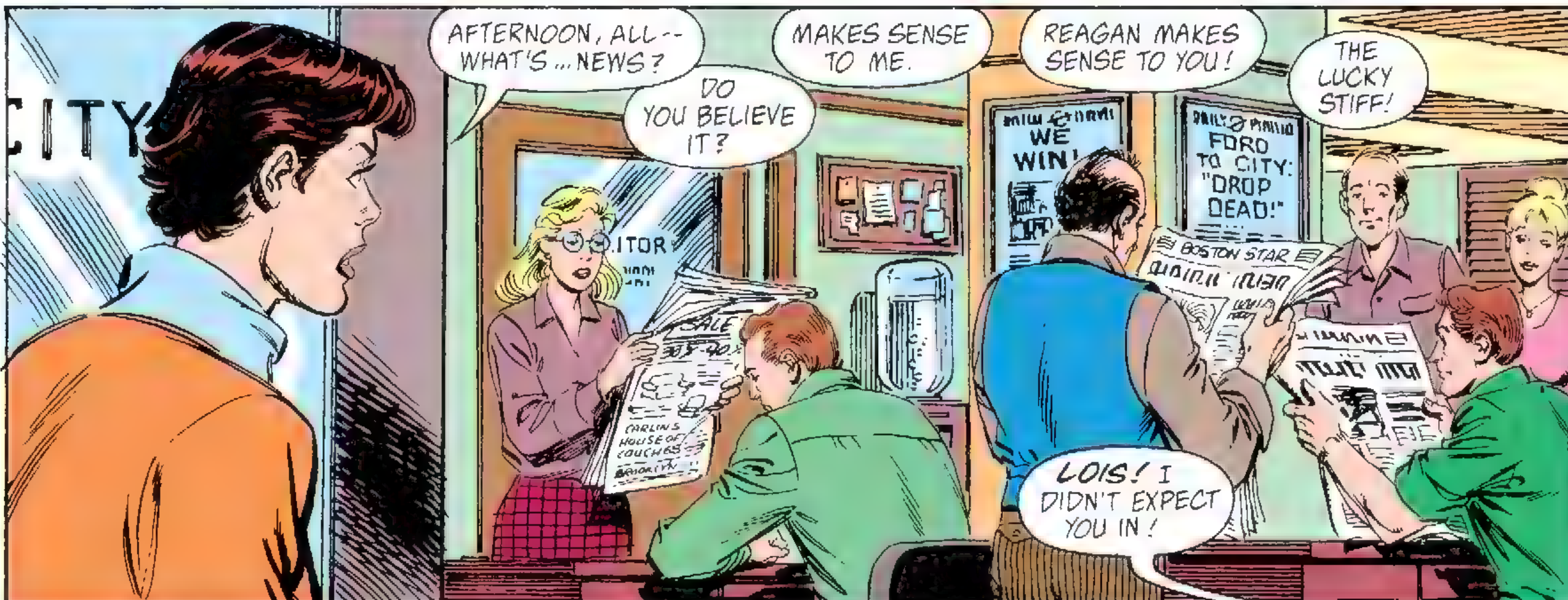
ANY OTHER TIME, I WOULD HAVE CALLED IT A DAY. BUT THERE WAS A NEW KID MANNING THE COPY DESK, AND THINGS SOUNDED CONFUSED OVER THE LINE. THIS STORY WAS TOO IMPORTANT TO GET GARBLED...

...I FIGURED I'D BETTER STOP AT THE OFFICE, JUST TO PLAY IT SAFE.



THAT'S SOME OUTFIT, MISS LANE-- YOU GOIN' TO A MASQUERADE?

NOT EXACTLY, EDDIE... YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE EVENING EDITION.



AFTERNOON, ALL-- WHAT'S ...NEWS?

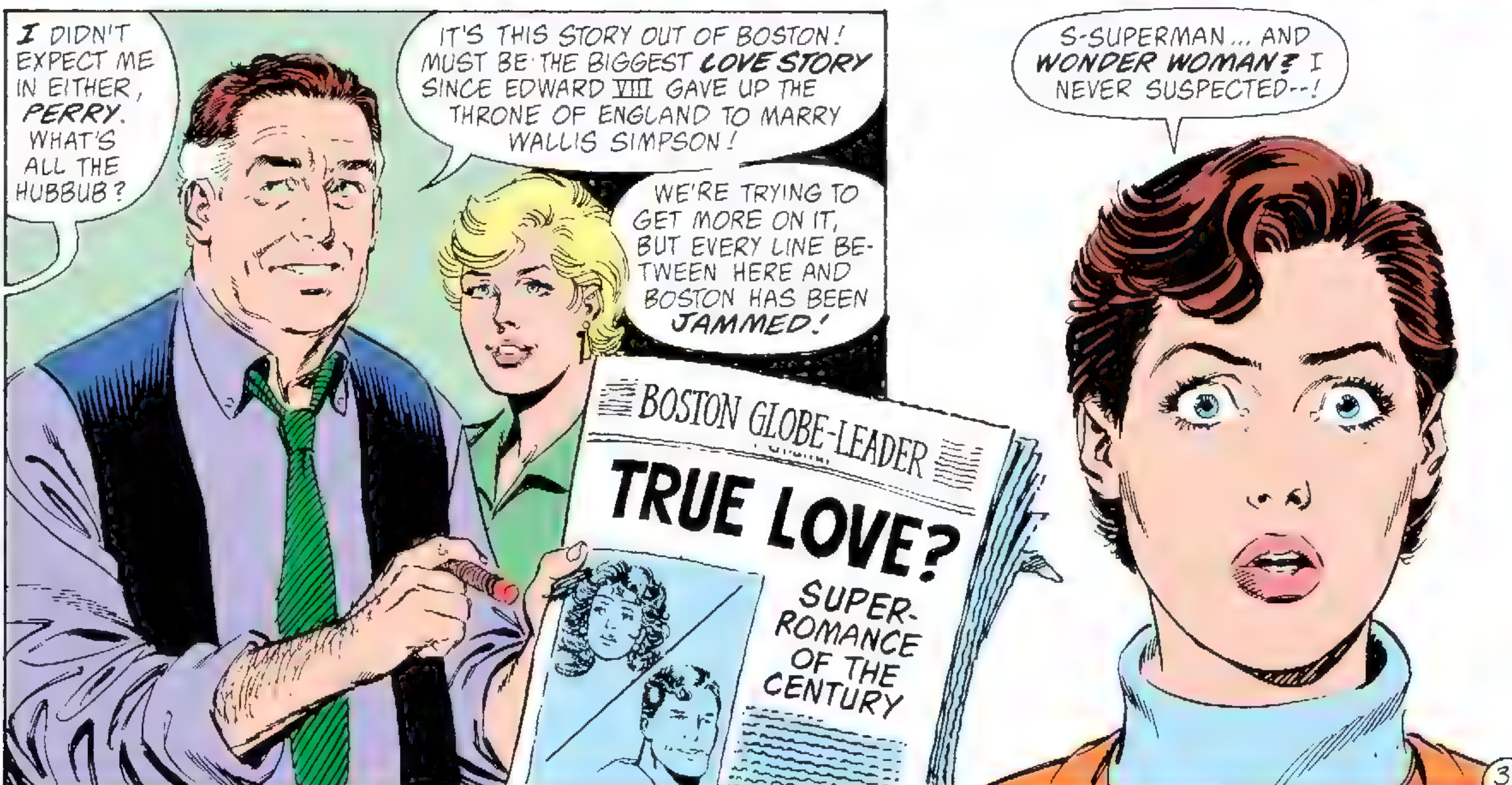
DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

MAKES SENSE TO ME.

REAGAN MAKES SENSE TO YOU!

THE LUCKY STIFF!

LOIS! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU IN!

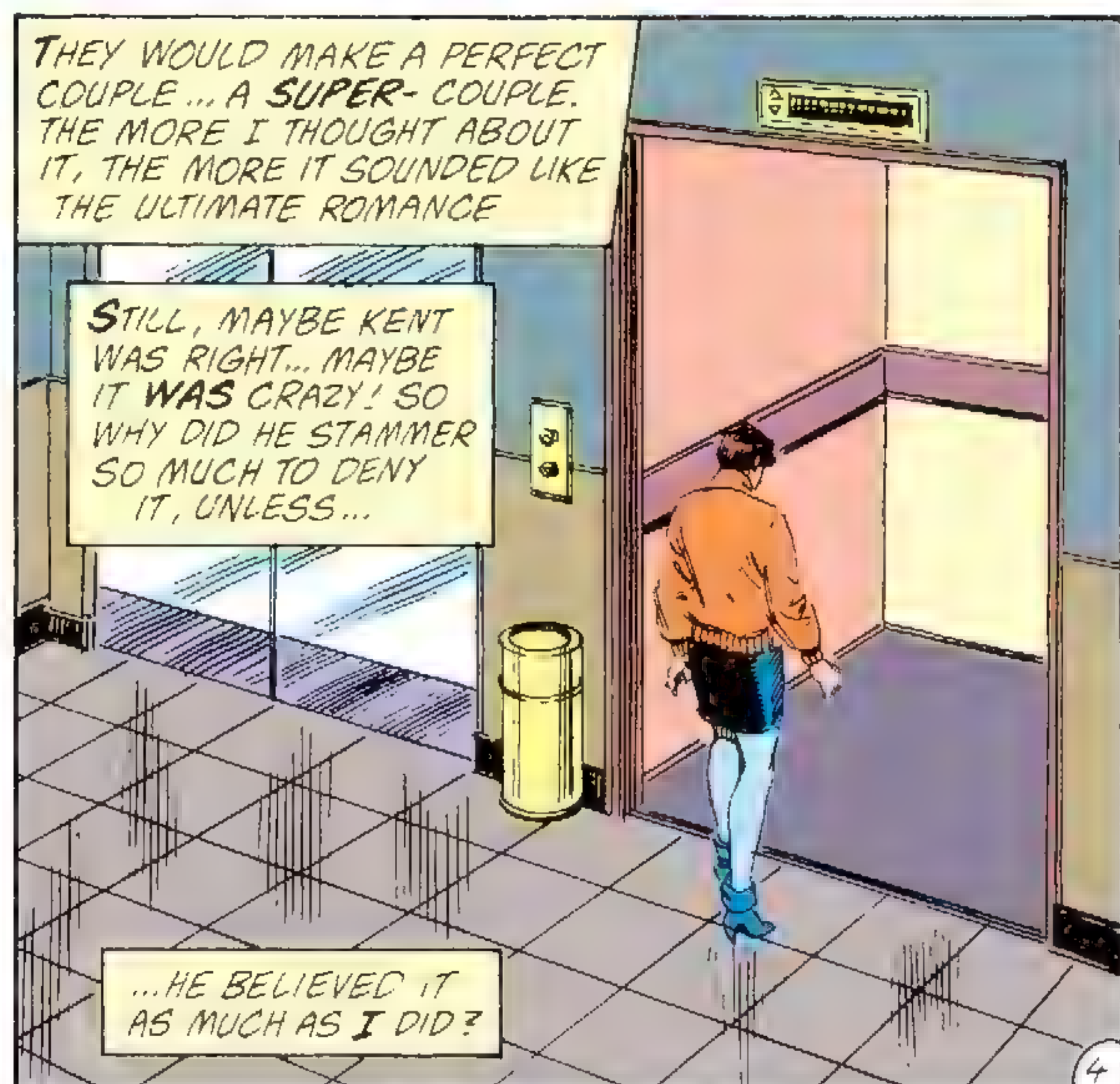
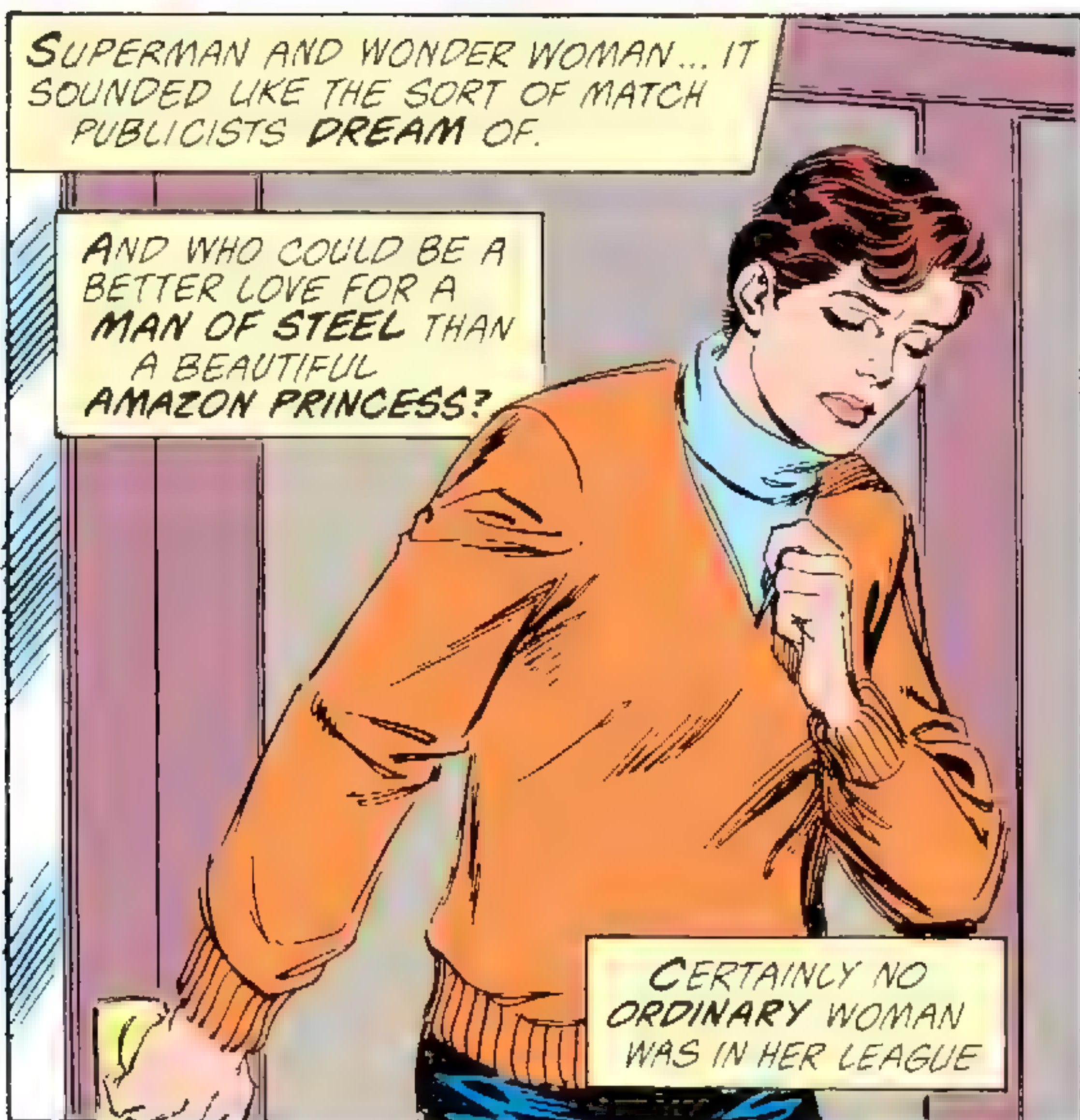
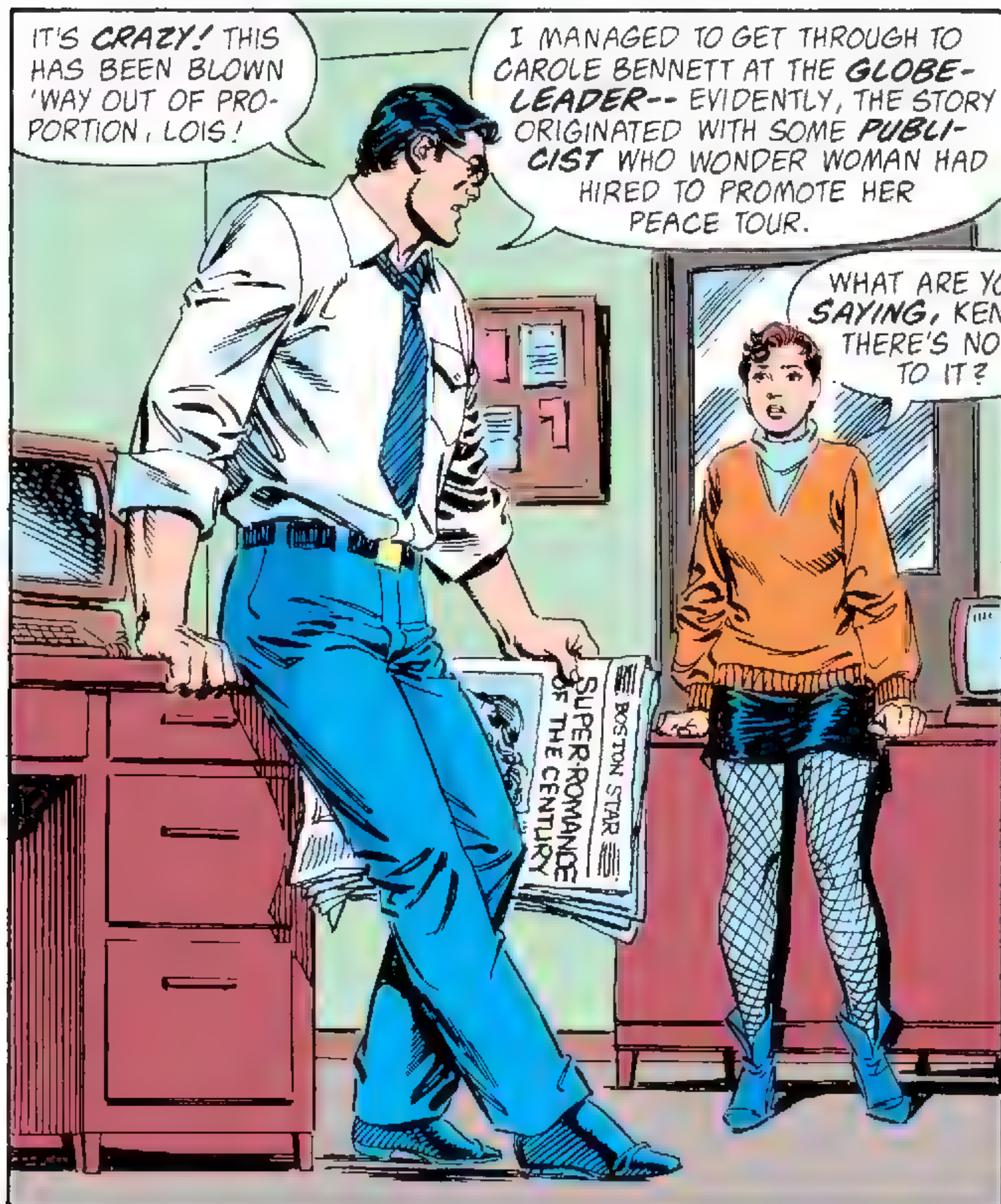


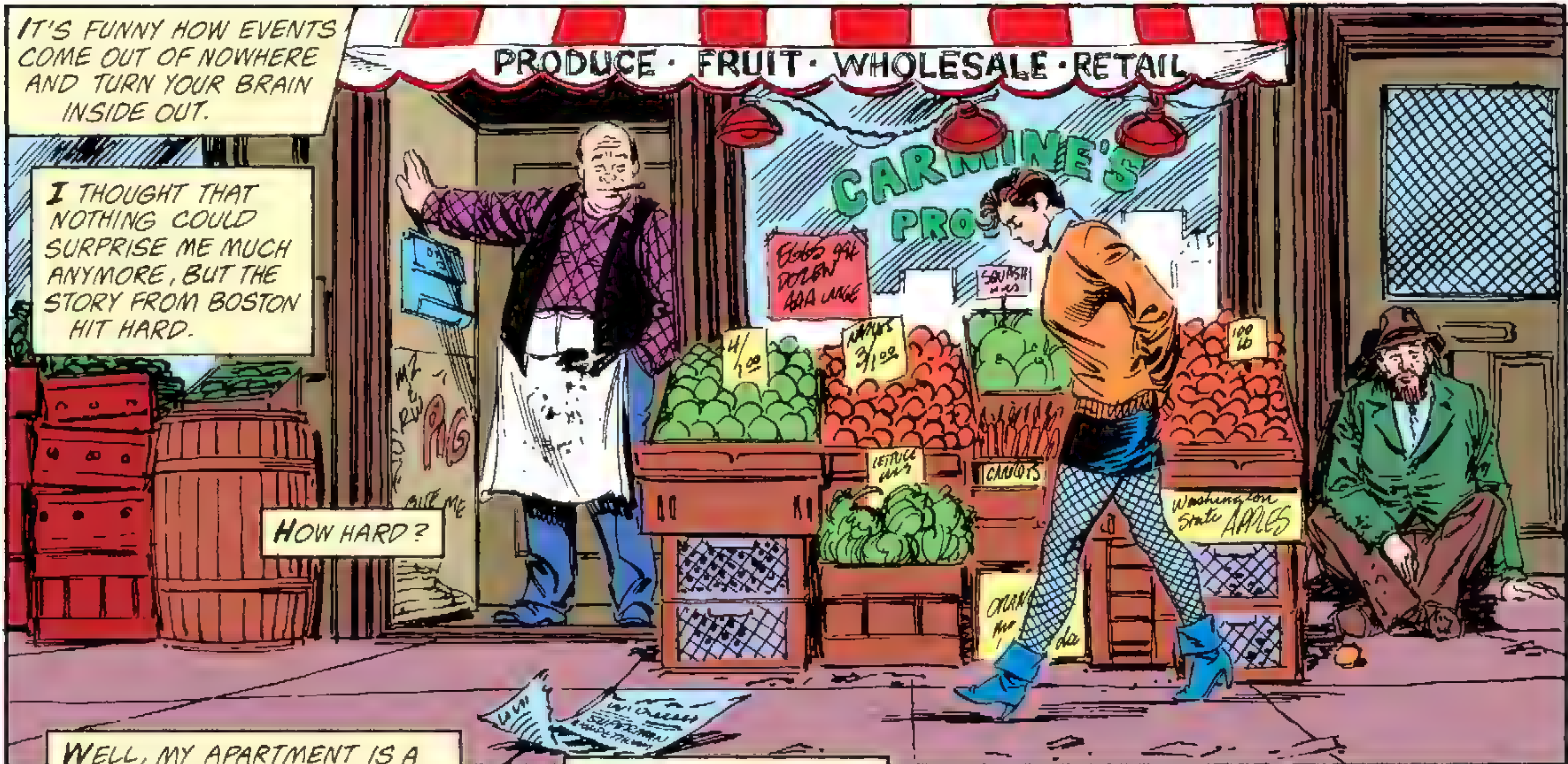
I DIDN'T EXPECT ME IN EITHER, PERRY. WHAT'S ALL THE HUBBUB?

IT'S THIS STORY OUT OF BOSTON! MUST BE THE BIGGEST LOVE STORY SINCE EDWARD VIII GAVE UP THE THRONE OF ENGLAND TO MARRY WALLIS SIMPSON!

WE'RE TRYING TO GET MORE ON IT, BUT EVERY LINE BETWEEN HERE AND BOSTON HAS BEEN JAMMED!

S-SUPERMAN... AND WONDER WOMAN? I NEVER SUSPECTED--!





IT'S FUNNY HOW EVENTS COME OUT OF NOWHERE AND TURN YOUR BRAIN INSIDE OUT.

I THOUGHT THAT NOTHING COULD SURPRISE ME MUCH ANYMORE, BUT THE STORY FROM BOSTON HIT HARD.

HOW HARD?

WELL, MY APARTMENT IS A RESPECTABLE DISTANCE FROM THE PLANET BUILDING-- BUT IT'S NOT ALL THAT FAR, SO I DECIDED TO WALK.

I WAS STILL WALKING AN HOUR LATER.



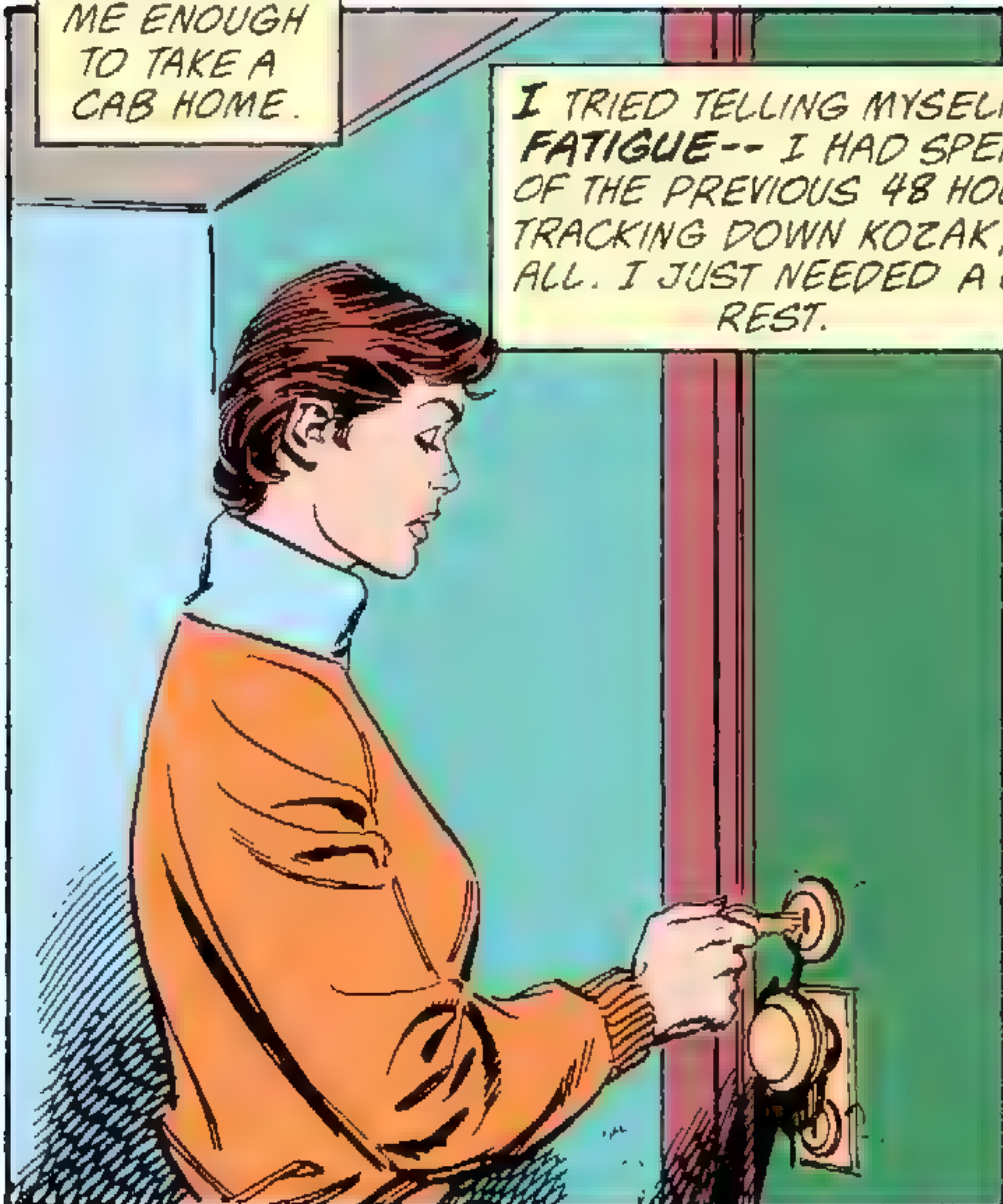
AFTER I LEFT THE PLANET, I MUST HAVE TOTALLY FOGGED OUT AND WALKED RIGHT PAST MY BUILDING.

BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS IN THE PARK... WITH NO RECOLLECTION OF ANYTHING I MIGHT HAVE PASSED ALONG THE WAY.

THAT SHOOK ME ENOUGH TO TAKE A CAB HOME.

I TRIED TELLING MYSELF IT WAS **FATIGUE**-- I HAD SPENT MOST OF THE PREVIOUS 48 HOURS TRACKING DOWN KOZAK, AFTER ALL. I JUST NEEDED A LITTLE REST.

BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP. I KEPT THINKING ABOUT WONDER WOMAN... HOW MUCH REST DOES **SHE** NEED? WILL **SHE** HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GRAY HAIRS OR SMILE LINES?



WOULD SHE EVER EVEN GROW OLD?!

5

A COLUMNIST FOR A RIVAL PAPER ONCE GOT HIS NOSE OUT OF JOINT OVER THE NUMBER OF EXCLUSIVE SUPERMAN STORIES I LANDED, AND REFERRED TO ME IN PRINT AS "SUPERMAN'S GIRLFRIEND".

I HAD GOTTEN A LOT OF MILEAGE MAKING FUN OF THAT ITEM... BUT I'D ALSO WISHED IT WERE TRUE.

I'D THOUGHT I WAS OVER THAT.

JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO, CLARK KENT'S PARENTS TOLD ME THAT THEY'D SECRETLY RAISED SUPERMAN FROM A BABY... THAT HE AND KENT WERE LIKE STEP-BROTHERS.

I WAS OUTRAGED... I ACCUSED SUPERMAN AND KENT OF PLAYING ME FOR A FOOL ALL THESE YEARS. I WAS SO MAD, I STARTED TO WRITE THE WHOLE THING UP... AN EXPOSE ON SUPERMAN!

THANK GOD, I DESTROYED IT WHEN I COOLED OFF. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A DEATH WARRANT FOR KENT'S PARENTS.

I HADN'T REALLY FINISHED COMING TO TERMS WITH ALL THAT YET... IT WAS SO RECENT.

AND NOW... THIS.

I KNEW I OUGHT TO FACE FACTS... WRITE SUPERMAN OUT OF MY LIFE FOR GOOD, AND START THE NEXT CHAPTER.

AS IF I COULD FORGET SOMEONE LIKE HIM!

IF THERE WERE SOMEONE ELSE-- ANYONE ELSE-- MAYBE...

NOK
NOK

2/2

6



KENT?!

LOIS...

...YOU SEEMED UPSET AT THE OFFICE. THIS WONDER WOMAN BUSINESS MUST HAVE COME AS A SHOCK TO YOU. I KNOW IT DID TO *ME*... THOUGH NOT IN THE SAME WAY, OF COURSE.

I REALIZE THAT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TOO HAPPY WITH EITHER SUPERMAN OR MYSELF LATELY... I GUESS I CAN'T BLAME YOU. BUT BELIEVE ME, NEITHER OF US WANTS TO SEE YOU HURT.



MAYBE... MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TALK?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT KENT... I REALLY DON'T. SOMETIMES I JUST WANT TO HATE HIS GUTS

OTHER TIMES HE GIVES ME THAT PUPPY DOG FACE AND...



SURE, KENT. COME ON IN.



OH, LOOK AT ME... I AM A COMPLETE MESS

YOU LOOK FINE.

AT THE VERY LEAST, I NEED A SHOWER! YOU'D MIGHT AS WELL MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, KENT I MAY BE AWHILE.

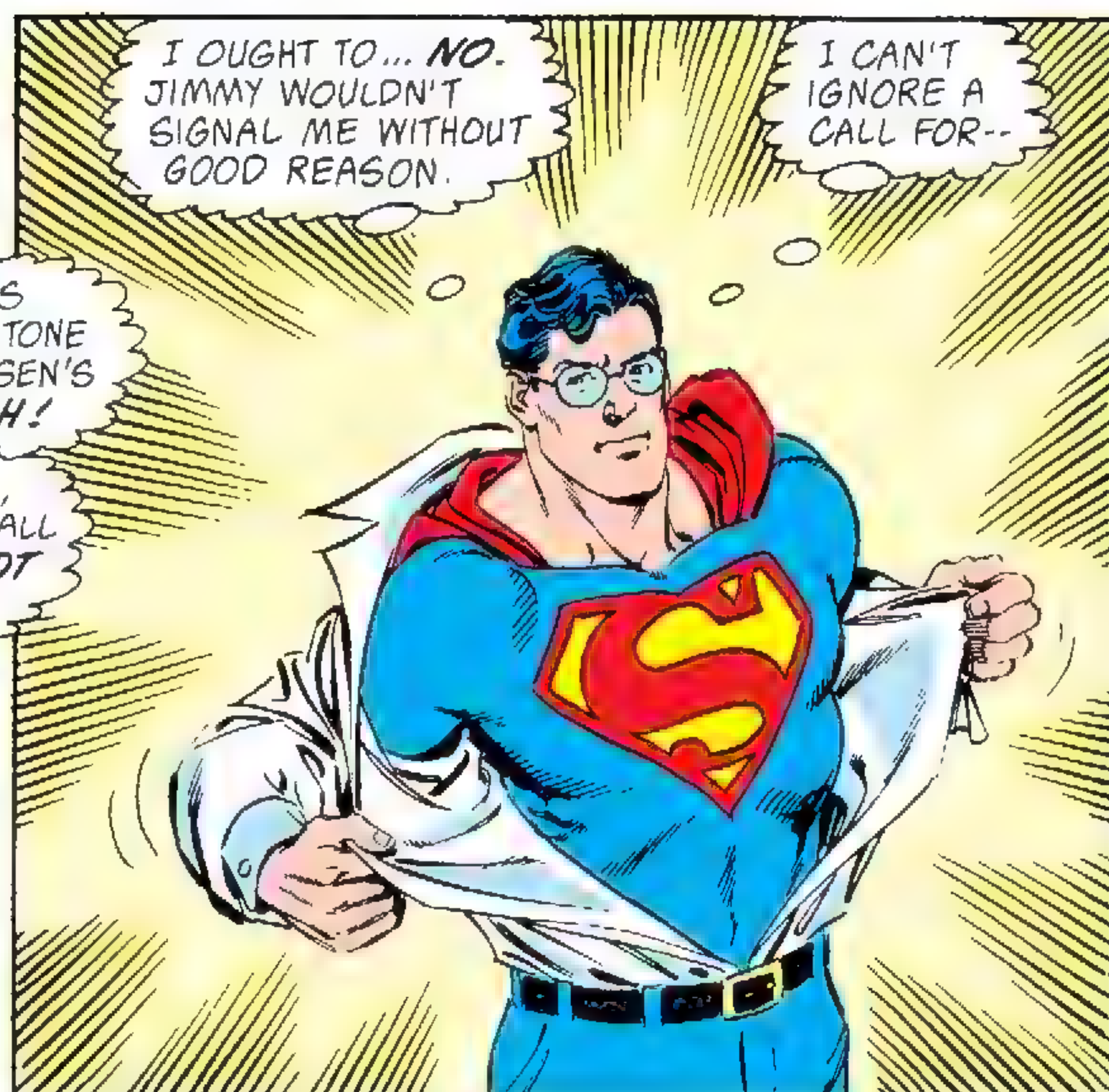


TAKE YOUR TIME, LOIS. I'LL BE HERE



OH, NO-- THAT'S THE HYPERSONIC TONE FROM JIMMY OLSEN'S SIGNAL WATCH!

NOT NOW, JIM... OF ALL TIMES, NOT NOW!



I OUGHT TO... NO. JIMMY WOULDN'T SIGNAL ME WITHOUT GOOD REASON.

I CAN'T IGNORE A CALL FOR--



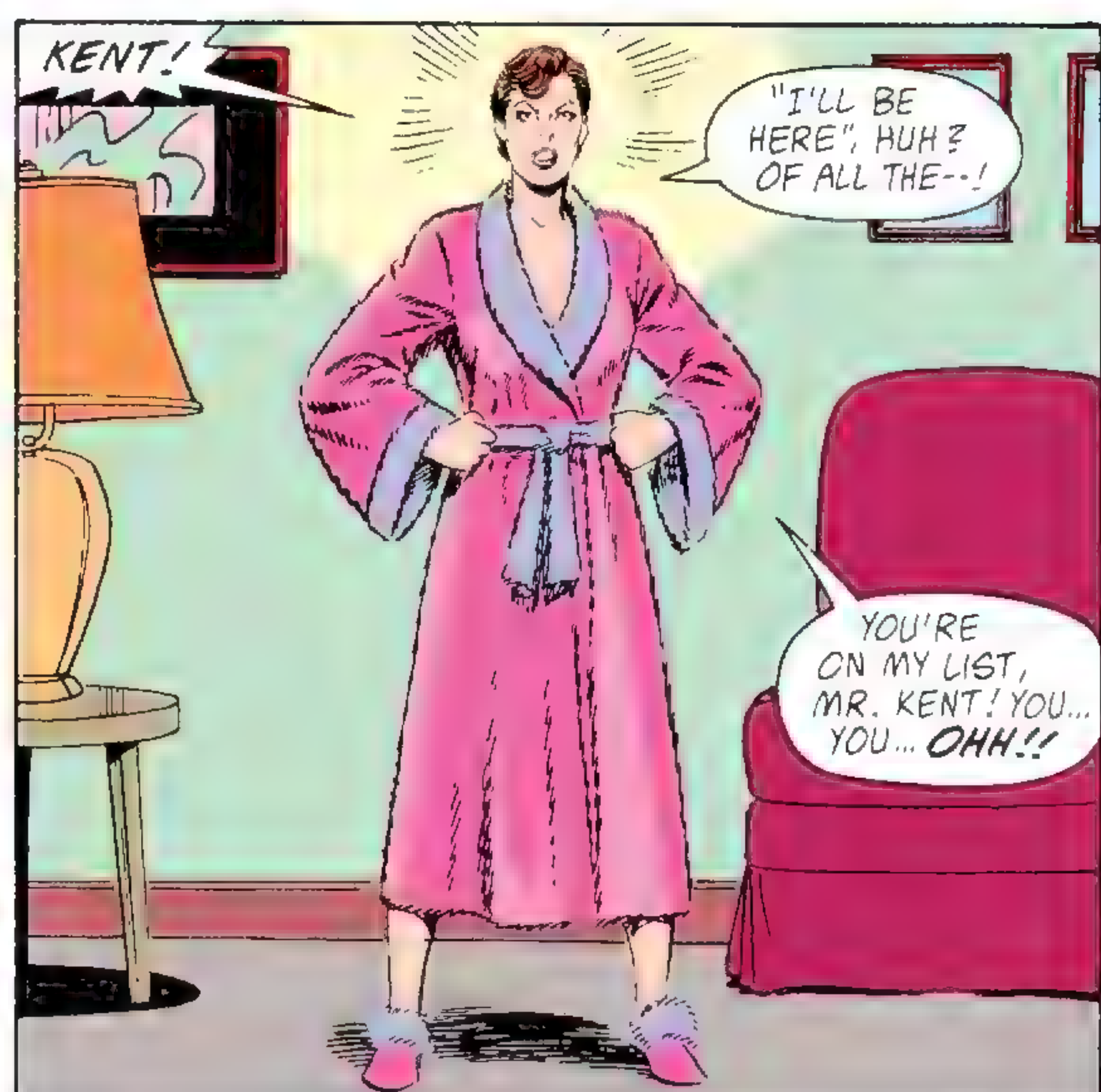
MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THIS AND GET BACK BEFORE LOIS NOTICES THAT CLARK IS GONE.



SAY, CLARK, I HAD A THOUGHT...

...I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M FAMISHED. WHILE I'M IN THE SHOWER, WHY DON'T YOU HOP DOWN TO EMILIO'S AND GET US A PIZZA... WITH THE WORKS?

KENT? HELLO?



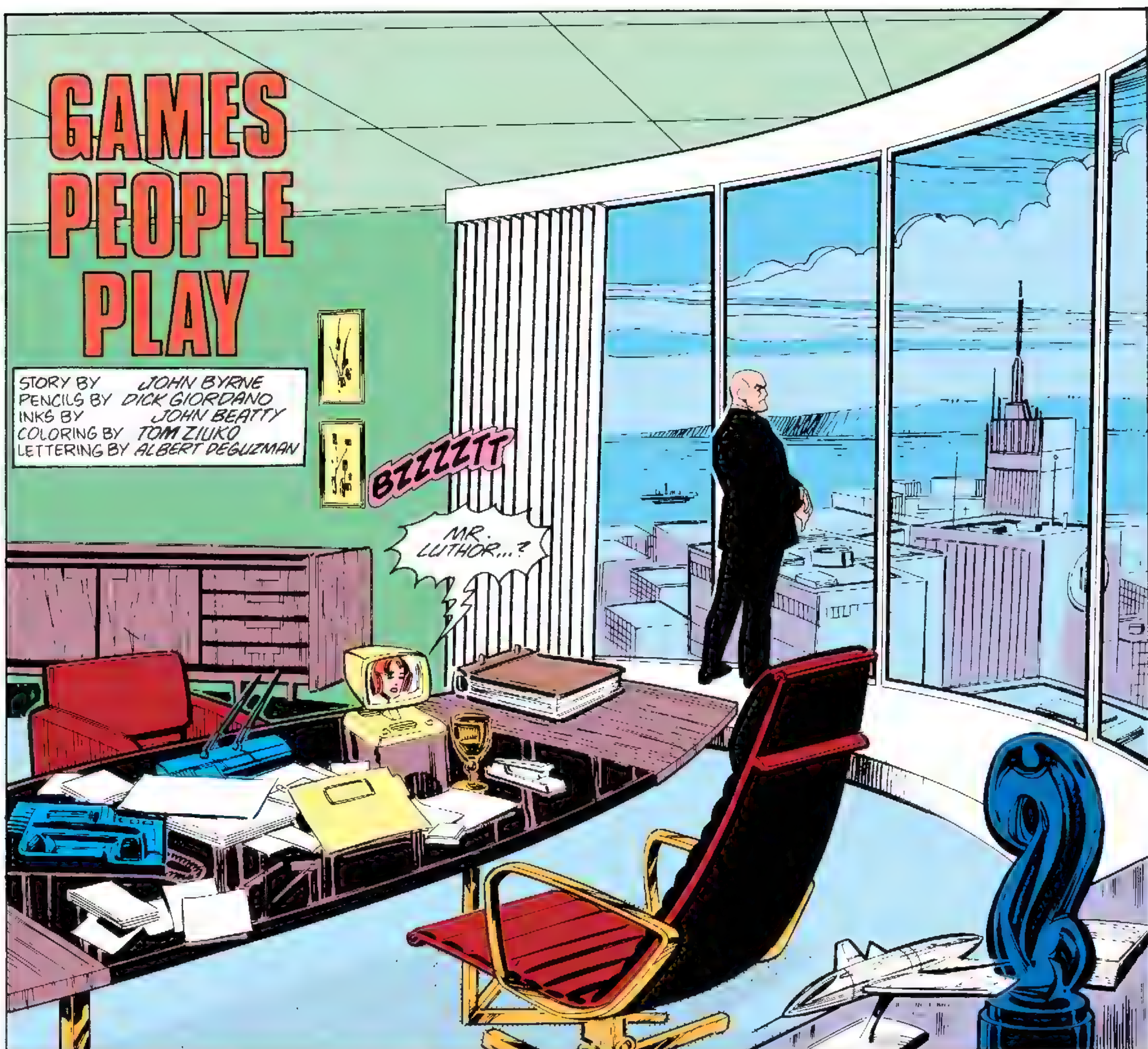
KENT!

"I'LL BE HERE", HUH? OF ALL THE--!

YOU'RE ON MY LIST, MR. KENT! YOU... YOU... OHH!!

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

STORY BY JOHN BYRNE
PENCILS BY DICK GIORDANO
INKS BY JOHN BEATTY
COLORING BY TOM ZIUKO
LETTERING BY ALBERT DEGUZMAN



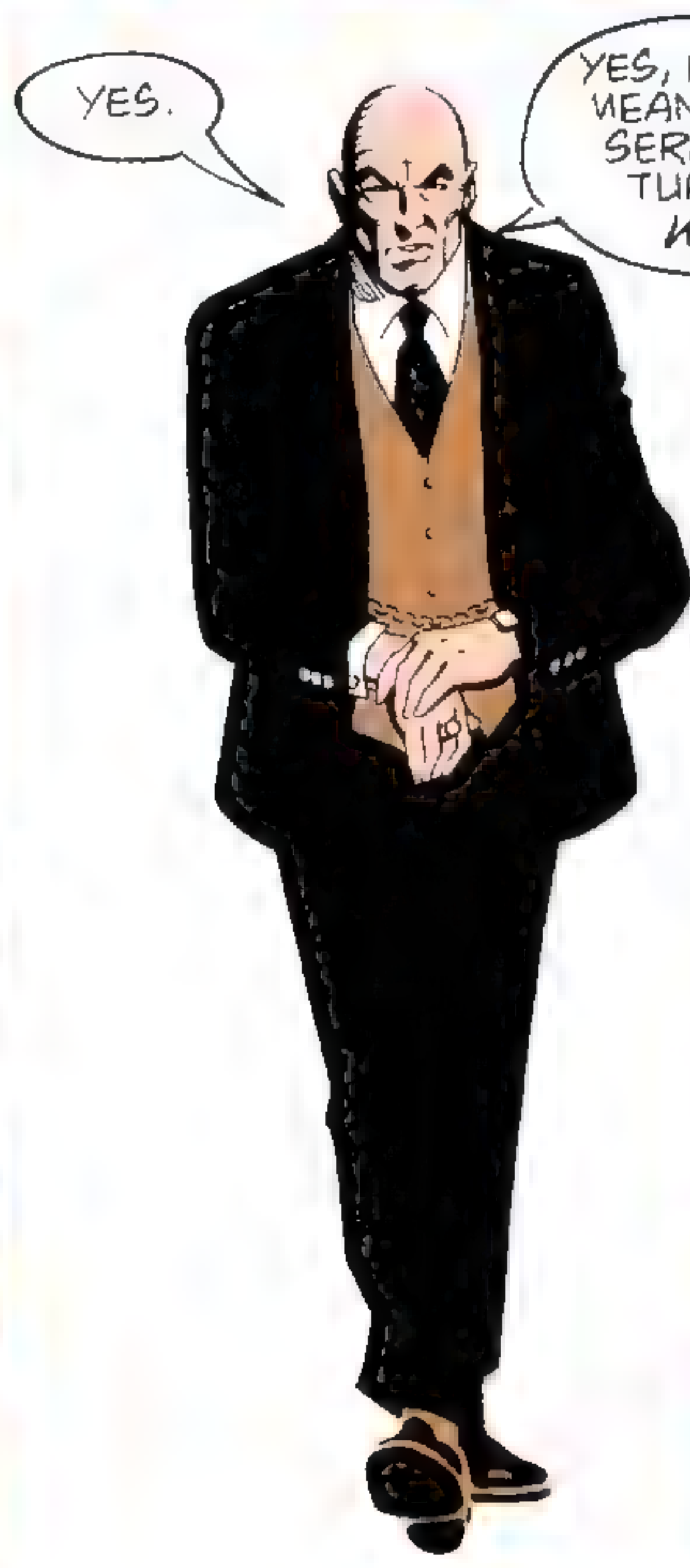
BZZZZT

MR. LUTHOR...?



YES?
WHAT IS IT,
PEARL?

CAPTAIN
SAWYER AND
SERGEANT
TURPIN ARE
HERE, SIR.
SHALL I BRING
THEM IN?



YES.

YES, BY ALL
MEANS. ASK
SERGEANT
TURPIN TO
WAIT...



BUT BRING
HER RIGHT
IN...



CAP'N SAWYER, MR. LUTHOR.

THANK YOU, PEARL.

HAVE A SEAT, WON'T YOU, MY DEAR?

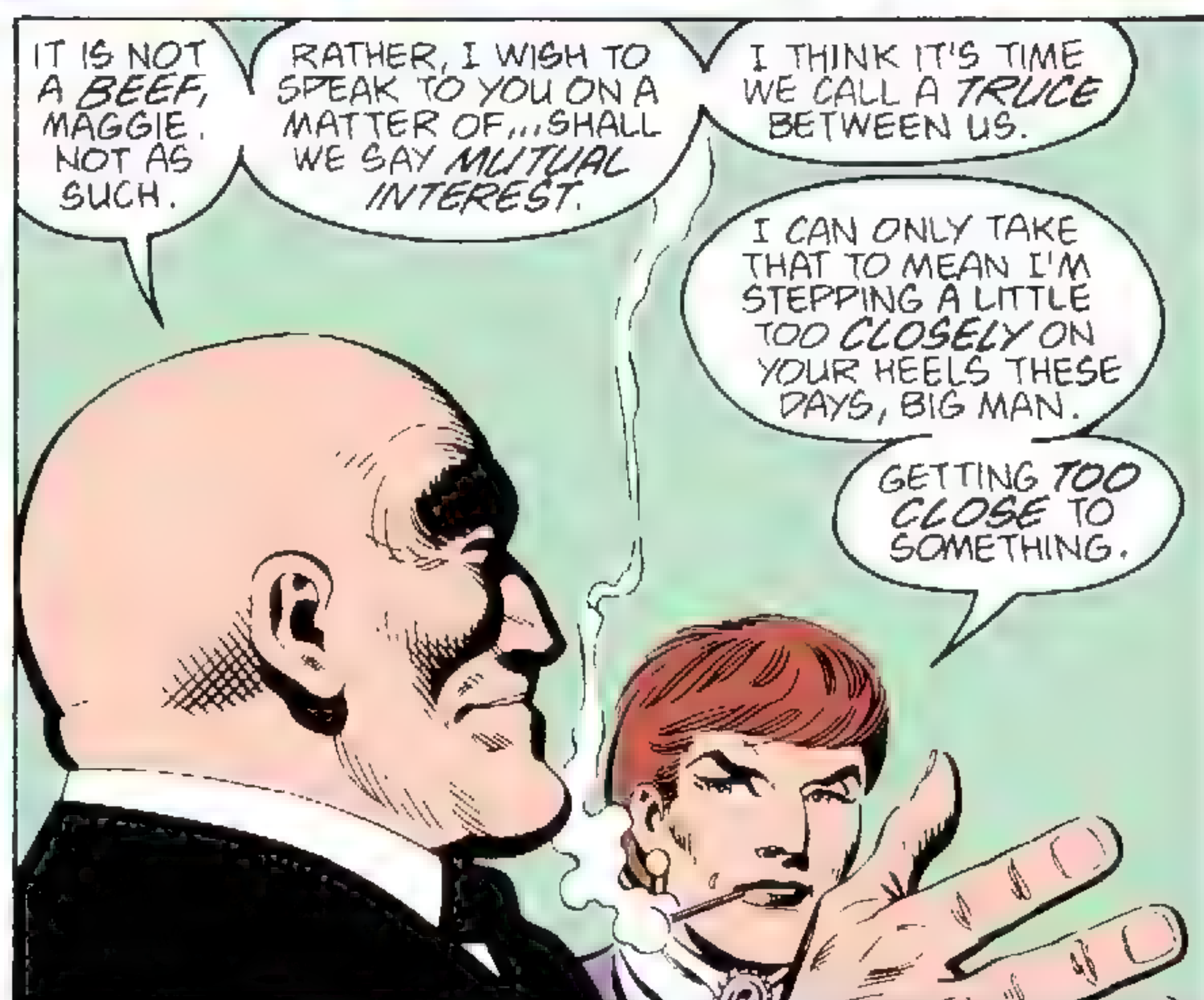


SPARE ME THE SWEET TALK, LUTHOR.

I'M HERE BECAUSE YOU SAID THIS WAS OFFICIAL. THAT YOU NEEDED THE ASSISTANCE OF MY SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT.

OKAY, SO WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?

MY... BEEF.



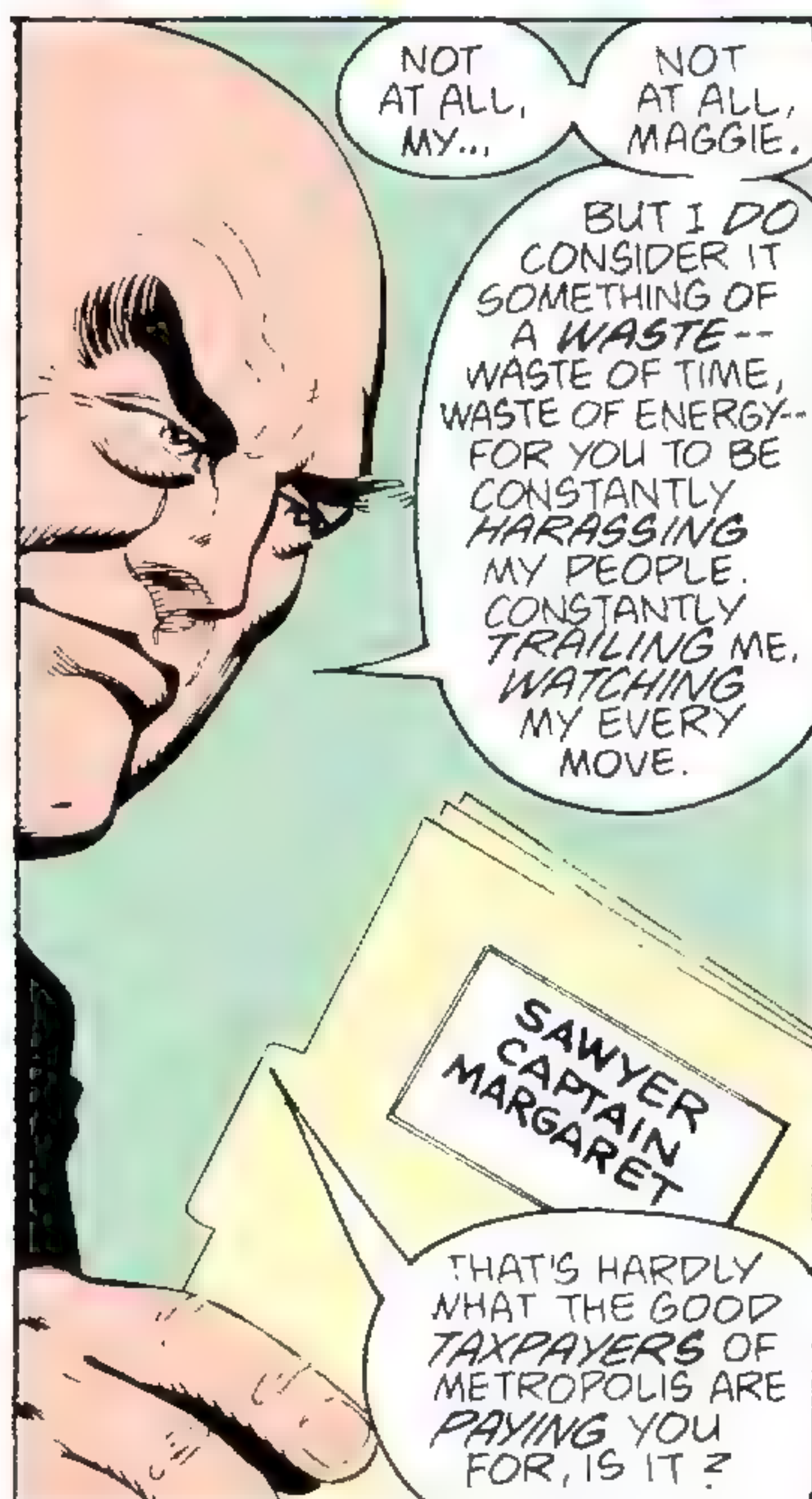
IT IS NOT A BEEF, MAGGIE. NOT AS SUCH.

RATHER, I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU ON A MATTER OF... SHALL WE SAY MUTUAL INTEREST.

I THINK IT'S TIME WE CALL A TRUCE BETWEEN US.

I CAN ONLY TAKE THAT TO MEAN I'M STEPPING A LITTLE TOO CLOSELY ON YOUR HEELS THESE DAYS, BIG MAN.

GETTING TOO CLOSE TO SOMETHING.



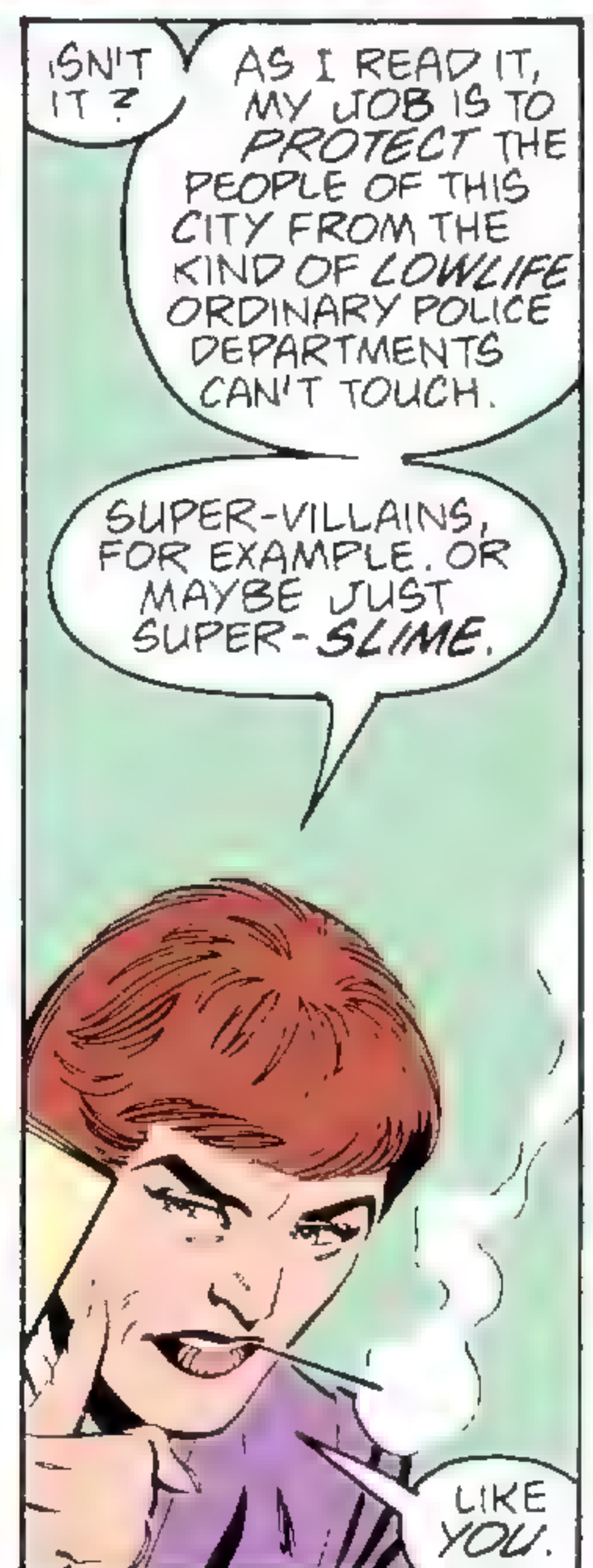
NOT AT ALL, MY...

NOT AT ALL, MAGGIE.

BUT I DO CONSIDER IT SOMETHING OF A WASTE-- WASTE OF TIME, WASTE OF ENERGY-- FOR YOU TO BE CONSTANTLY HARASSING MY PEOPLE. CONSTANTLY TRAILING ME. WATCHING MY EVERY MOVE.

SAWYER CAPTAIN MARGARET

THAT'S HARDLY WHAT THE GOOD TAXPAYERS OF METROPOLIS ARE PAYING YOU FOR, IS IT?



ISN'T IT?

AS I READ IT, MY JOB IS TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY FROM THE KIND OF LOWLIFE ORDINARY POLICE DEPARTMENTS CAN'T TOUCH.

SUPER-VILLAINS, FOR EXAMPLE. OR MAYBE JUST SUPER-SLIME.

LIKE YOU.



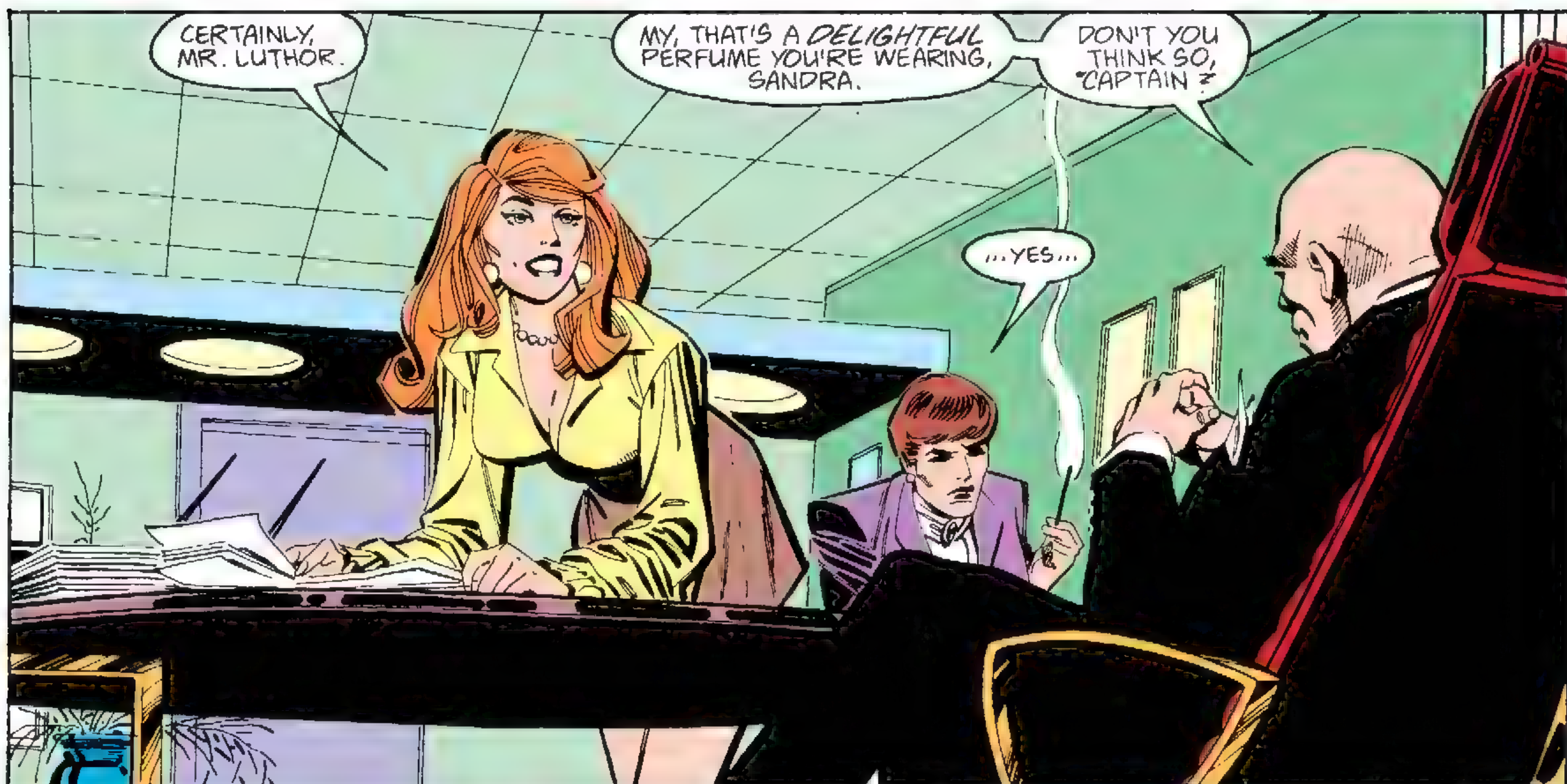
MAGGIE, MAGGIE, MAGGIE!

I'VE DONE NOTHING TO WARRANT SUCH TREATMENT.

NOTHING I CAN PROVE, YET.

THAT'S WHY I'M KEEPING SUCH A CLOSE EYE ON YOUR FAT BUTT.





CERTAINLY, MR. LUTHOR.

MY, THAT'S A DELIGHTFUL PERFUME YOU'RE WEARING, SANDRA.

DON'T YOU THINK SO, CAPTAIN?

...YES...



WHY, THANK YOU, CAPTAIN.

AND MAY I SAY THAT'S A LOVELY BROOCH YOU'RE WEARING...

THANKS...



ALL RIGHT, LUTHOR, I THINK WE CAN ASSUME YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT.

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE STOP PLAYING GAMES NOW?



THANK YOU, SANDRA. YOU MAY GO NOW...

BUT, MAGGIE, YOU CONTINUE TO DO ME A GREAT INJUSTICE.

ACCUSING ME OF PLAYING GAMES, WHEN I HAVE DONE NOTHING BUT ATTEMPT TO MAKE YOUR VISIT HERE AS DELIGHTFUL AS POSSIBLE.

ESPECIALLY GIVEN THAT WE SHARE SO MANY SIMILAR TASTES...



YOU DON'T FOOL ANYONE, LUTHOR.

YOU'RE GETTING SO USED TO PEOPLE FALLING ALL OVER THEMSELVES WHENEVER YOU EVEN BLINK, YOU'RE FORGETTING THERE ARE STILL SOME PEOPLE IN METROPOLIS WHO DON'T PLAY BY YOUR RULES.

AND YOU'RE LOOKING AT ONE OF THEM RIGHT NOW!



AM I?

AM I REALLY?

YOU KNOW, MARGARET, IT HAS BEEN ONE OF THE SADDEST LEARNING EXPERIENCES OF MY LIFE DISCOVERING THE GREAT TRUTH THAT EVERYONE HAS A PRICE.

EVERYONE.

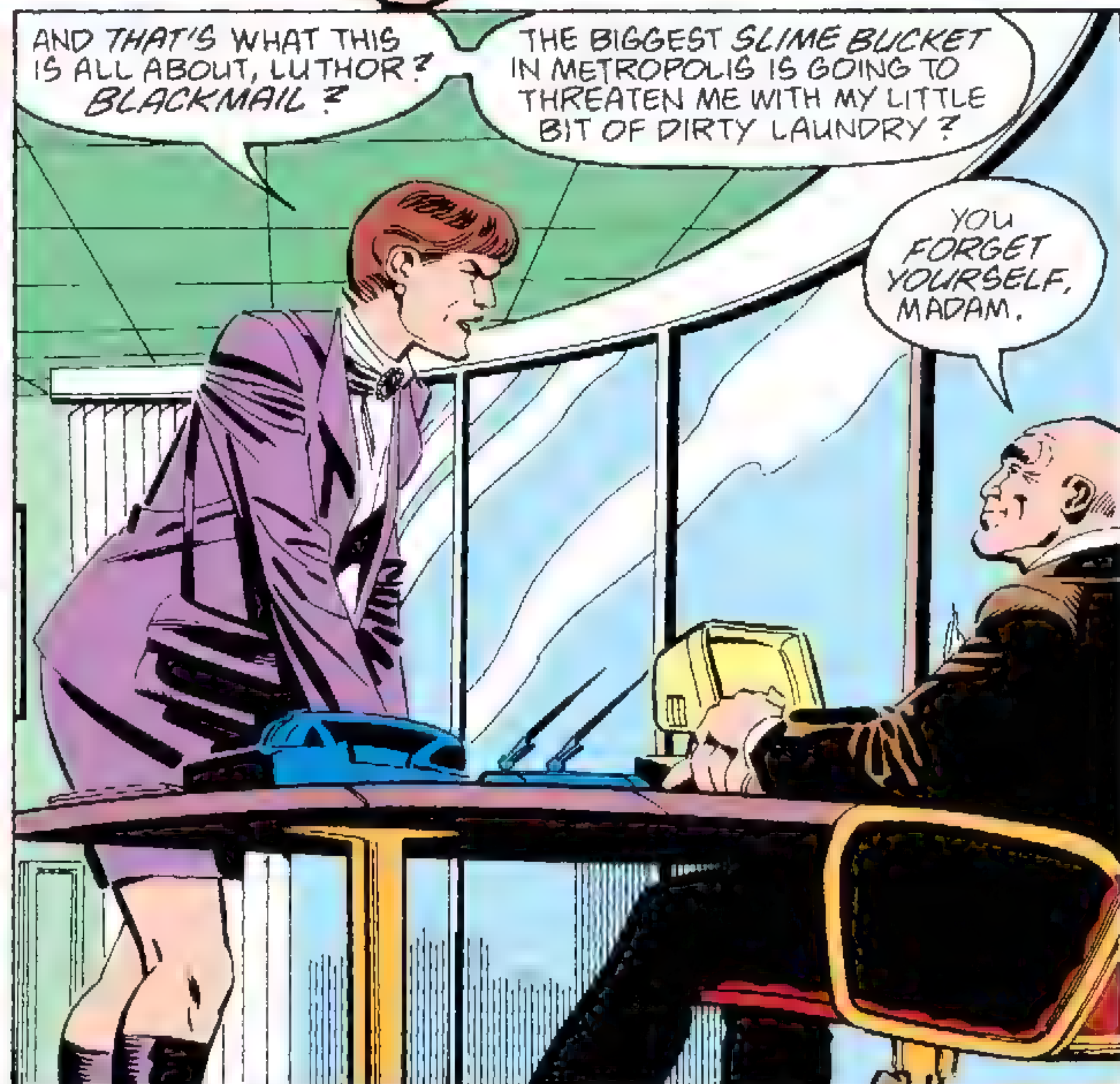
IT'S SIMPLY A QUESTION OF DISCOVERING WHAT THAT PRICE IS.



IN YOUR CASE, I SUSPECT IT WOULD BE HOLDING ON TO THE PRECIOUS LITTLE LIFE YOU'VE CREATED FOR YOURSELF HERE.

IT COST YOU A LOT OF HARD WORK AND EFFORT TO WIN YOUR POSITION AS HEAD OF THE SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT. YOU WERE PROMOTED OVER A LOT OF MEN WHO THOUGHT THEMSELVES BETTER QUALIFIED.

MANY WHO'D BE DELIGHTED TO SEE MY DOSSIER ON YOU PUBLISHED.



AND THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, LUTHOR? BLACKMAIL?

THE BIGGEST SLIME BUCKET IN METROPOLIS IS GOING TO THREATEN ME WITH MY LITTLE BIT OF DIRTY LAUNDRY?

YOU FORGET YOURSELF, MADAM.



WHATEVER YOU MAY THINK OF ME, THE CITIZENS OF METROPOLIS KNOW ME AS A BENEVOLENT PHILANTHROPIST.

TRUST FUNDS BEAR MY NAME. ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC HOUSING PROJECTS. COLLEGE ENDOWMENTS.

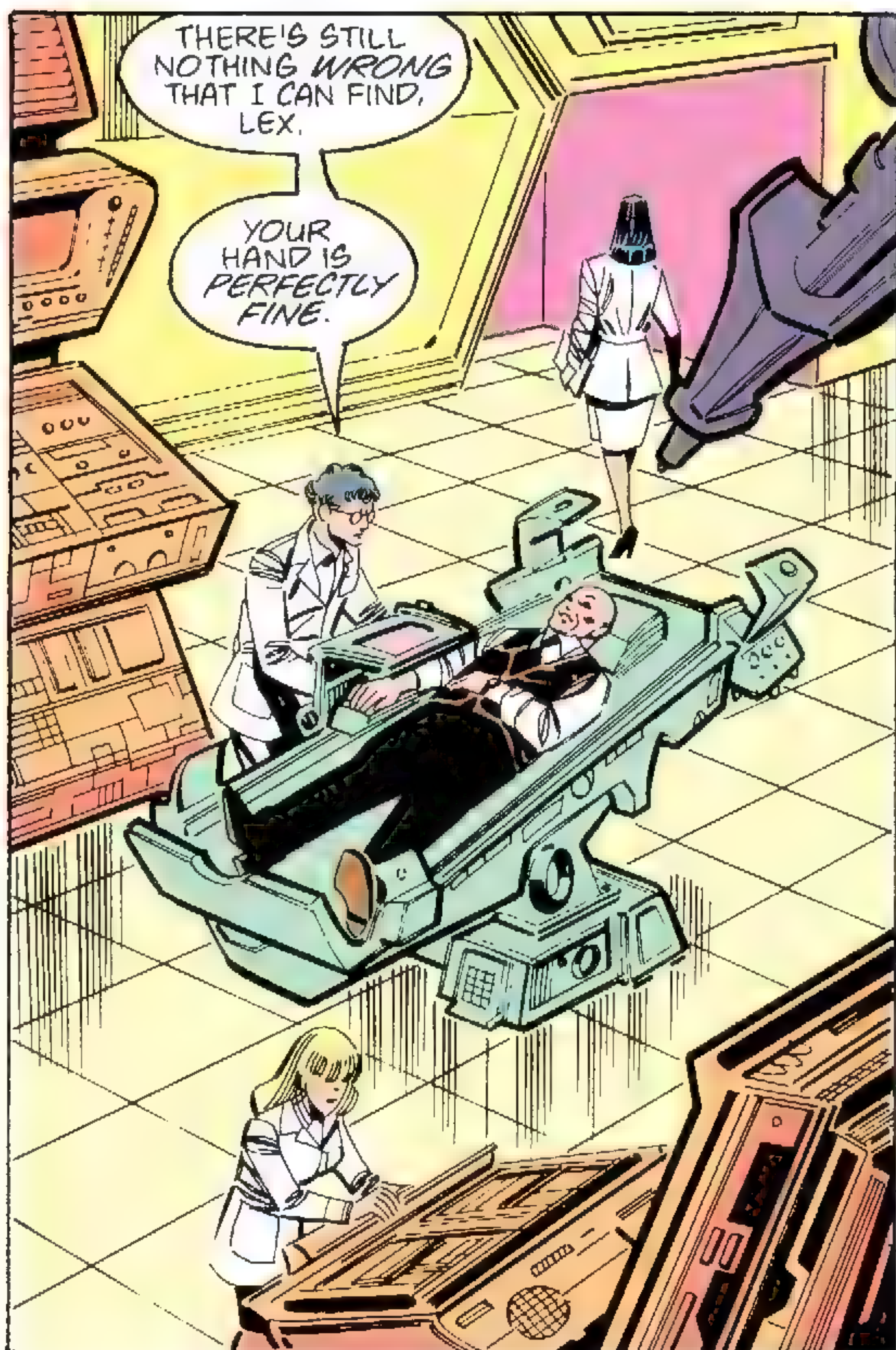
TWO THIRDS OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS CITY WORK FOR ME.

AND IF LEX LUTHOR TELLS THEM MAGGIE SAWYER IS UNFIT FOR THE POSITION SHE HOLDS...



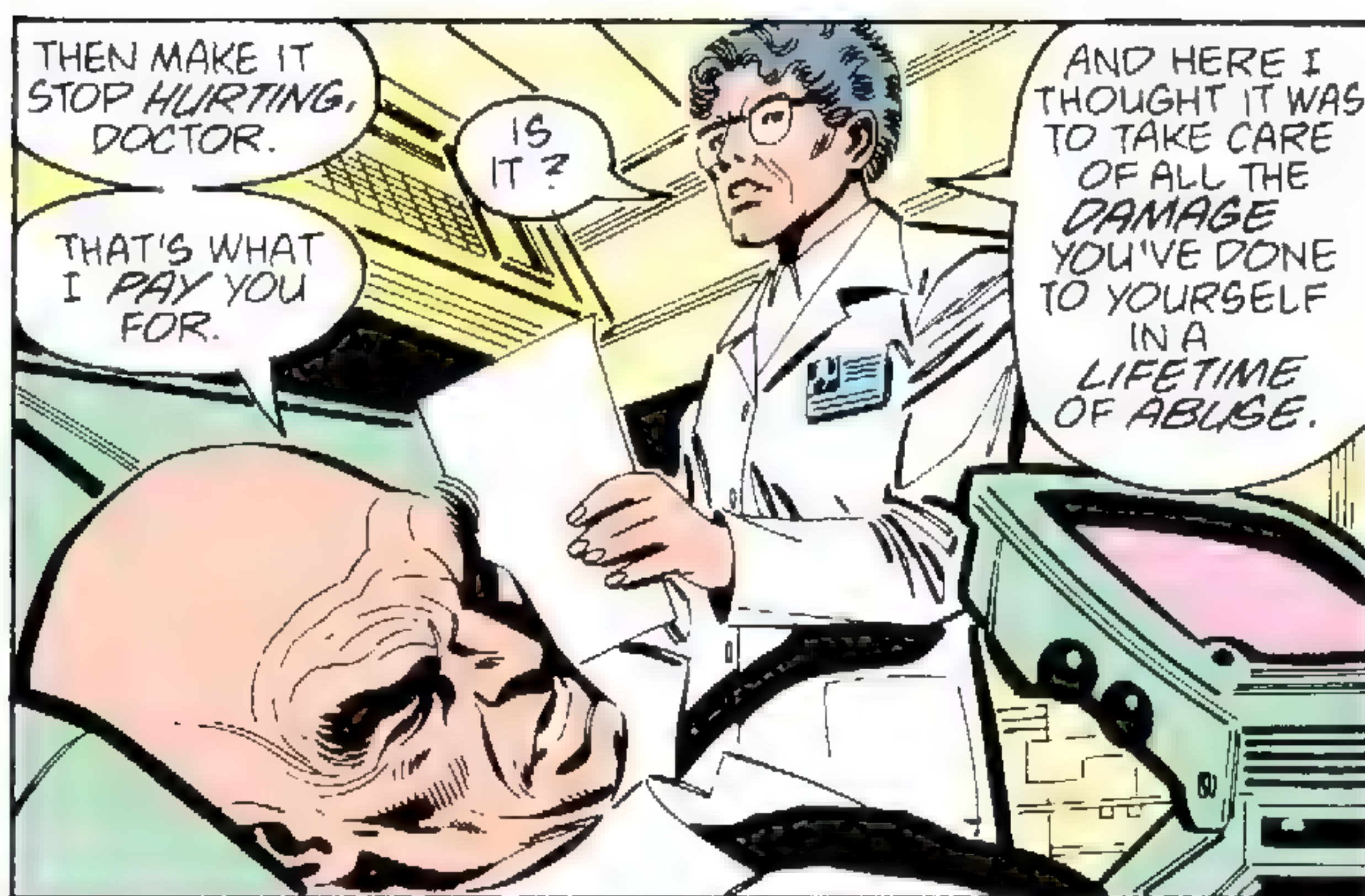
...THEY WILL BELIEVE...
AH-HGH!!





THERE'S STILL NOTHING WRONG THAT I CAN FIND, LEX.

YOUR HAND IS PERFECTLY FINE.



THEN MAKE IT STOP HURTING, DOCTOR.

IS IT?

THAT'S WHAT I PAY YOU FOR.

AND HERE I THOUGHT IT WAS TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THE DAMAGE YOU'VE DONE TO YOURSELF IN A LIFETIME OF ABUSE.



PERHAPS. HOWEVER THERE IS NOTHING IN YOUR JOB DESCRIPTION WHICH COVERS LECTURING ME.

MAYBE NOT, LEX. MAYBE THAT JUST COMES FROM HAVING KNOWN EACH OTHER ALMOST ALL OUR LIVES...

DOCTOR KELLEY...



YOU TOLD ME TO RUN THE FULL BANK OF TESTS ON MR. LUTHOR'S CONDITION AND...

WELL, I RAN A RADIATION SPECTROGRAPH ALMOST AS AN AFTER-THOUGHT...

WELL I'LL BE...!!!

WHAT?

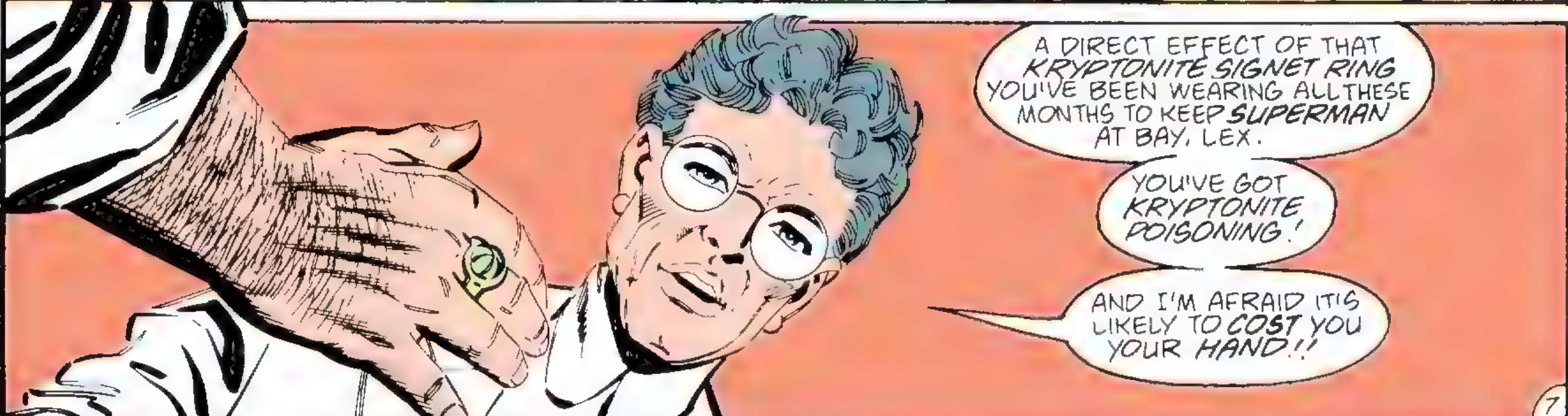
WHAT IS IT?



THE LAST THING IN THE WORLD I'D EVER HAVE LOOKED FOR CONSCIOUSLY, LEX.

ABSOLUTELY THE LAST THING.

WHAT... IS IT?



A DIRECT EFFECT OF THAT KRYPTONITE SIGNET RING YOU'VE BEEN WEARING ALL THESE MONTHS TO KEEP SUPERMAN AT BAY, LEX.

YOU'VE GOT KRYPTONITE POISONING!

AND I'M AFRAID IT'S LIKELY TO COST YOU YOUR HAND!!



SO...

WHAT DID THAT BIG "BOZO" HAVE TO SAY, MAGGIE?



NOTHING I HAVEN'T HEARD BEFORE, BEN.

NOTHING I HAVEN'T HAD TO PUT UP WITH ALMOST ALL MY ADULT LIFE.

YOU MEAN... ABOUT...



WHAT ELSE?

MR. LUTHOR SEEMED TO THINK IT WAS SOMETHING HE COULD HOLD OVER ME, HAD A WHOLE DOSSIER ON MY PRIVATE LIFE.

DID YOU MANAGE TO PUT THE "SNATCH" ON IT?

I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF HIM HAVING ANY "DOPE" ON YOU.



I WON'T DENY I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, ESPECIALLY AFTER HE RAN OUT AND JUST LEFT THE THING LYING THERE.

BUT THIS IS THE HERE AND NOW, BEN.

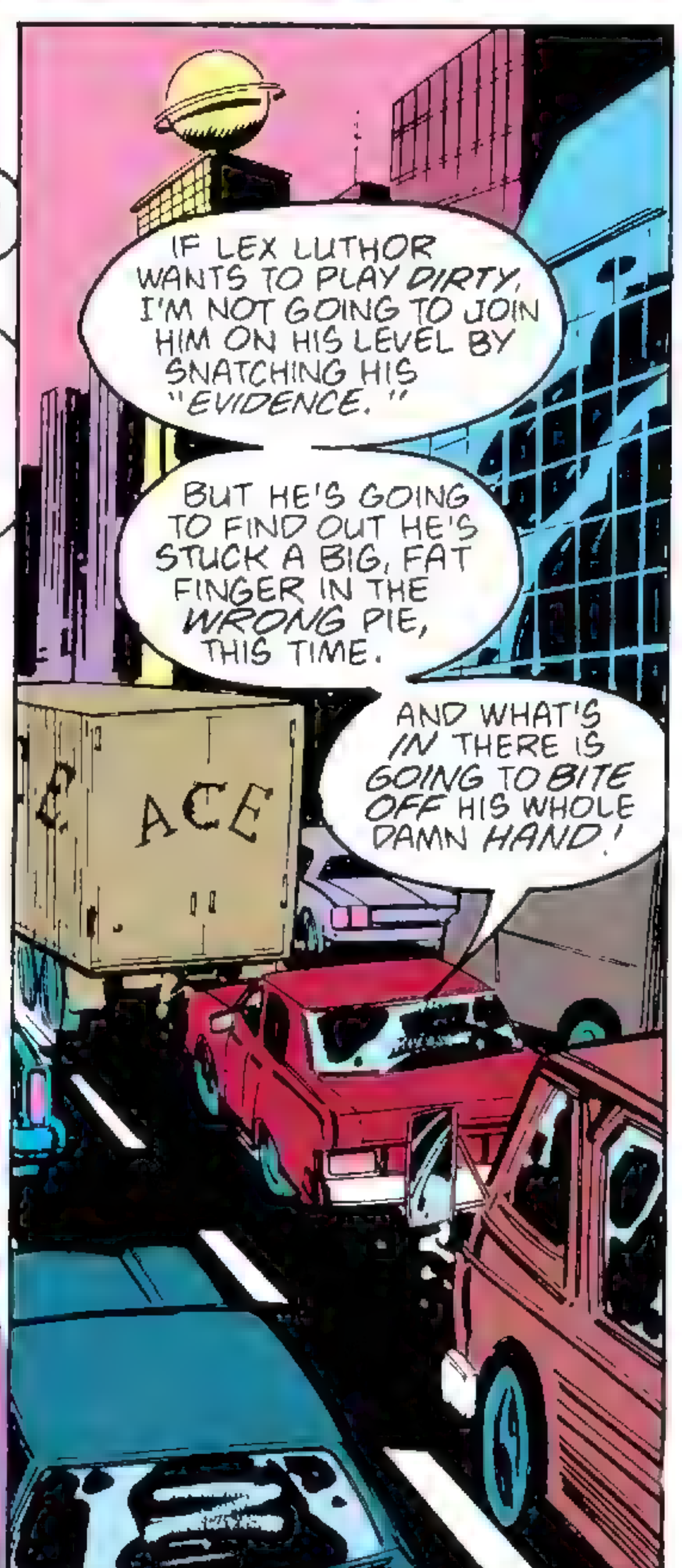
I FOUGHT HARD TO GET WHERE I AM.



IF LEX LUTHOR THINKS I'M GOING TO TUCK MY TAIL BETWEEN MY LEGS AND RUN, JUST BECAUSE HE NOW HOLDS WHAT HE THINKS IS HIS BIG TRUMP...

...HE'S MISJUDGED HIS TARGET.

I TOLD SUPERMAN ONCE THAT WHEN I GAVE UP THE CUSTODY FIGHT FOR MY DAUGHTER AND LEFT STAR CITY IT WAS THE LAST TIME I EVER RAN AWAY. FROM ANYTHING.



IF LEX LUTHOR WANTS TO PLAY DIRTY, I'M NOT GOING TO JOIN HIM ON HIS LEVEL BY SNATCHING HIS "EVIDENCE."

BUT HE'S GOING TO FIND OUT HE'S STUCK A BIG, FAT FINGER IN THE WRONG PIE, THIS TIME.

AND WHAT'S IN THERE IS GOING TO BITE OFF HIS WHOLE DAMN HAND!

A FRIEND IN NEED

JOHN BYRNE - PLOT
ROGER STERN - SCRIPT
CURT SWAN - PENCILS
MURPHY ANDERSON - INKS
ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERS
TOM ZIUKO - COLORS

MILLERSBURG ISN'T MUCH MORE THAN A WIDE SPOT IN THE ROAD. ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE LIVE HERE... MOST OF THEM WORK AT THE PAPER MILL ON THE EDGE OF TOWN.

FOR OVER A YEAR, THE MILL HAS TRANSPORTED TOXIC WASTE THROUGH TOWN--IN VIOLATION OF A WHOLE BUNCH OF ORDINANCES--SLIPPING THE STUFF THROUGH IN OLD GASOLINE TANKERS.

BUT THOSE OLD TANKERS WERE NEVER MEANT TO HAUL CORROSIVE CHEMICALS THIS ONE SPRUNG A SLOW LEAK... RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN.

EVEN WORSE, THE GLINK IGNITED FROM THE HEAT OF THE TANKER'S SPINNING TIRES. NO ONE AROUND HERE WAS EQUIPPED TO HANDLE THIS KIND OF EMERGENCY. IN A FEW MINUTES, THIS TOWN WOULD BE HISTORY!

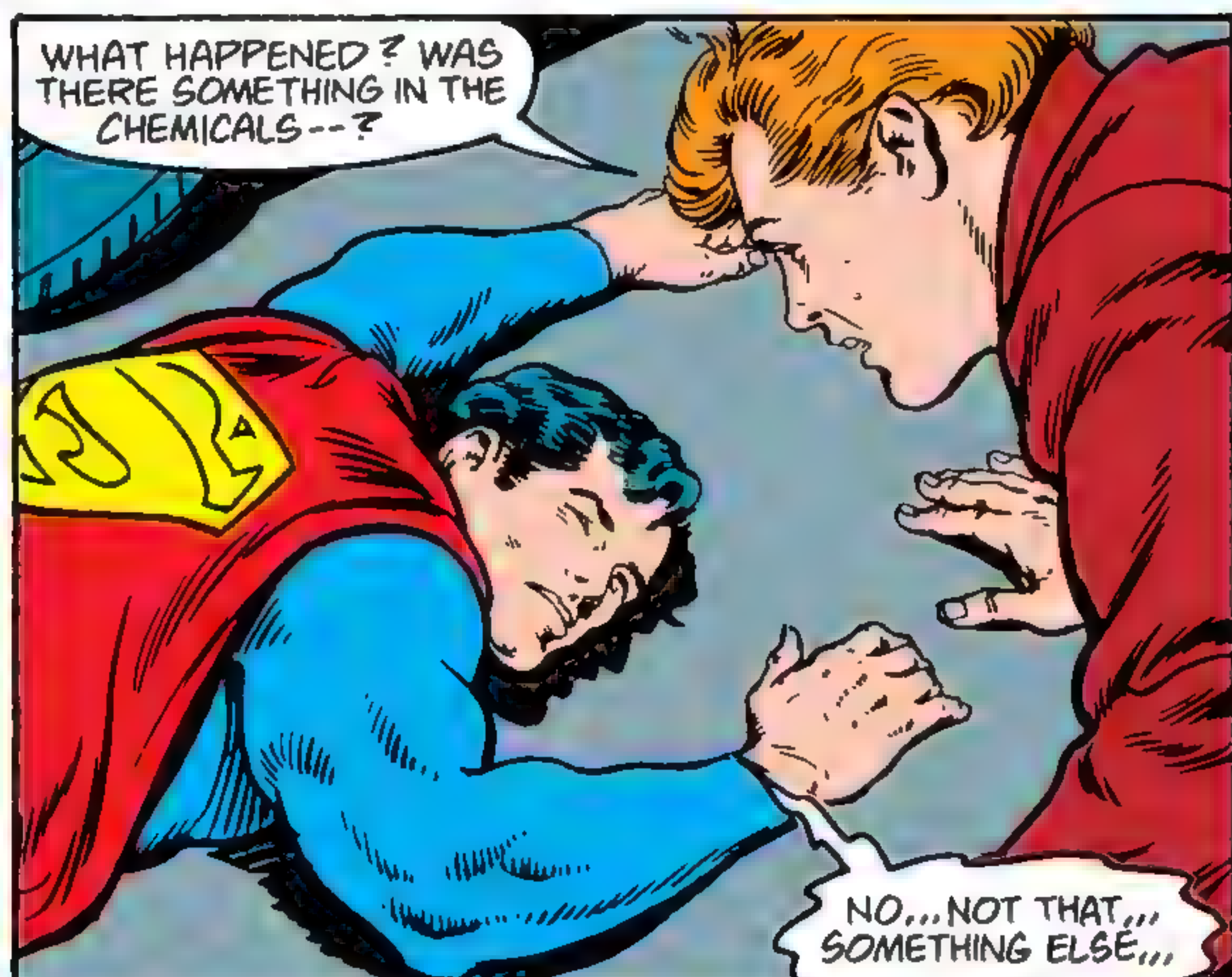
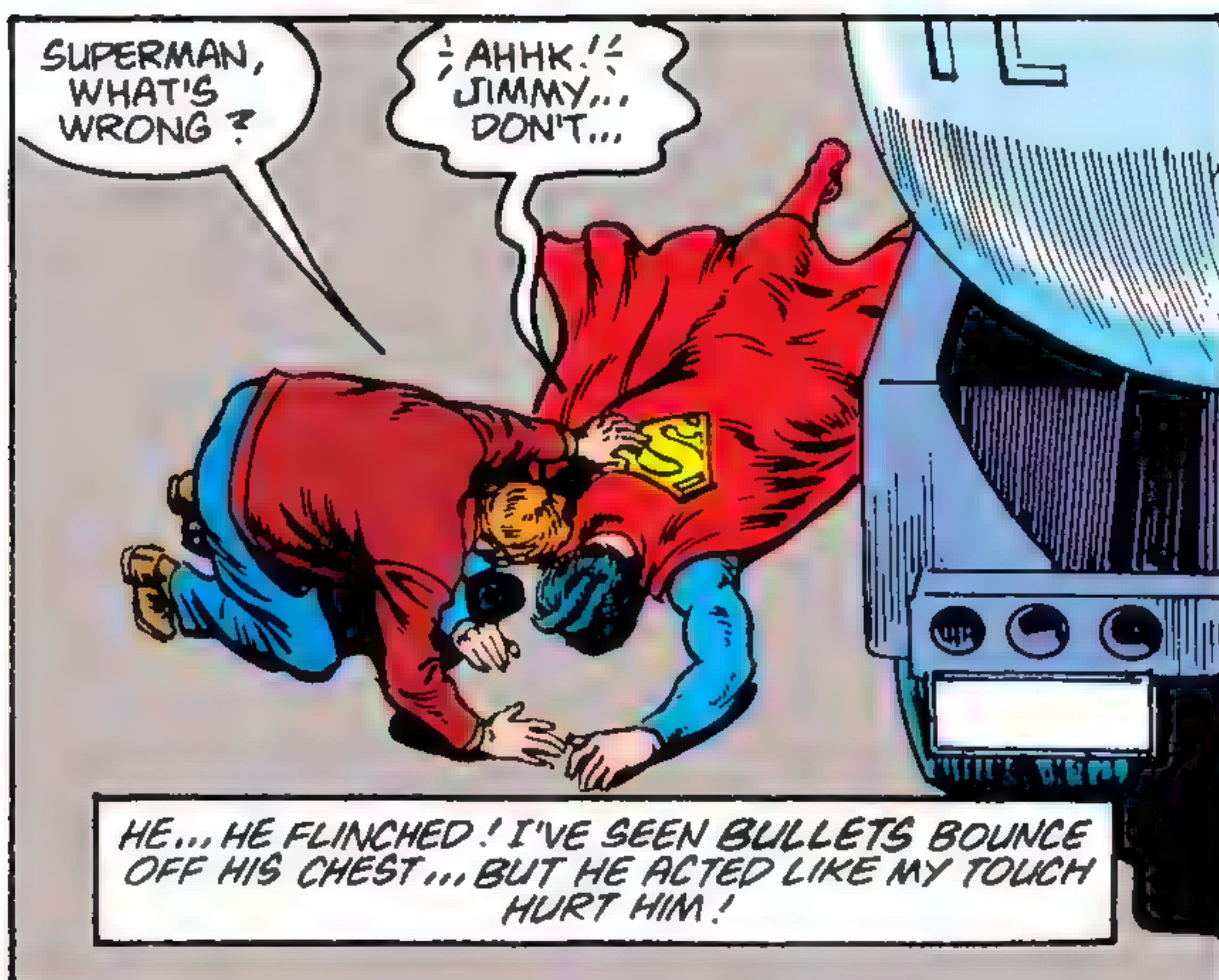
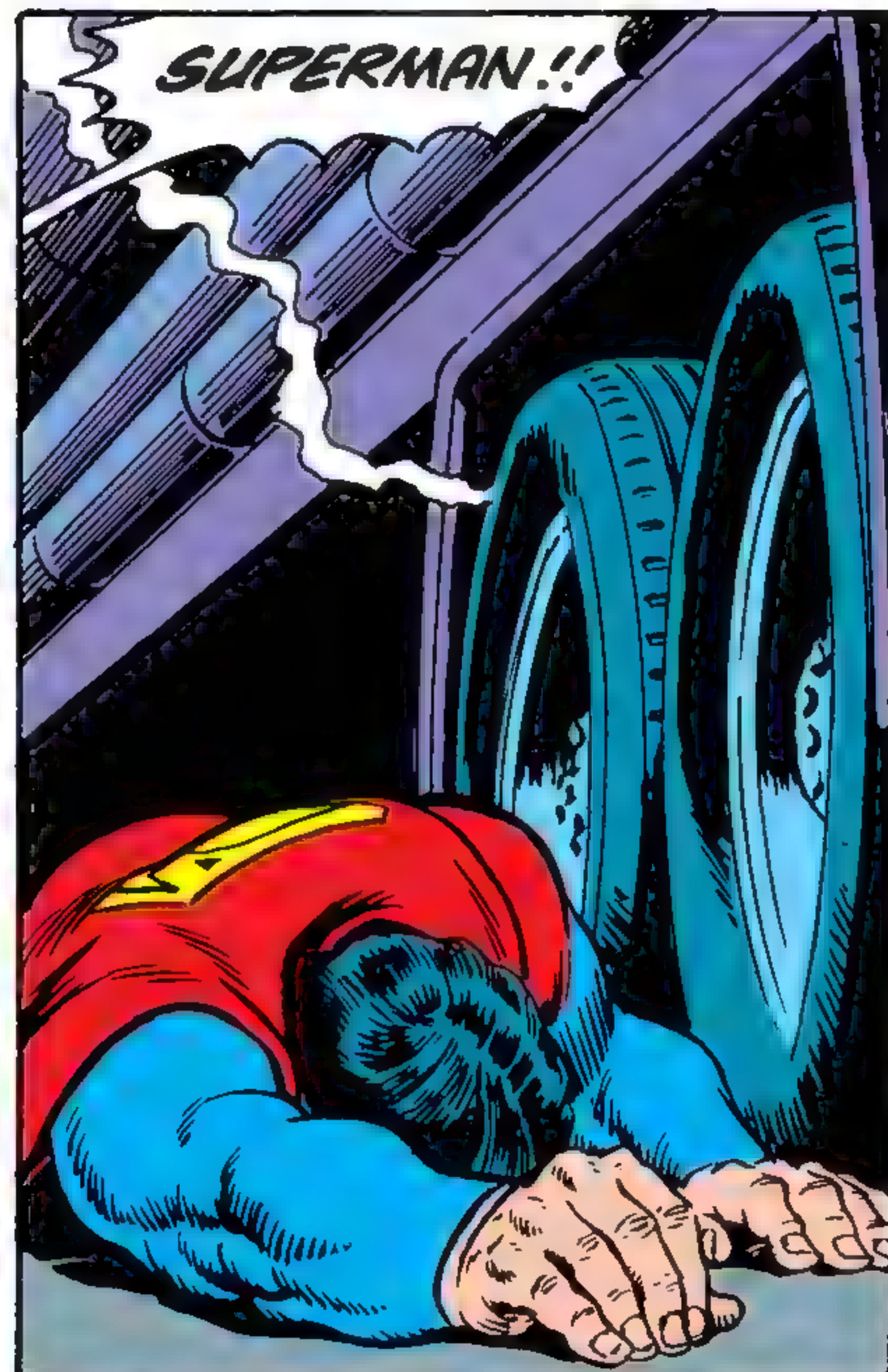
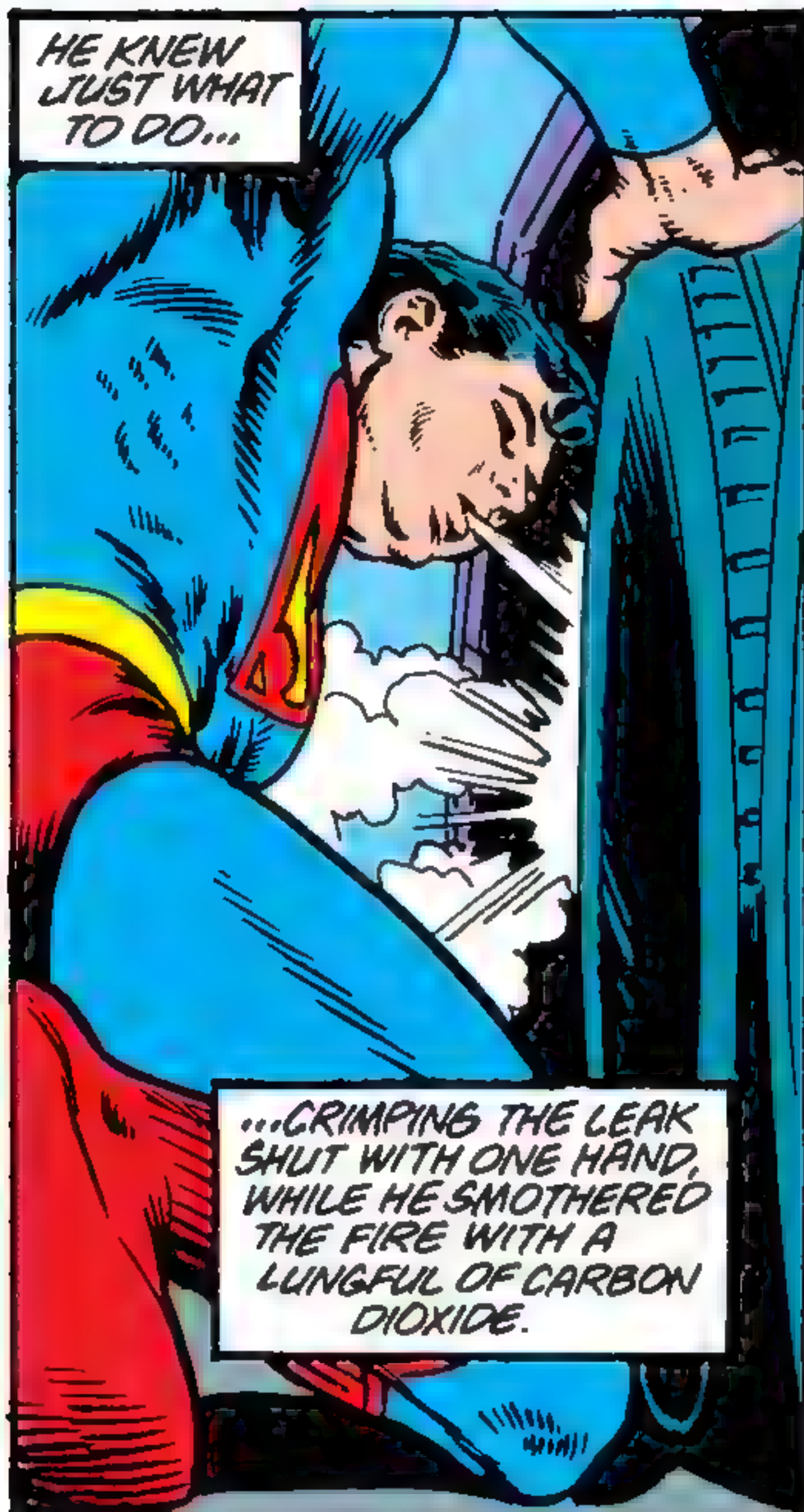
BUT I KNOW ONE GUY WHO COULD STILL SAVE THE DAY... MY PAL... SUPERMAN!

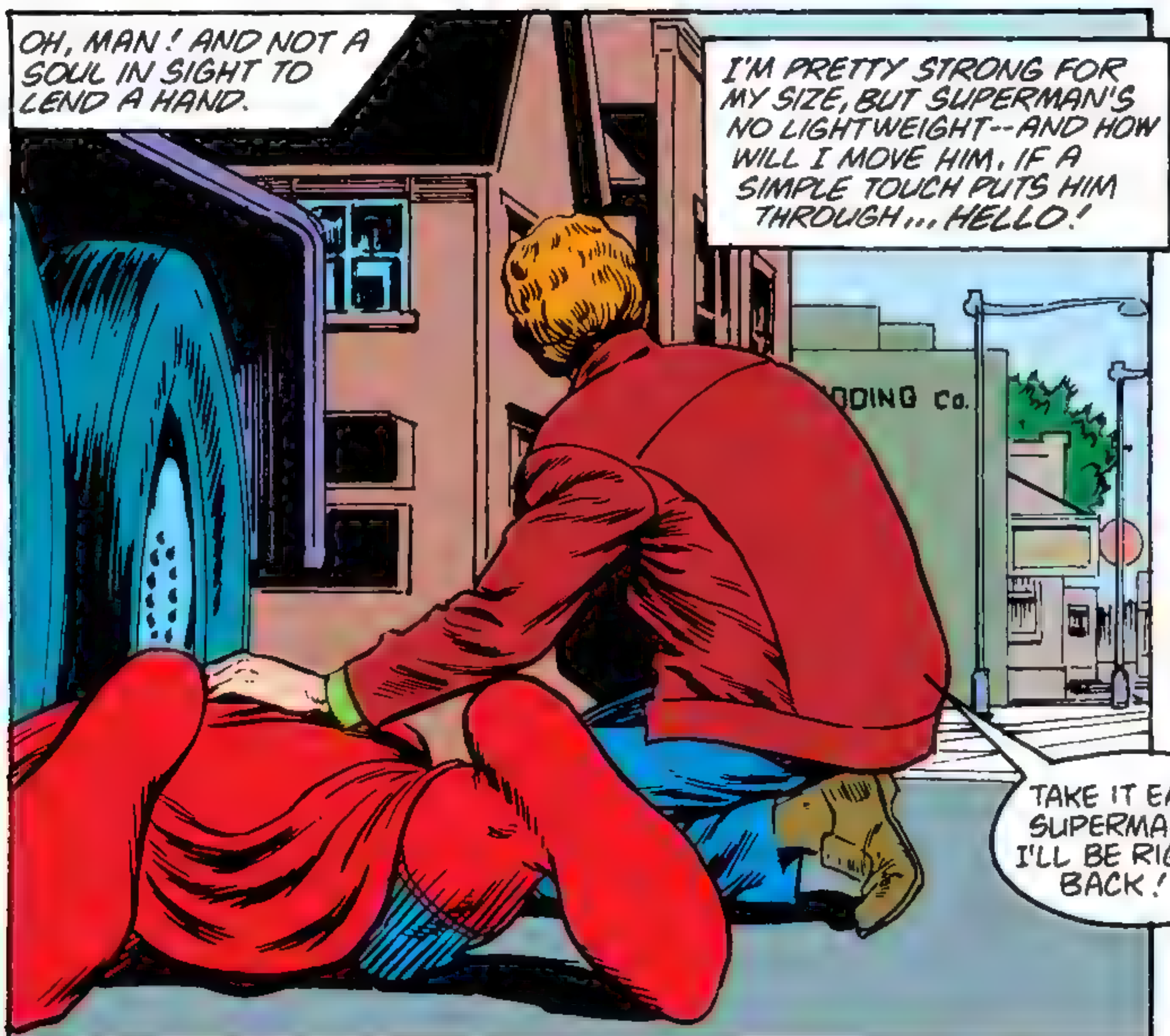
ME? I'M JIMMY OLSEN... I WORK FOR THE DAILY PLANET, BACK IN METROPOLIS. I HOPE THAT'S WHERE MY PAL IS. SEE, I DESIGNED MY WATCH TO EMIT A HIGH FREQUENCY SIGNAL ONLY HE COULD HEAR...

IT'S BEEN EIGHT MINUTES NOW. GUESS SOMEONE ELSE'LL HAVE TO FILE THE STORY I WAS... NO, WAIT!

...BUT THE CITY IS ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES AWAY. IT'LL TAKE OVER SEVEN MINUTES FOR THE SIGNAL TO REACH HIM, IF HE'S THERE. IF HE'S NOT... WELL, I'LL BE HISTORY, TOO.

HE HEARD! HE'S HERE! ALL RIGHT, NOW WE'LL SEE SOME ACTION!

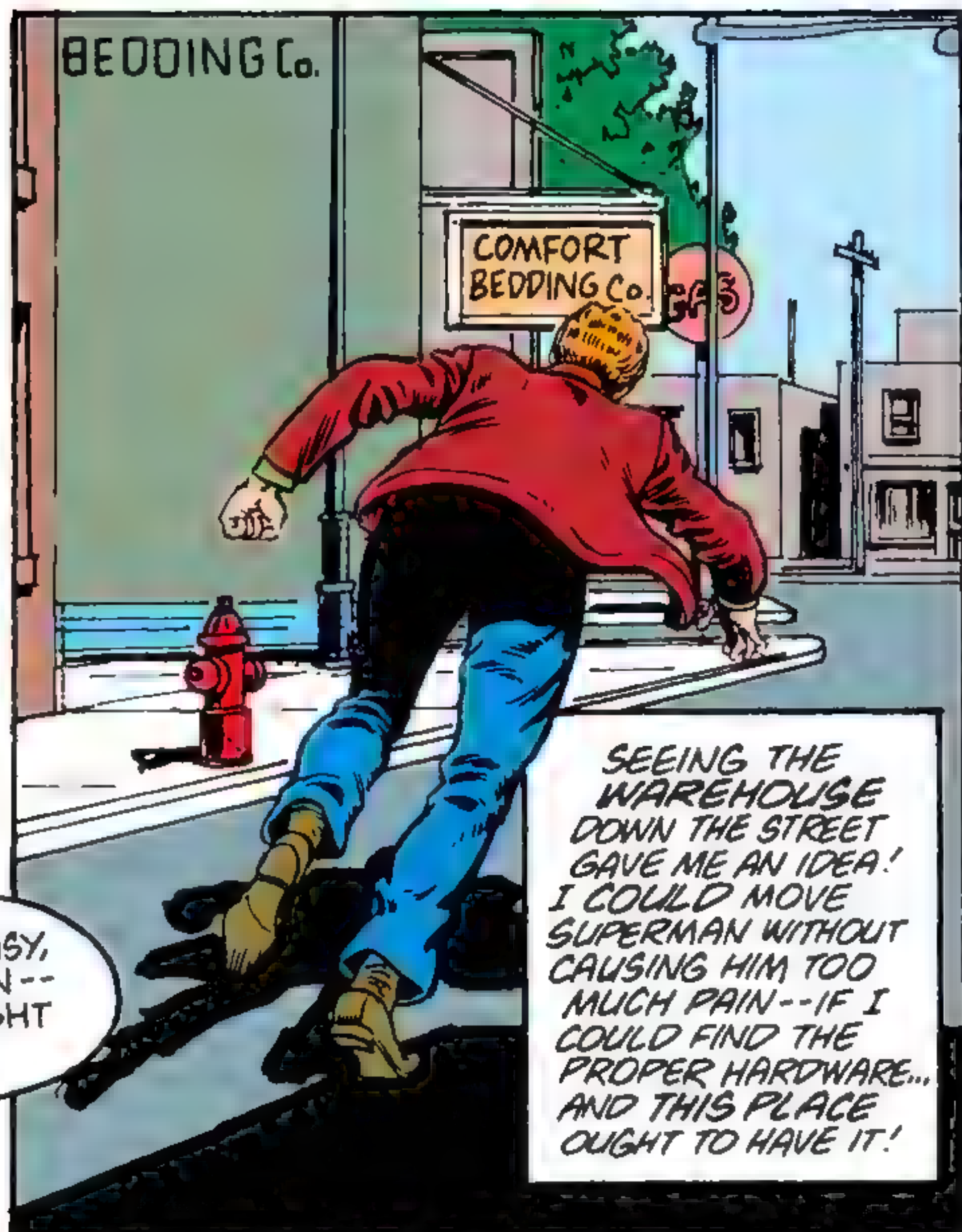




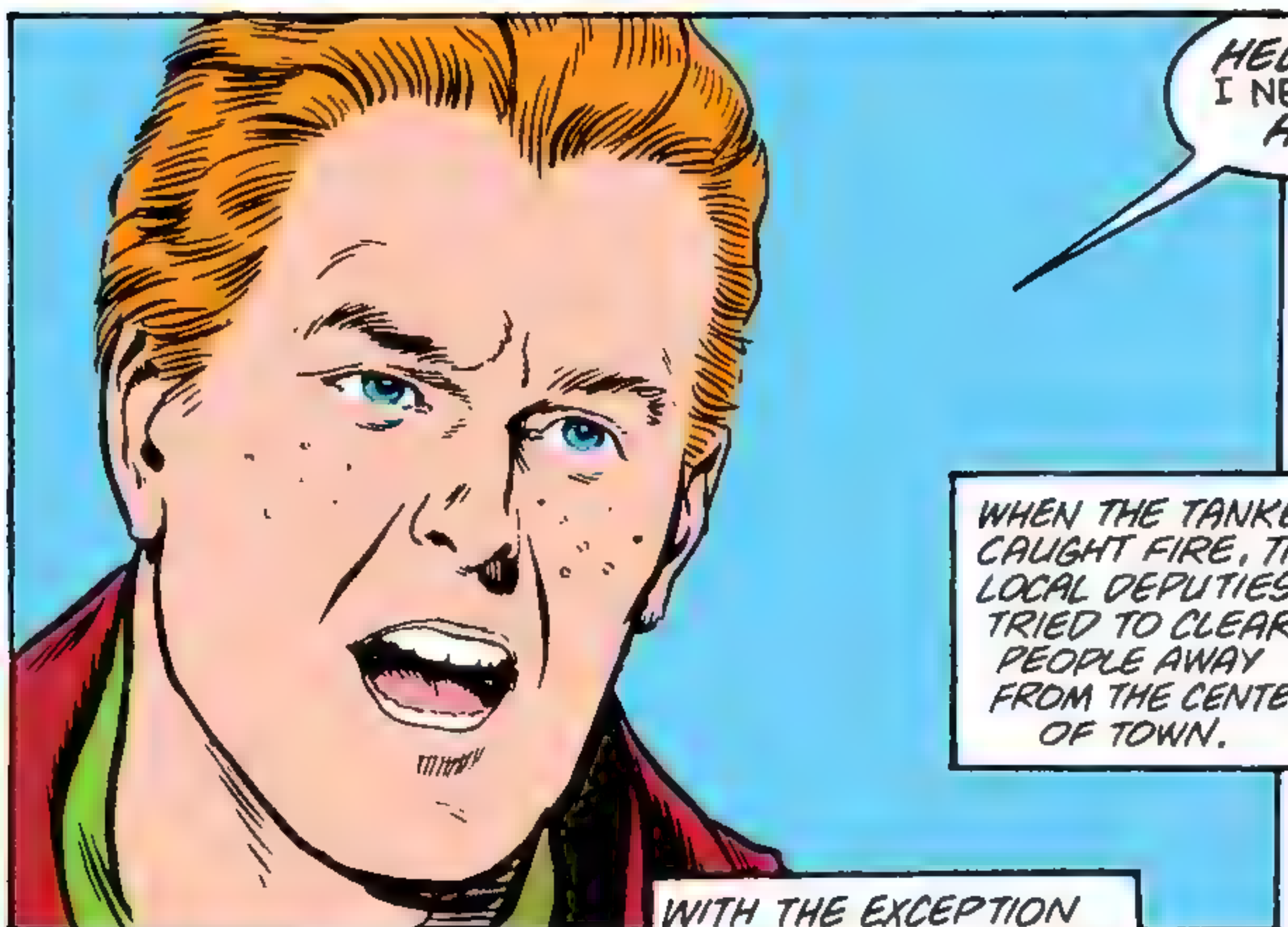
OH, MAN! AND NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT TO LEND A HAND.

I'M PRETTY STRONG FOR MY SIZE, BUT SUPERMAN'S NO LIGHTWEIGHT--AND HOW WILL I MOVE HIM, IF A SIMPLE TOUCH PUTS HIM THROUGH... HELLO!

TAKE IT EASY, SUPERMAN-- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



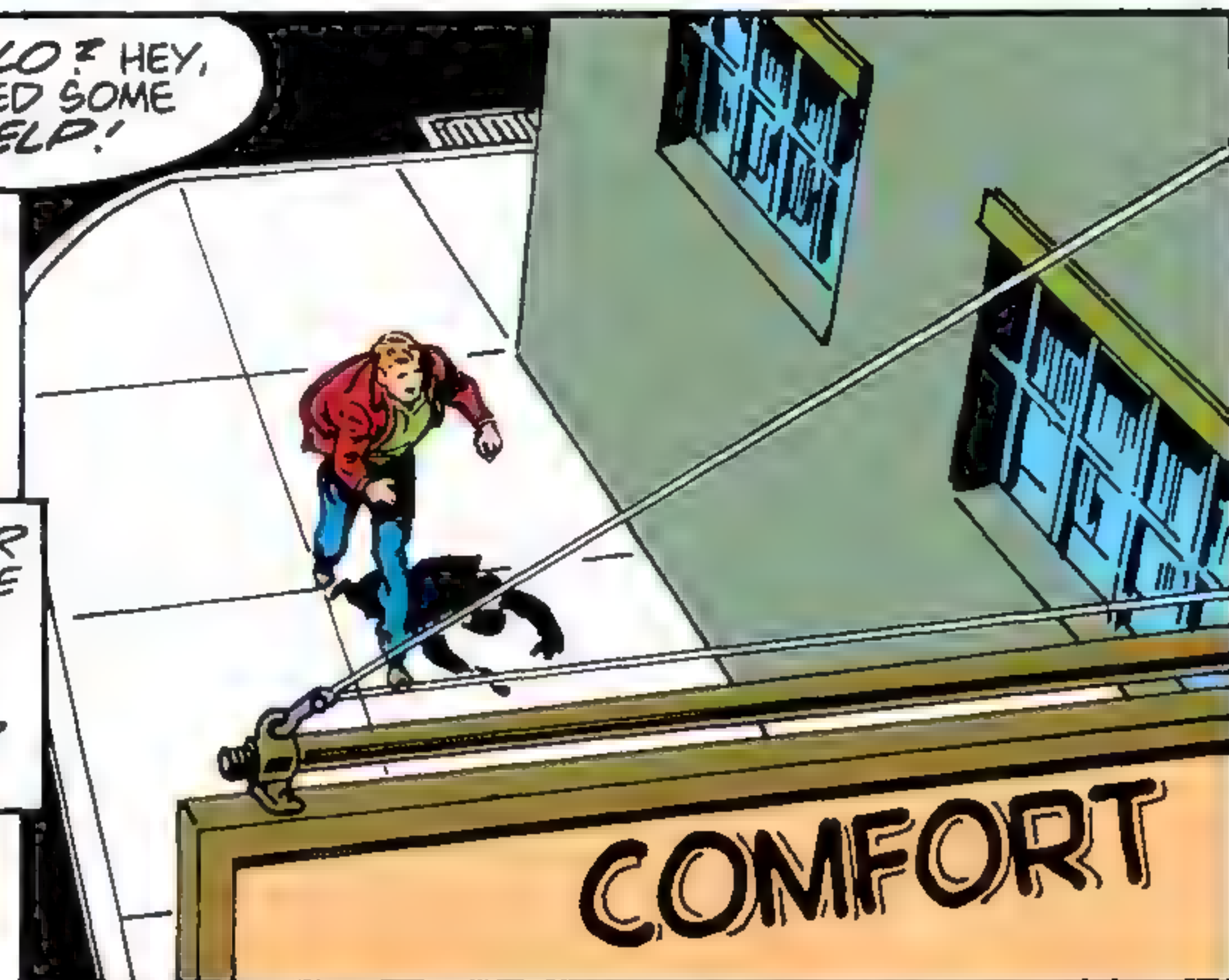
SEEING THE WAREHOUSE DOWN THE STREET GAVE ME AN IDEA! I COULD MOVE SUPERMAN WITHOUT CAUSING HIM TOO MUCH PAIN--IF I COULD FIND THE PROPER HARDWARE... AND THIS PLACE OUGHT TO HAVE IT!



HELLO? HEY, I NEED SOME HELP!

WHEN THE TANKER CAUGHT FIRE, THE LOCAL DEPUTIES TRIED TO CLEAR PEOPLE AWAY FROM THE CENTER OF TOWN.

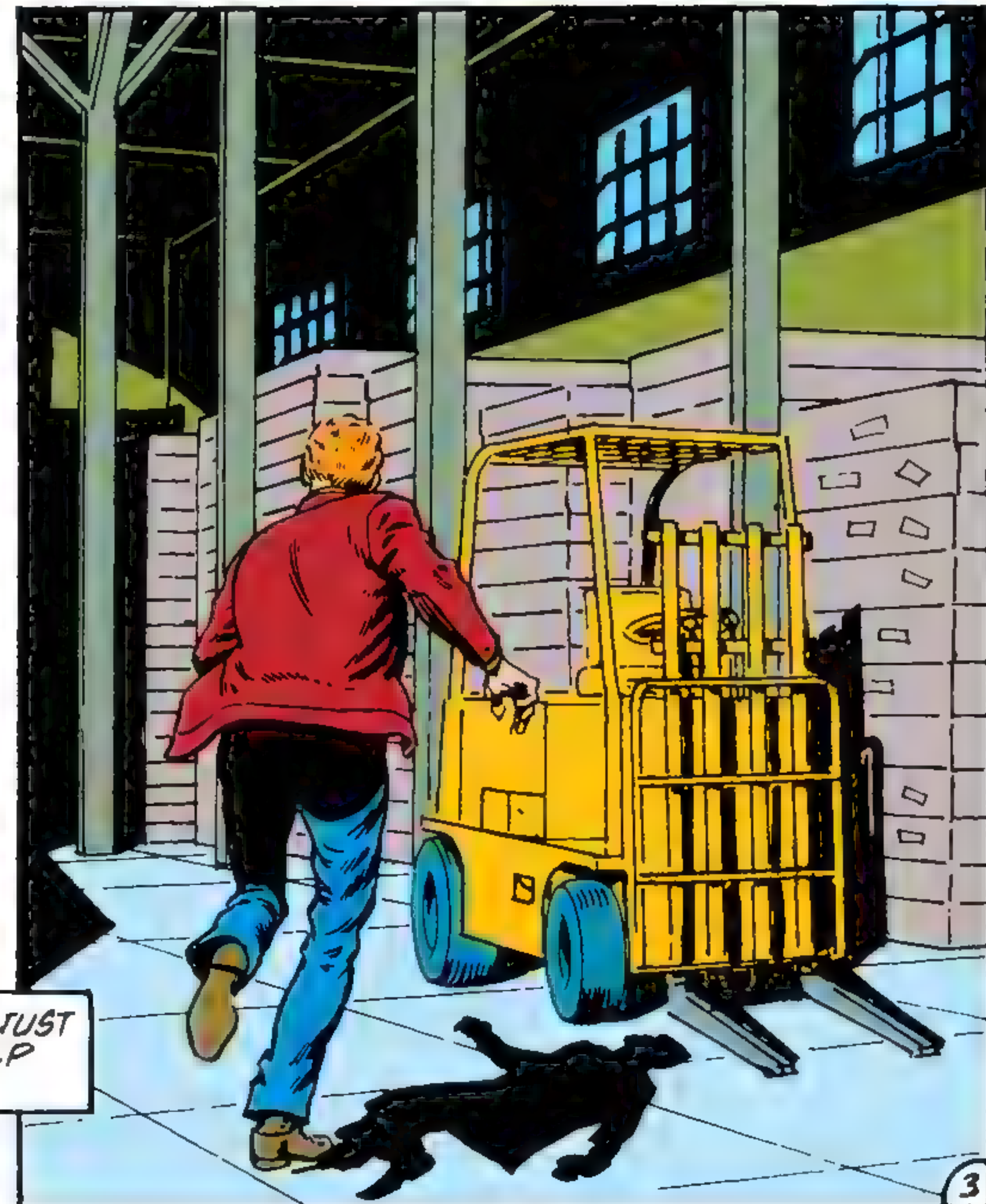
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ME, IT LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE PRETTY SUCCESSFUL.



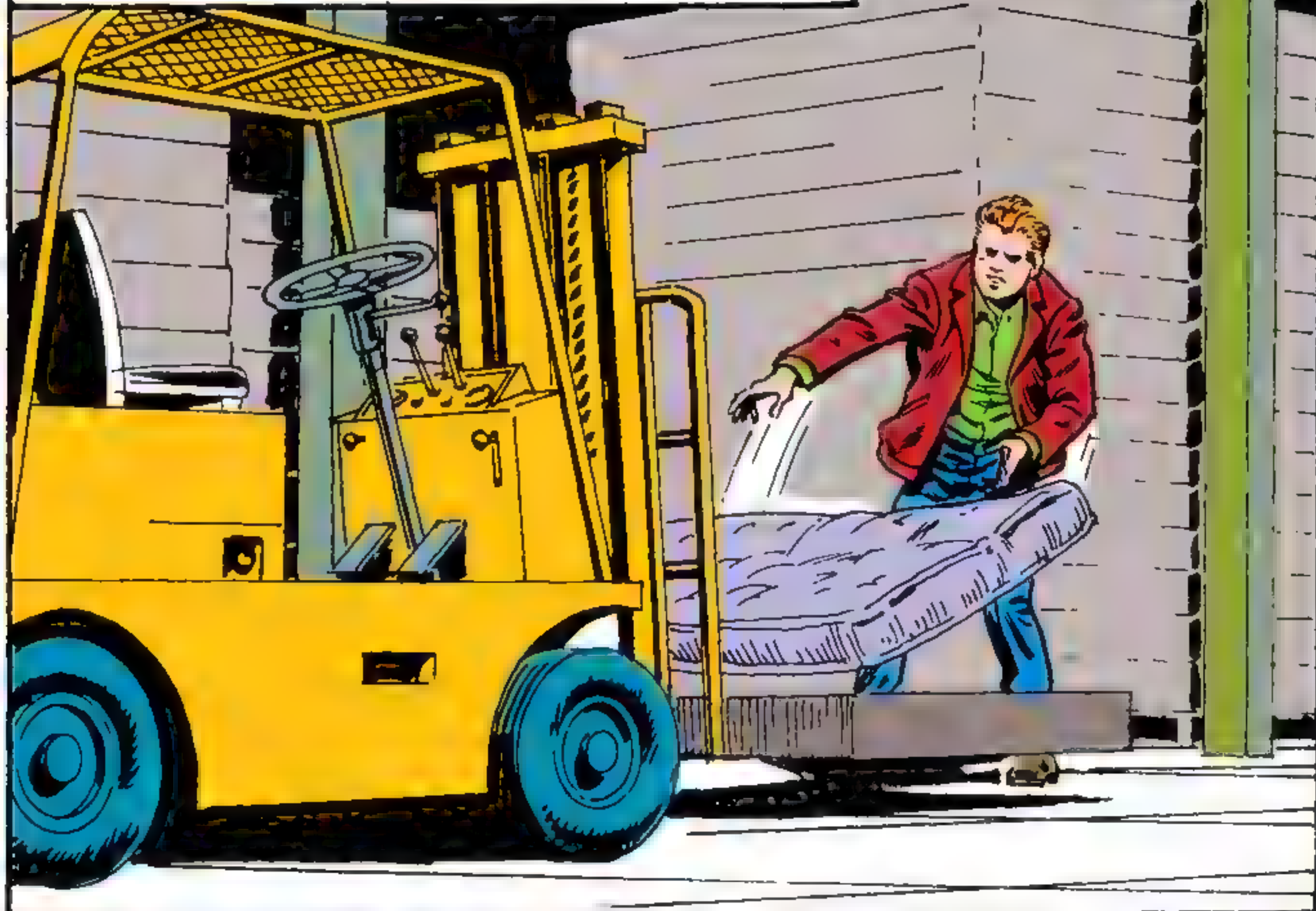
ISN'T ANYBODY IN HERE?

GUESS NOT.

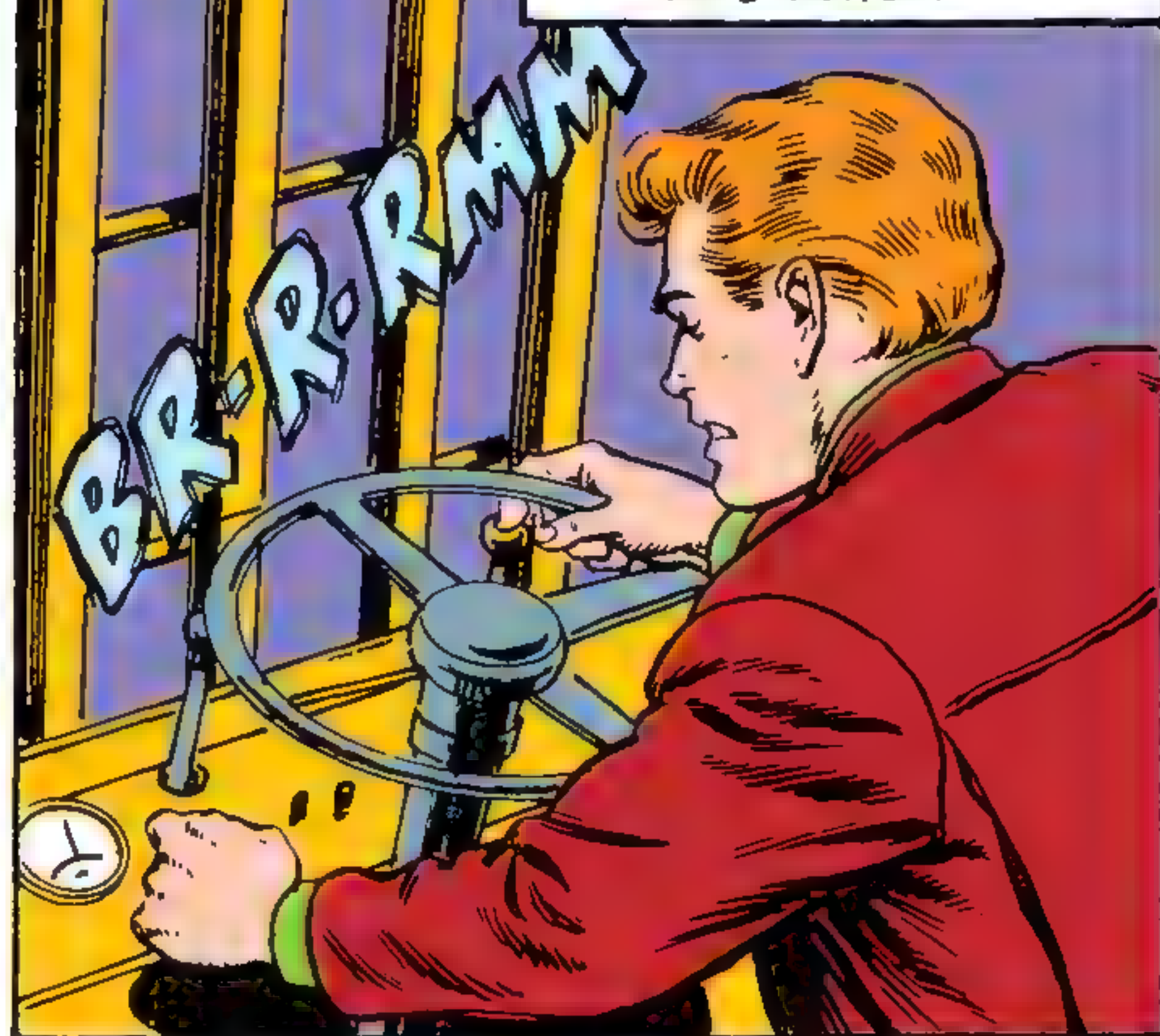
GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO HELP MYSELF!



AN EXTRA-FIRM BOX SPRING TO SUPPORT HIS WEIGHT... AND AN EXTRA-SOFT MATTRESS TO CUSHION THE RIDE... YEAH, THIS SHOULD WORK.



LET'S SEE... I USED TO WATCH THE PRINTERS USE THESE THINGS ON THE PLANET LOADING DOCK... AH, HERE'S THE STARTER!

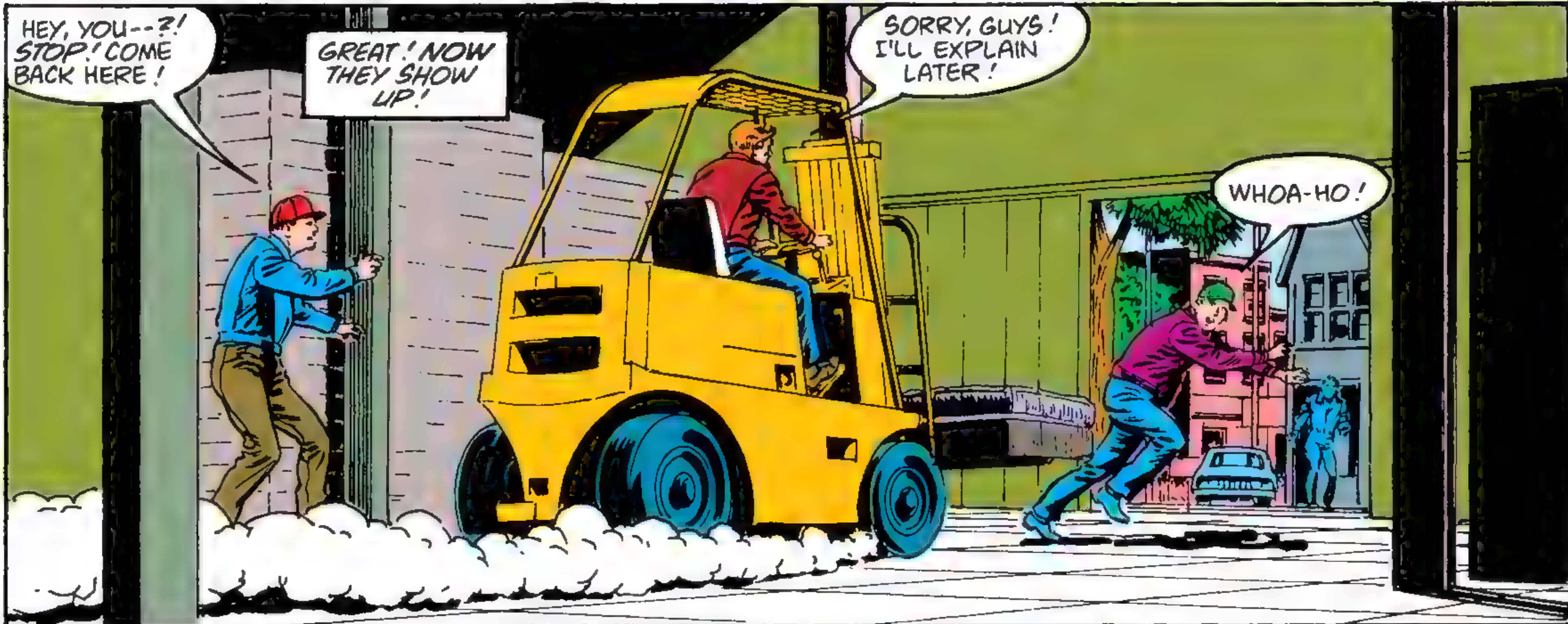


HEY, YOU--?! STOP! COME BACK HERE!

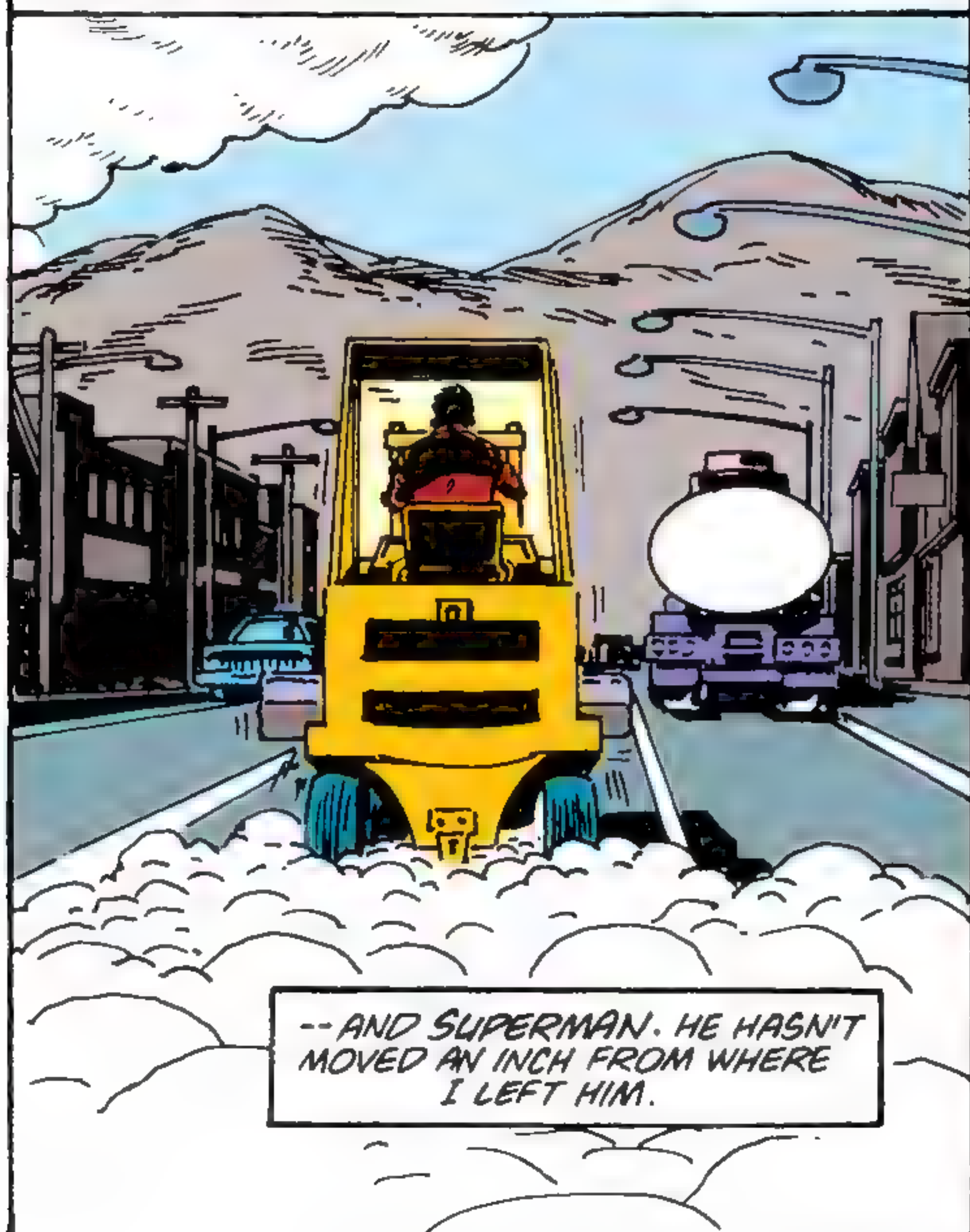
GREAT! NOW THEY SHOW UP!

SORRY, GUYS! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

WHOA-HO!



THE SMOKE FROM THE FIRE HAS JUST ABOUT DISSIPATED... BUT THE STREETS ARE STILL DESERTED. IT'S WEIRD... THERE'S NOT A SOUL ON THE MAIN DRAG 'CEPT FOR ME--

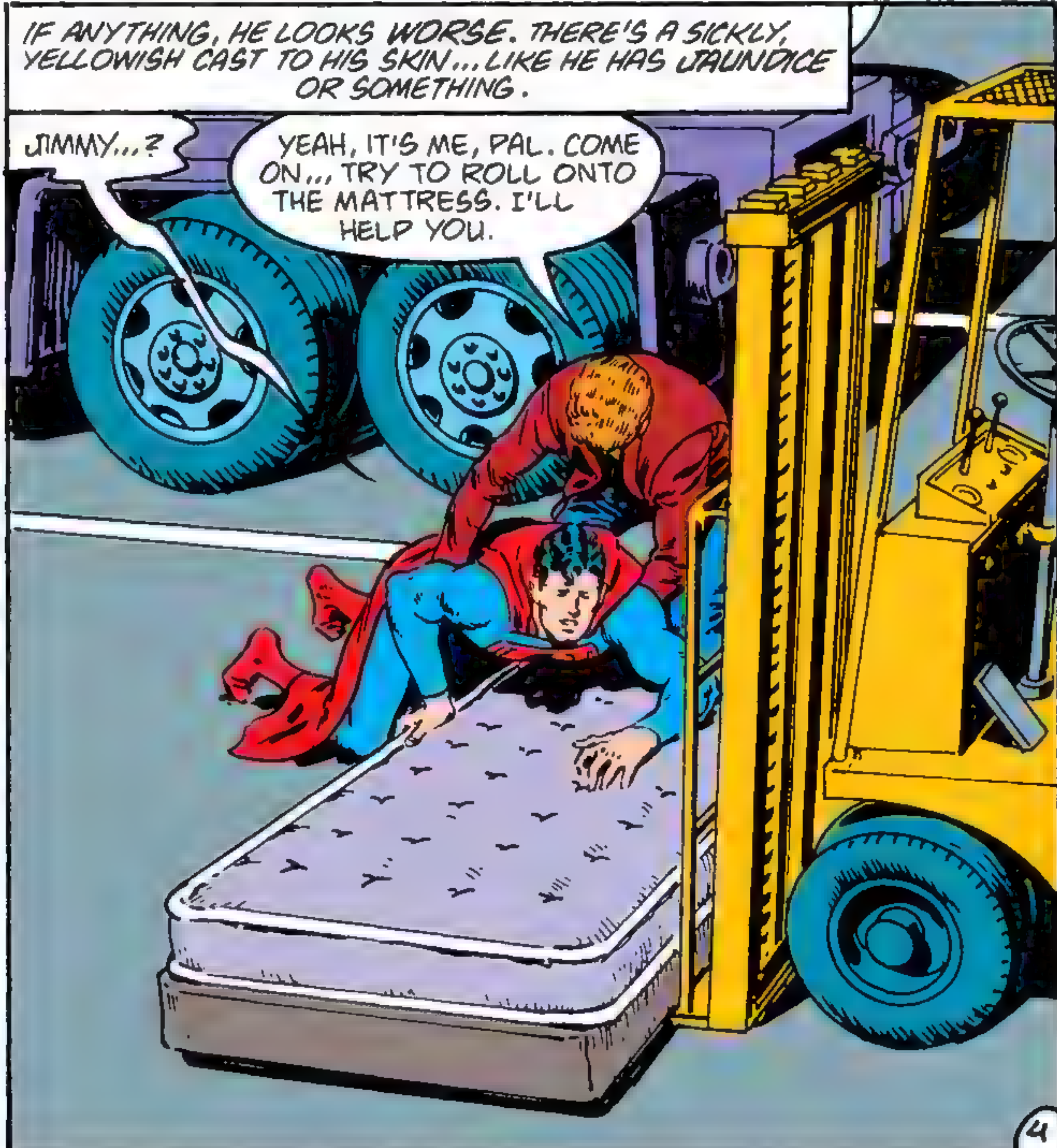


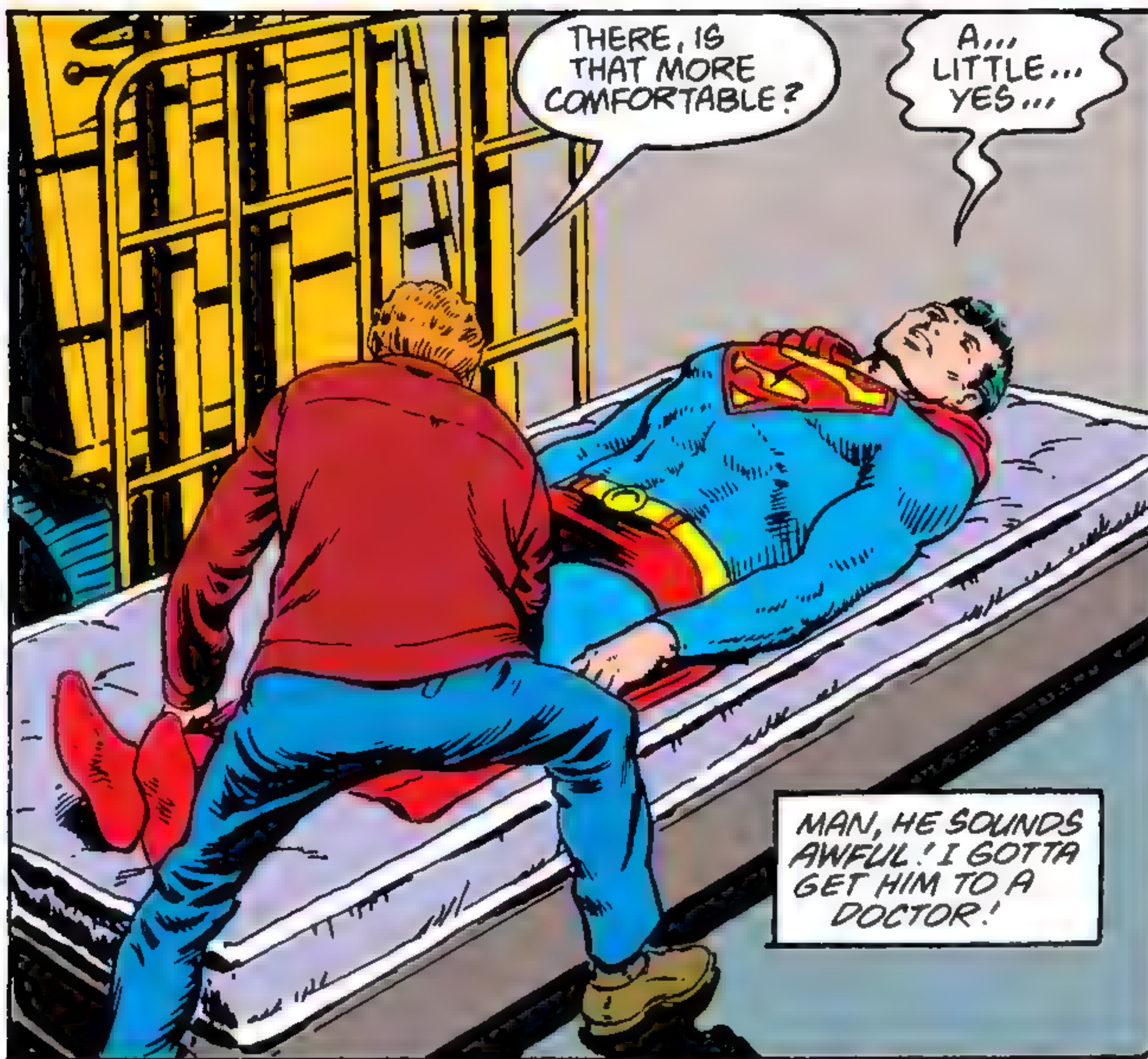
-- AND SUPERMAN. HE HASN'T MOVED AN INCH FROM WHERE I LEFT HIM.

IF ANYTHING, HE LOOKS WORSE. THERE'S A SICKLY, YELLOWISH CAST TO HIS SKIN... LIKE HE HAS JAUNDICE OR SOMETHING.

JIMMY...?

YEAH, IT'S ME, PAL. COME ON... TRY TO ROLL ONTO THE MATTRESS. I'LL HELP YOU.

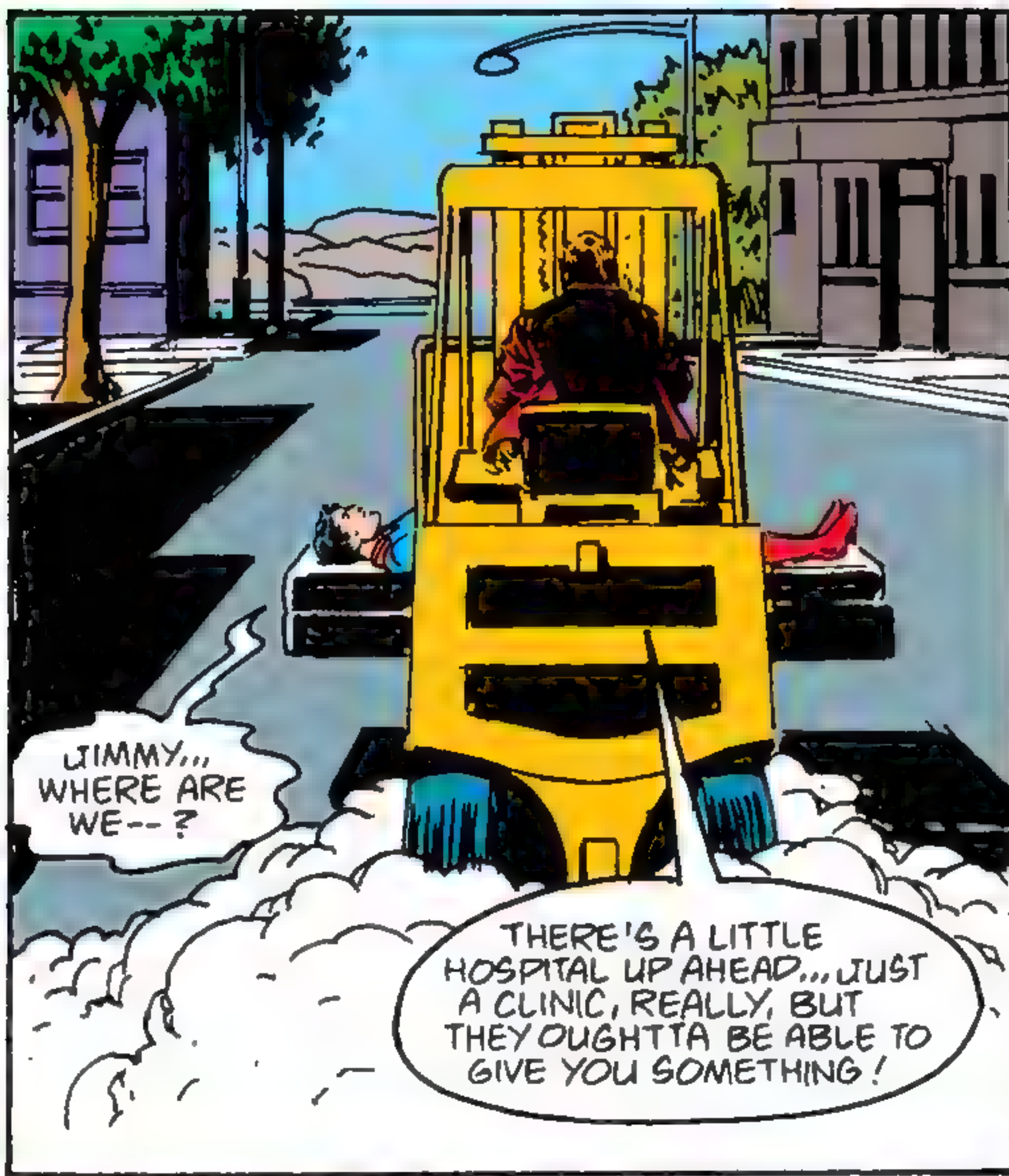




THERE, IS THAT MORE COMFORTABLE?

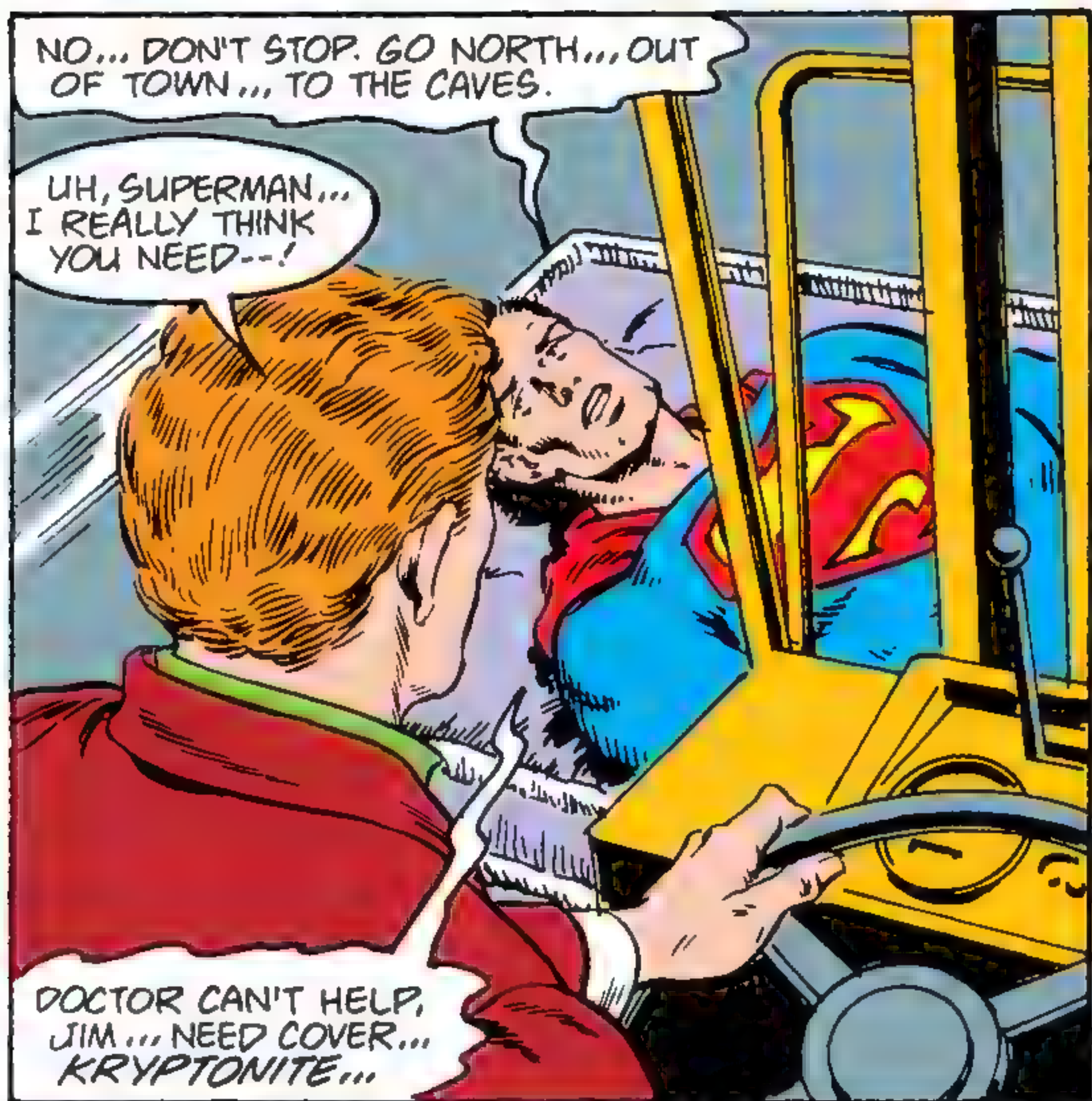
A... LITTLE... YES...

MAN, HE SOUNDS AWFUL! I GOTTA GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!



JIMMY... WHERE ARE WE--?

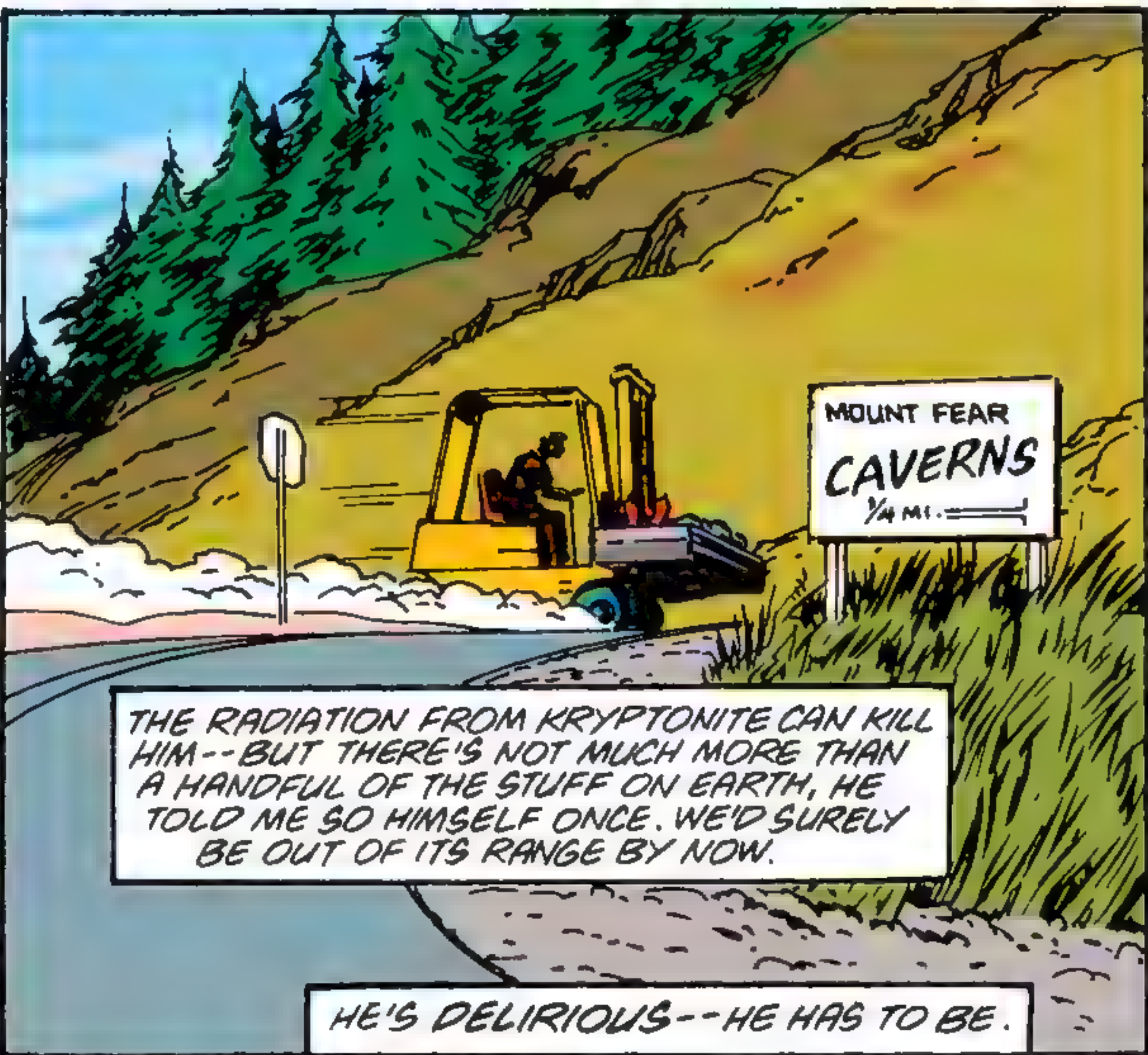
THERE'S A LITTLE HOSPITAL UP AHEAD... JUST A CLINIC, REALLY, BUT THEY OUGHTTA BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING!



NO... DON'T STOP. GO NORTH... OUT OF TOWN... TO THE CAVES.

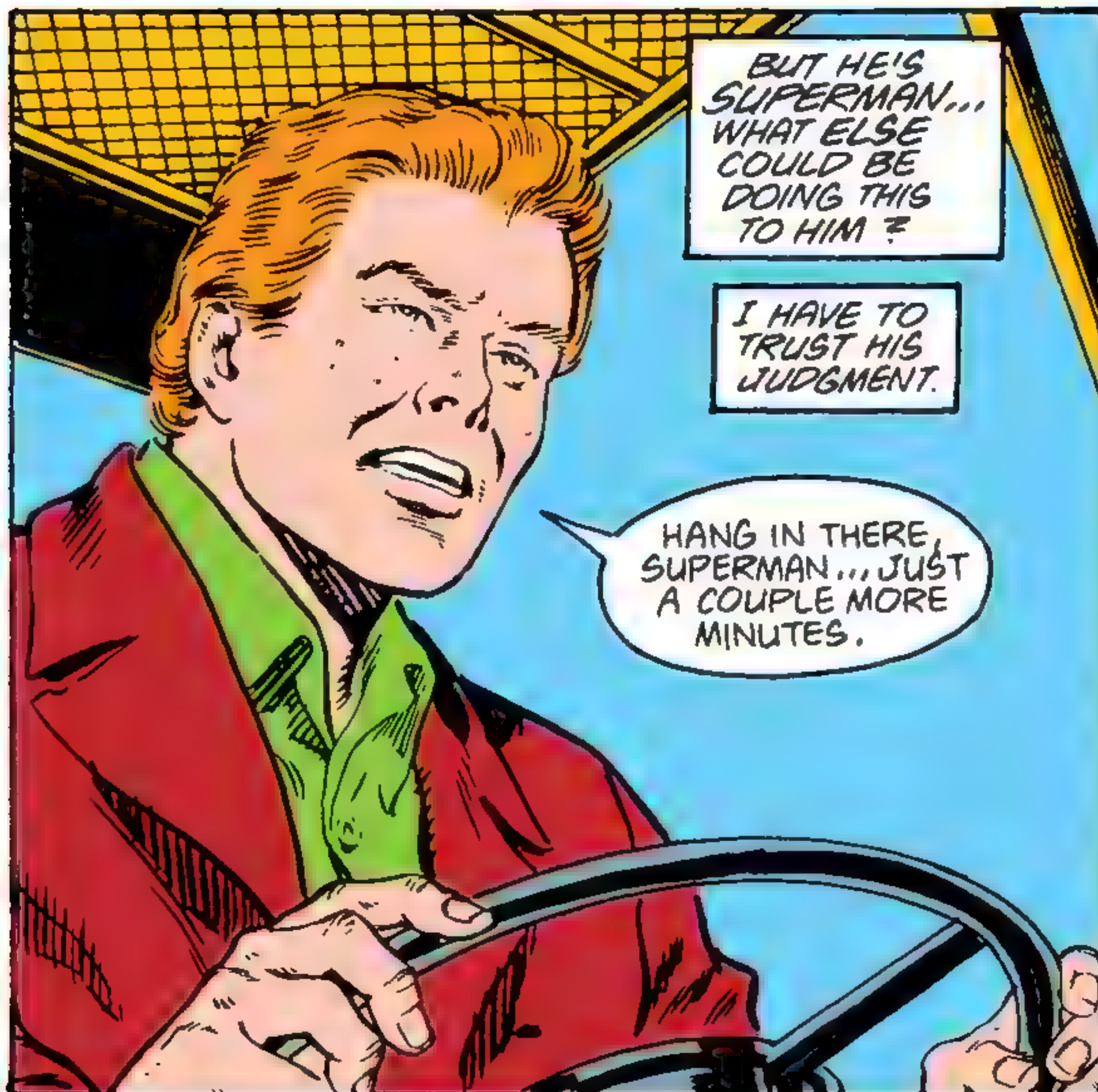
UH, SUPERMAN... I REALLY THINK YOU NEED--!

DOCTOR CAN'T HELP, JIM... NEED COVER... KRYPTONITE...



THE RADIATION FROM KRYPTONITE CAN KILL HIM-- BUT THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE THAN A HANDFUL OF THE STUFF ON EARTH, HE TOLD ME SO HIMSELF ONCE. WE'D SURELY BE OUT OF ITS RANGE BY NOW.

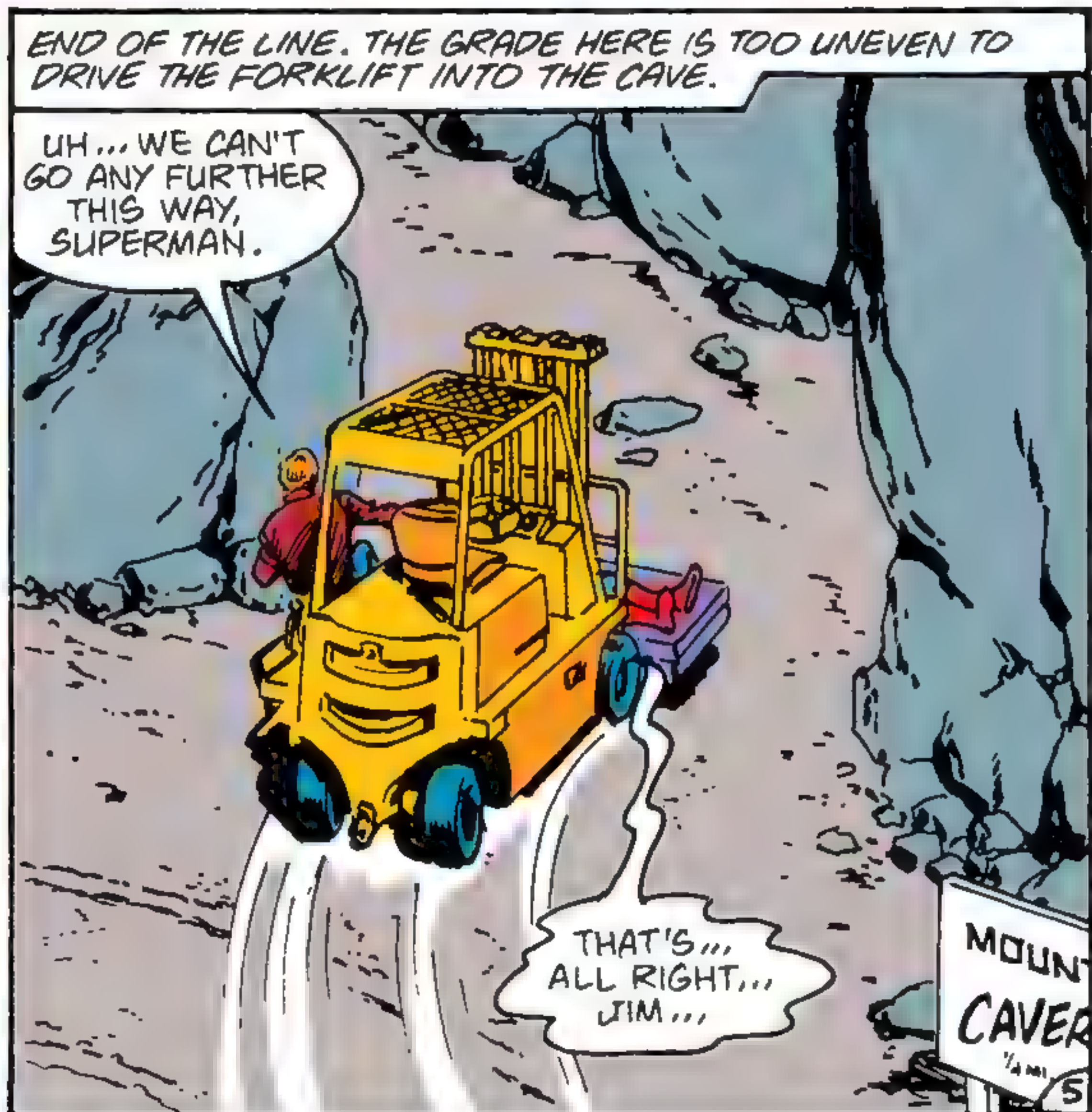
HE'S DELIRIOUS-- HE HAS TO BE.



BUT HE'S SUPERMAN... WHAT ELSE COULD BE DOING THIS TO HIM?

I HAVE TO TRUST HIS JUDGMENT.

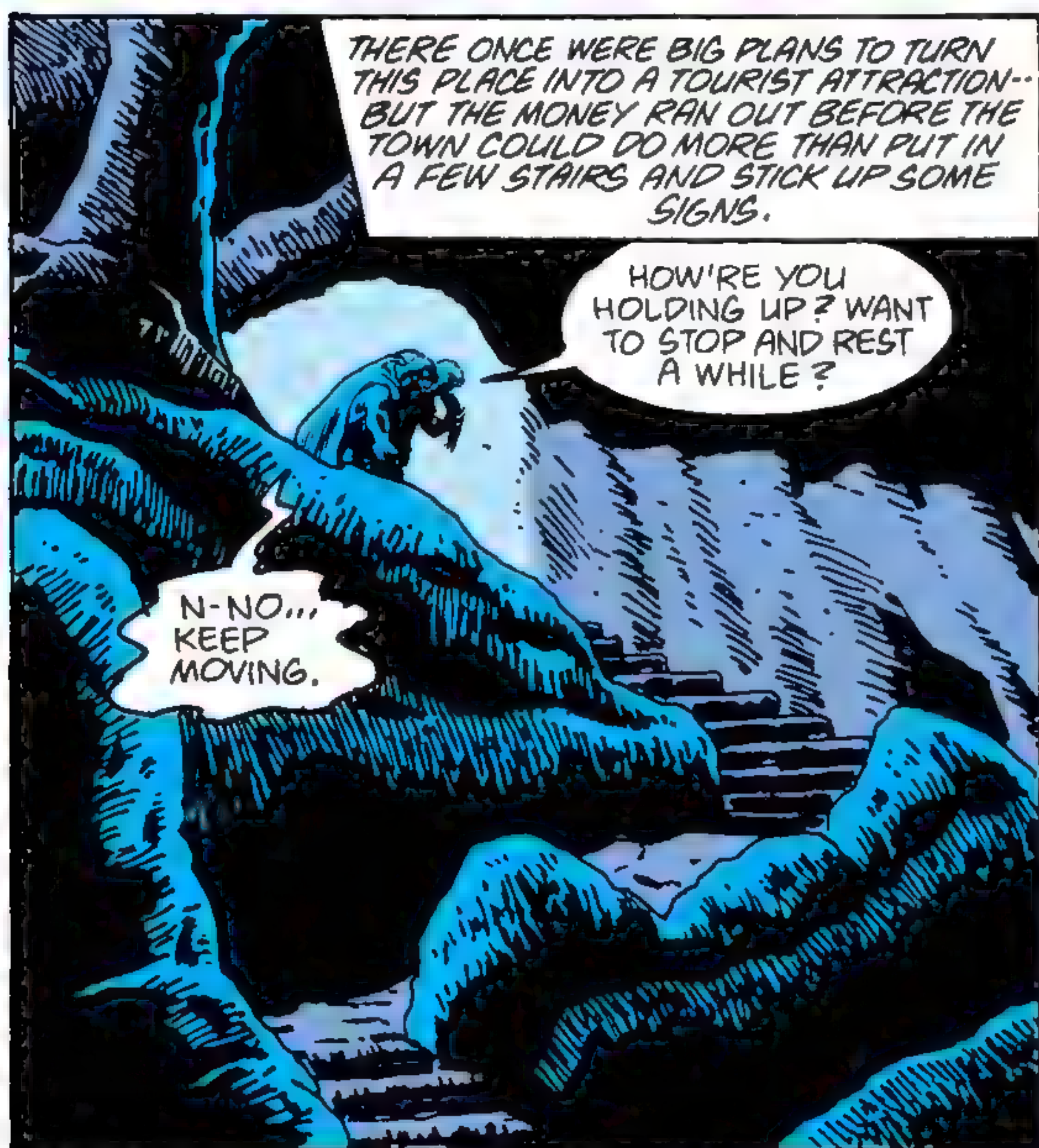
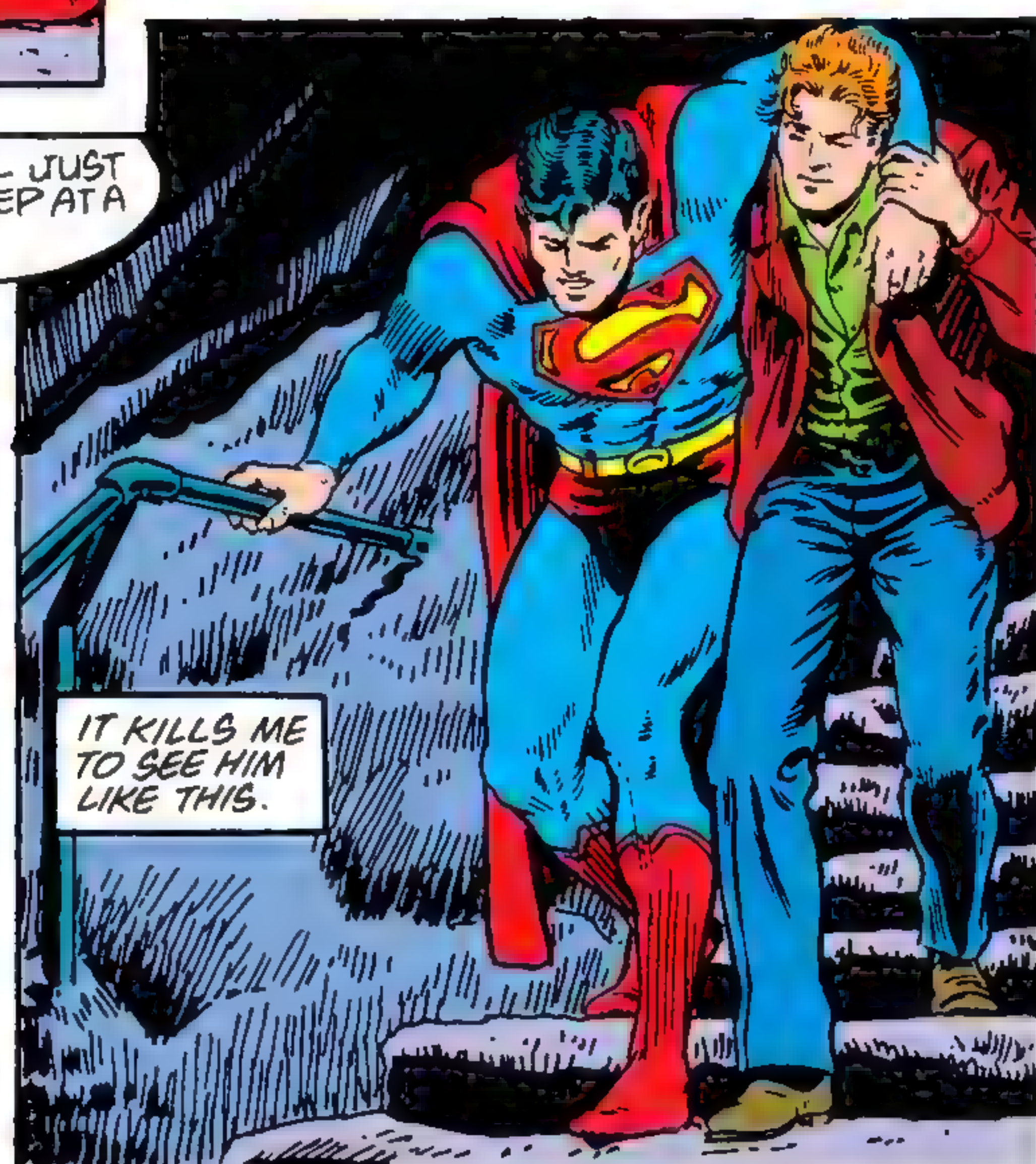
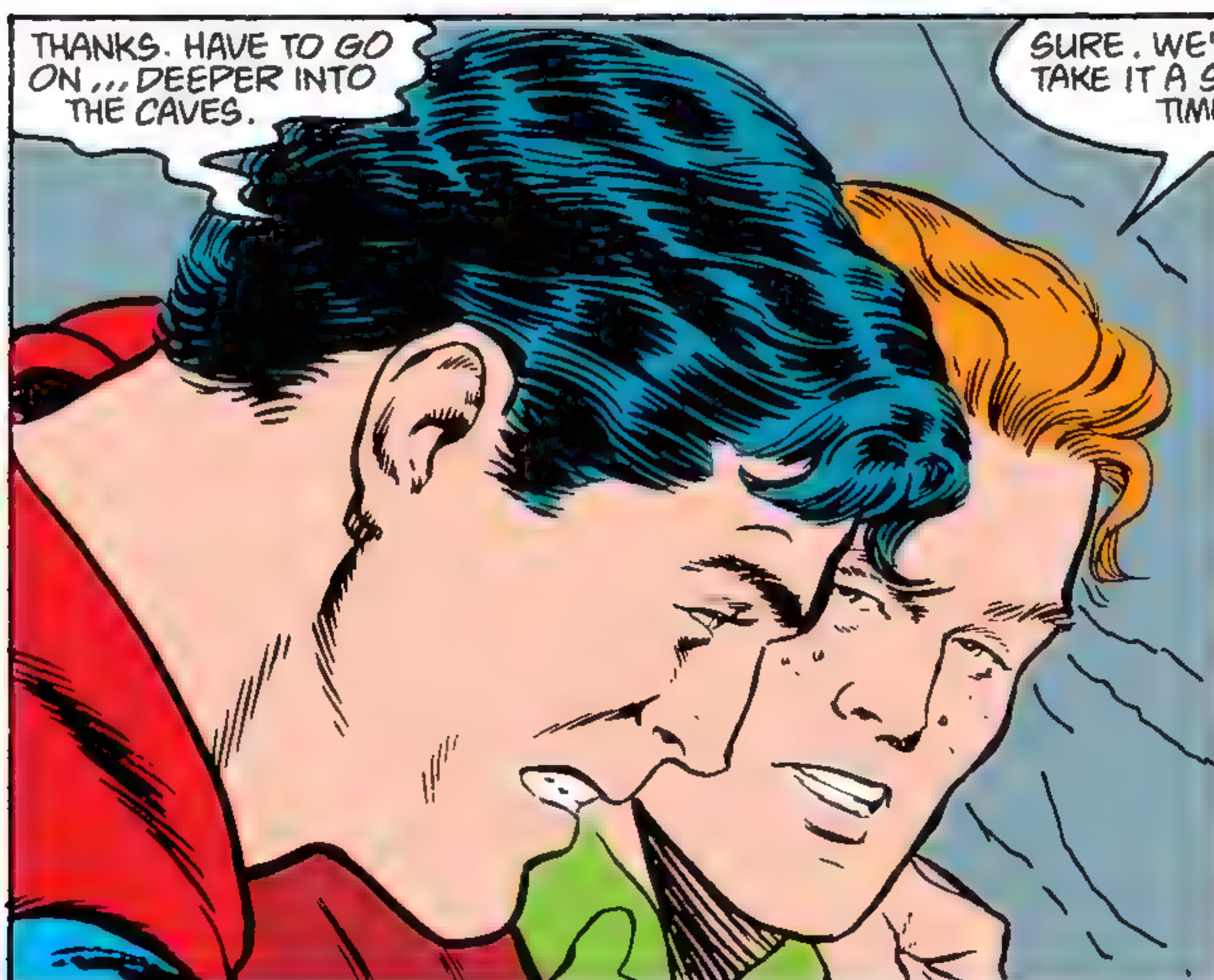
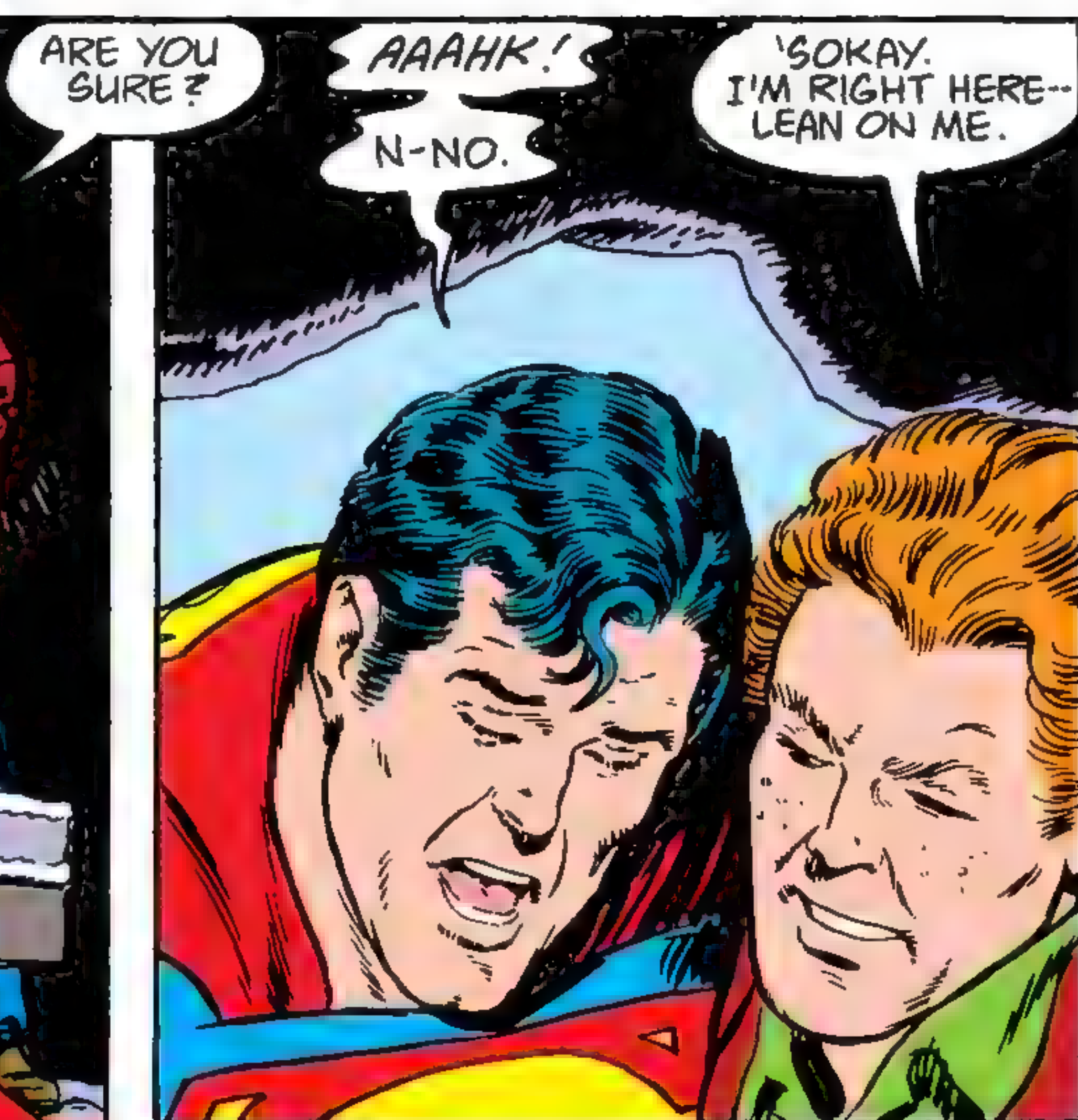
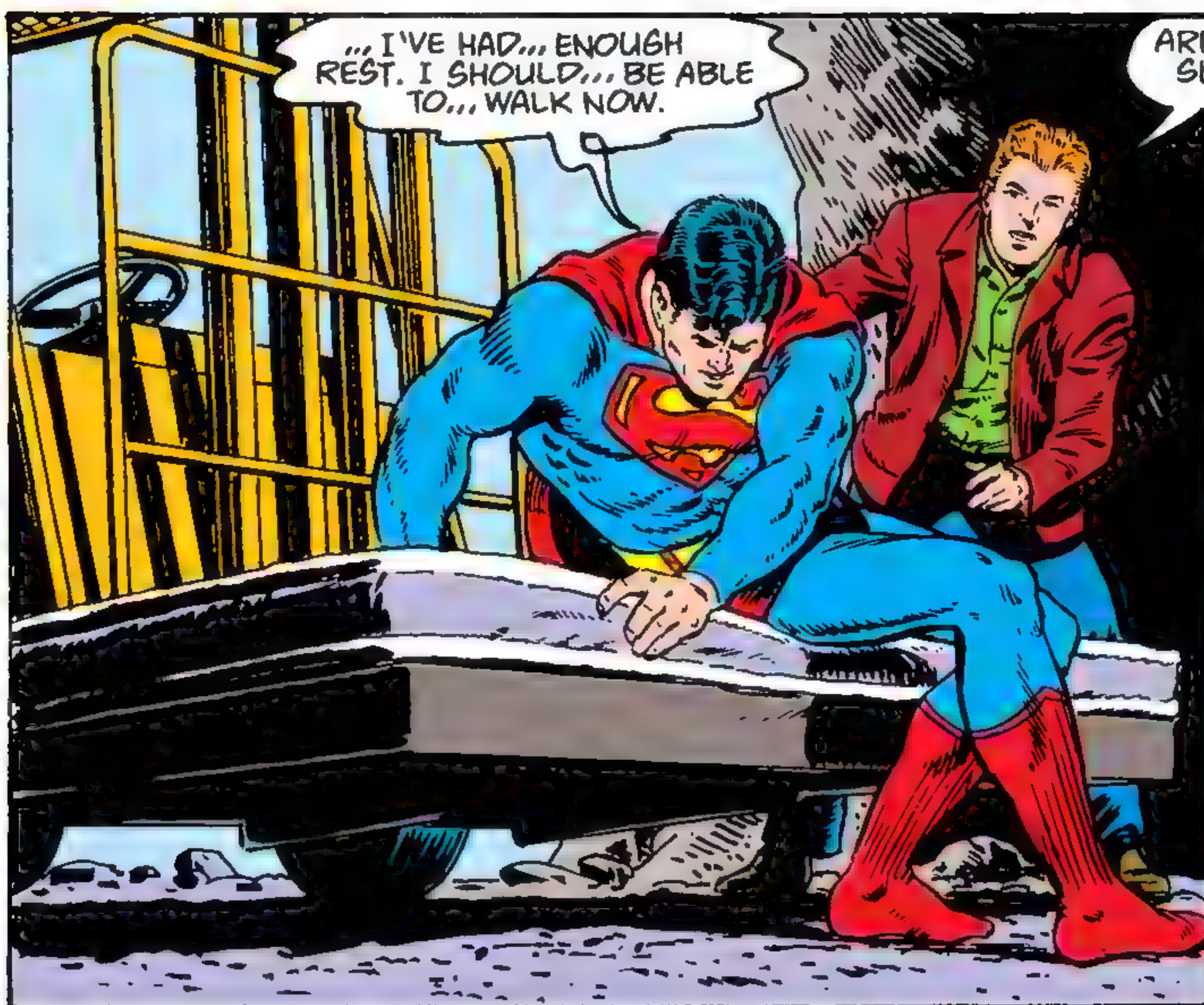
HANG IN THERE, SUPERMAN... JUST A COUPLE MORE MINUTES.

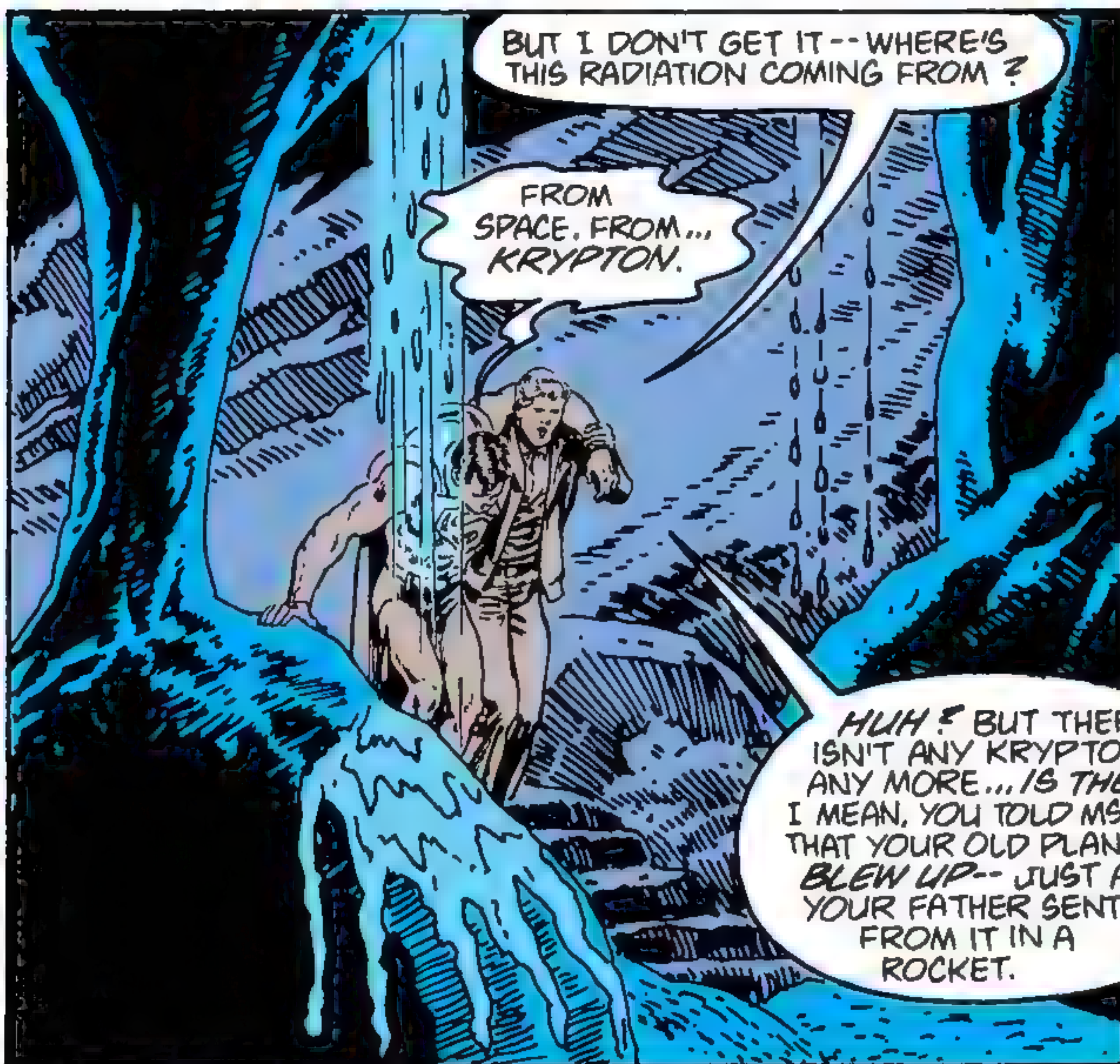


END OF THE LINE. THE GRADE HERE IS TOO UNEVEN TO DRIVE THE FORKLIFT INTO THE CAVE.

UH... WE CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER THIS WAY, SUPERMAN.

THAT'S... ALL RIGHT... JIM...





BUT I DON'T GET IT -- WHERE'S THIS RADIATION COMING FROM ?

FROM SPACE. FROM... KRYPTON.

HUH ? BUT THERE ISN'T ANY KRYPTON ANY MORE... IS THERE ? I MEAN, YOU TOLD MS. LANE THAT YOUR OLD PLANET BLEW UP -- JUST AFTER YOUR FATHER SENT YOU FROM IT IN A ROCKET.



THAT'S RIGHT, JIM... BUT MY ROCKET CAME TO EARTH THROUGH *HYPERSPACE*... CROSSING THE VOID MUCH FASTER THAN LIGHT COULD.

THE RELEASE OF KRYPTONITE RADIATION FROM MY HOMEWORLD'S EXPLOSION... COULD TRAVEL ONLY AT *LIGHT-SPEED*. IT WOULD TAKE DECADES... FOR SUCH A SHOCKWAVE OF RADIATION TO REACH EARTH.



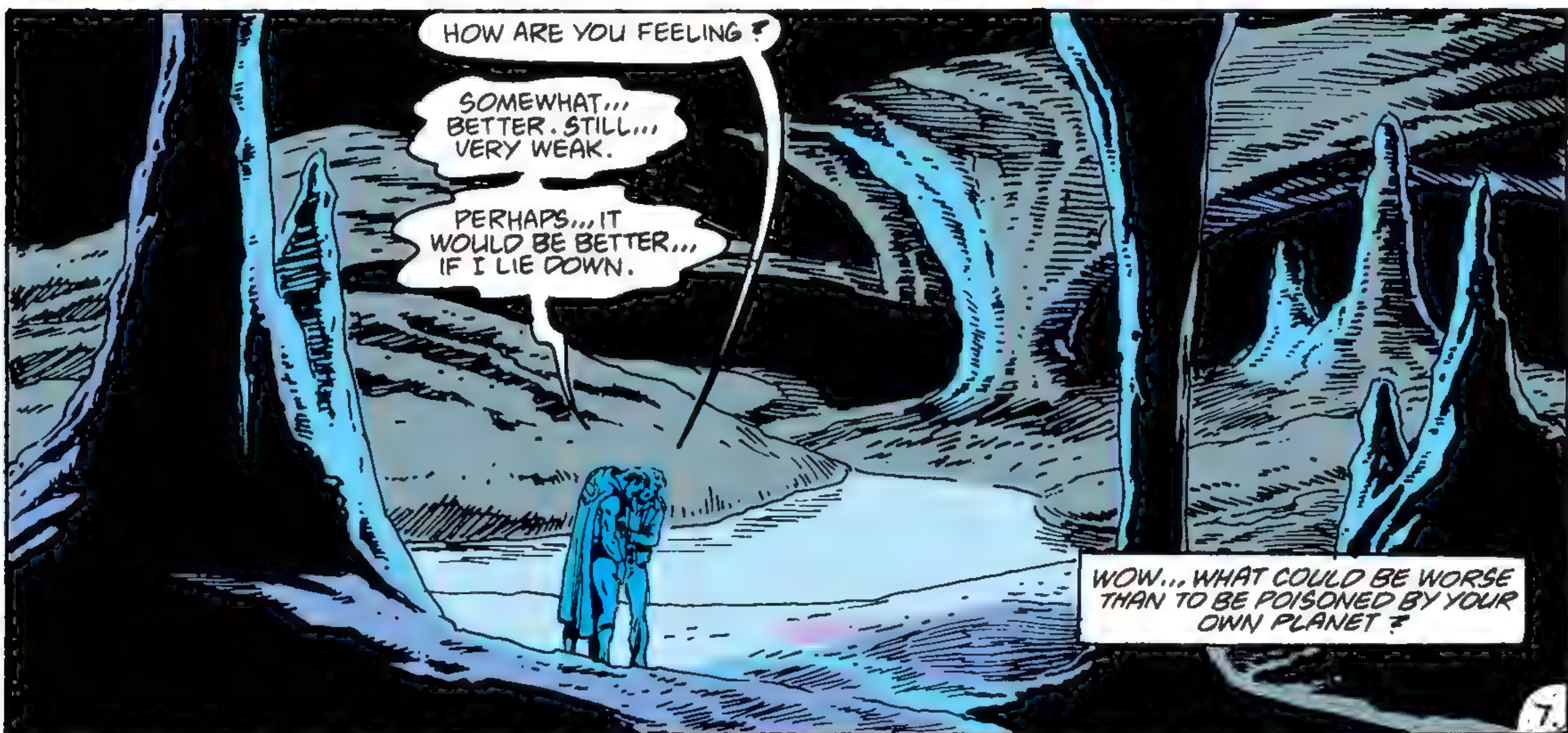
HOLY SMOKE ! AND THIS IS THE RADIATION THAT KNOCKED THE STUFFING OUT OF YOU ?

FROM WHAT I'VE CALCULATED... OF THE DISTANCES BETWEEN KRYPTON AND EARTH... IT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.



JIM... I THINK I'D LIKE TO REST NOW.

GOTCHA.

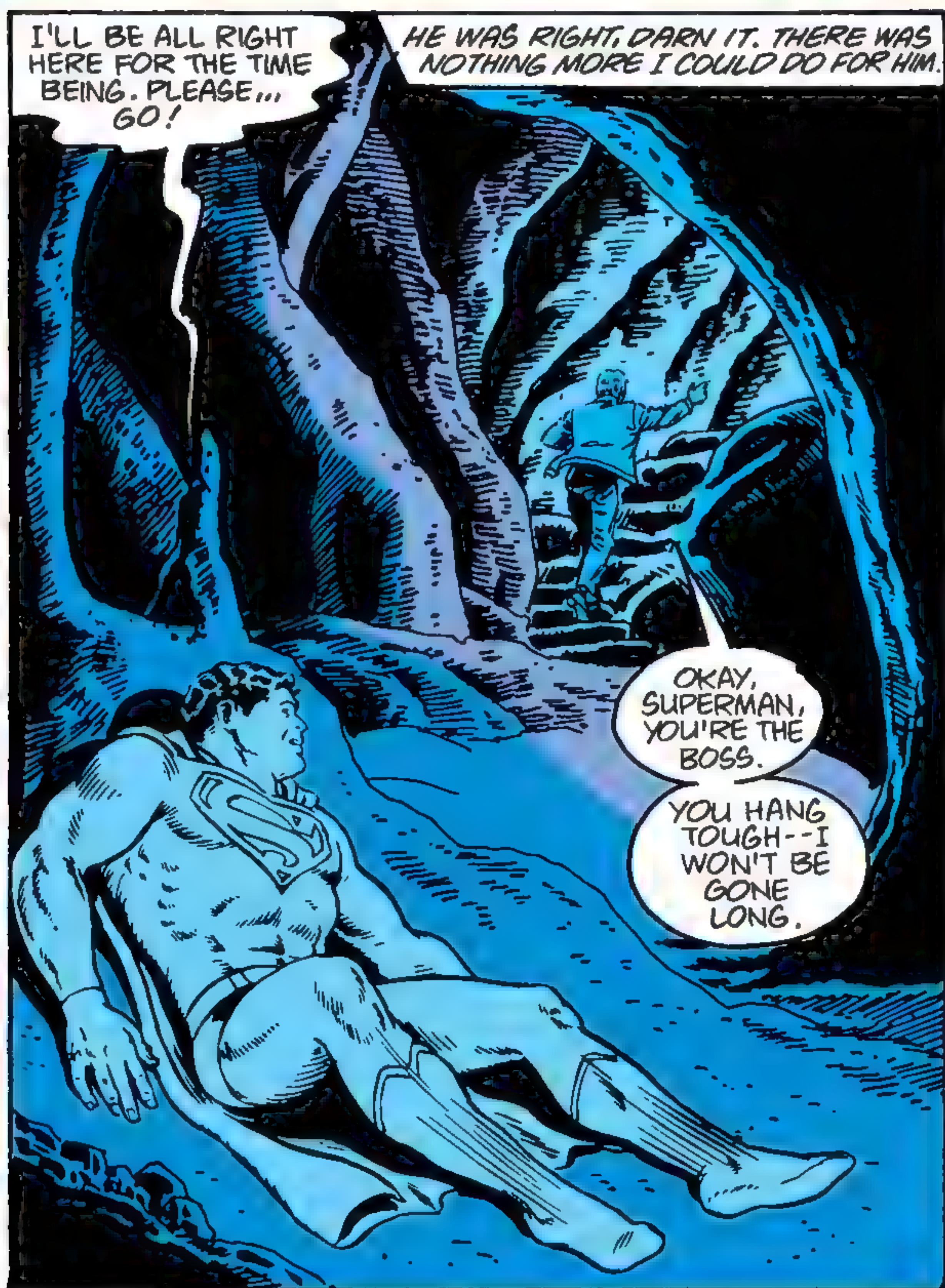
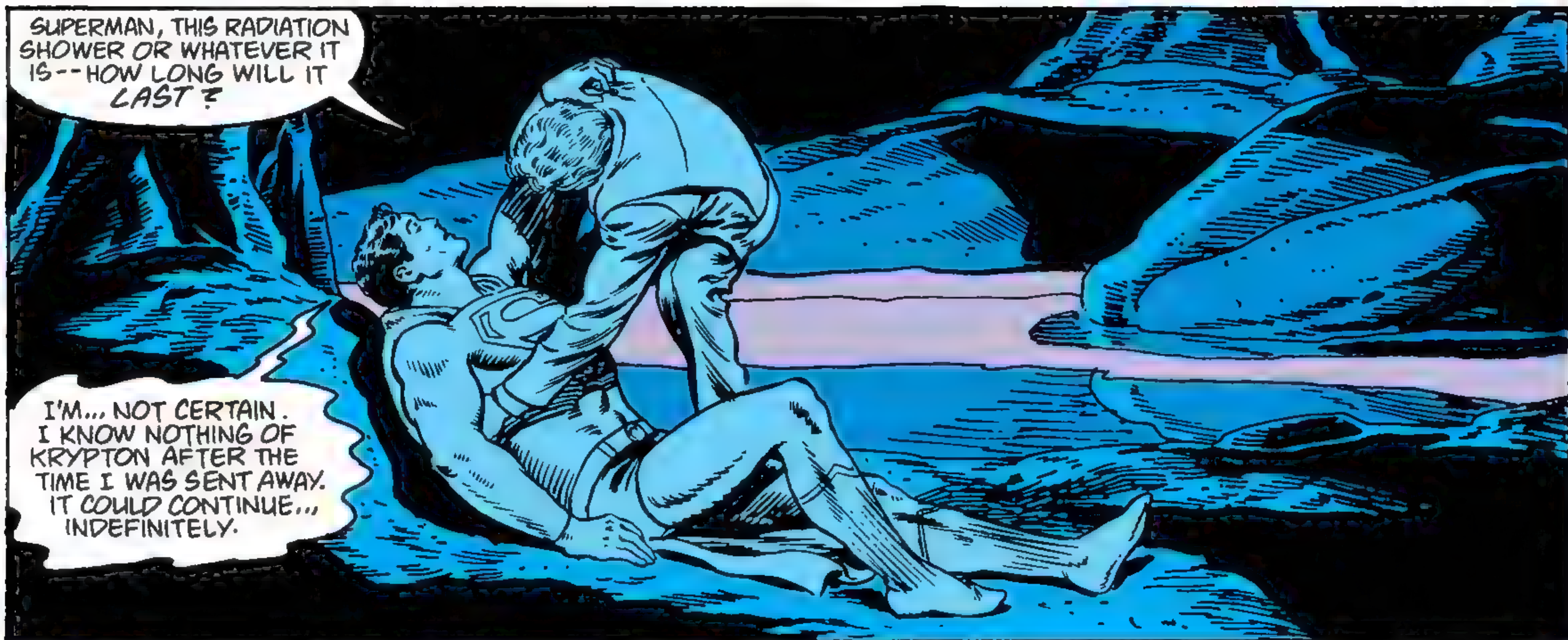


HOW ARE YOU FEELING ?

SOMEWHAT... BETTER. STILL... VERY WEAK.

PERHAPS... IT WOULD BE BETTER... IF I LIE DOWN.

WOW... WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN TO BE POISONED BY YOUR OWN PLANET ?



THE DARK WHERE MADNESS LIES

WRITTEN BY
JOHN BYRNE
DRAWN BY
MIKE MIGNOLA
LETTERED BY
BILL OAKLEY
COLORED BY
PETRA SCOTese

IN THE DARK OF
NIGHT, I FIND
MY HOME.

WHEN THE WESTERN
SKY HAS FADED
THROUGH BLOOD RED
TO INDIGO, AND STARS,
LIKE PINPRICKS, IN
THE DOME OF HEAVEN,
SHINE THEIR TINY
LIGHT INTO THE
WORLD.

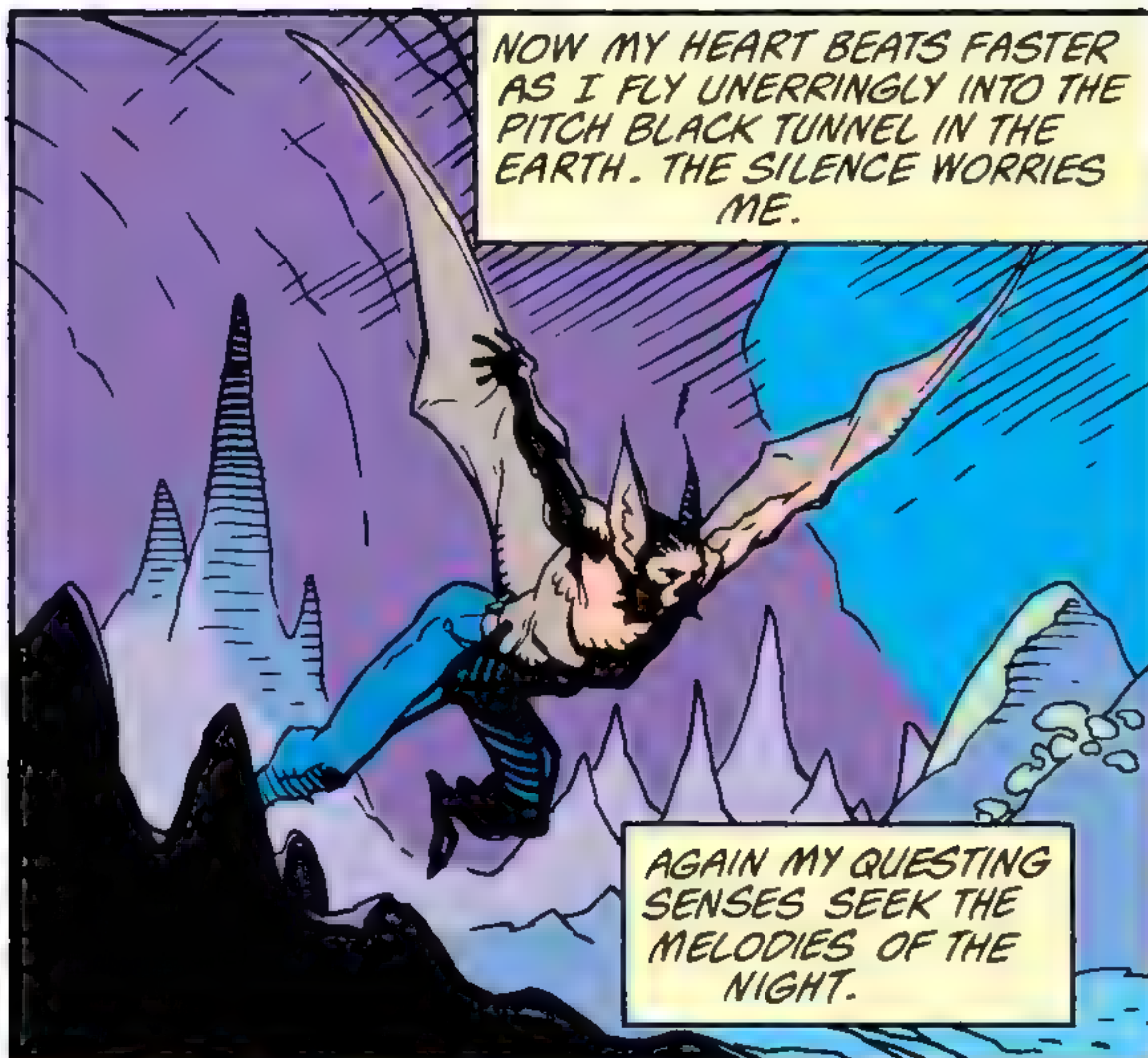
MY SKIN IS STROKED
BY THE COOLING AIR.

THEN THE SKY IS MINE. MY
EARS PERK, SEARCHING
FOR THE SHRILL SONGS OF
MY BROTHERS.

MY EYES SEE THE WORLD
AS AN UNGUESSED
TAPESTRY OF HIDDEN
WONDERS.

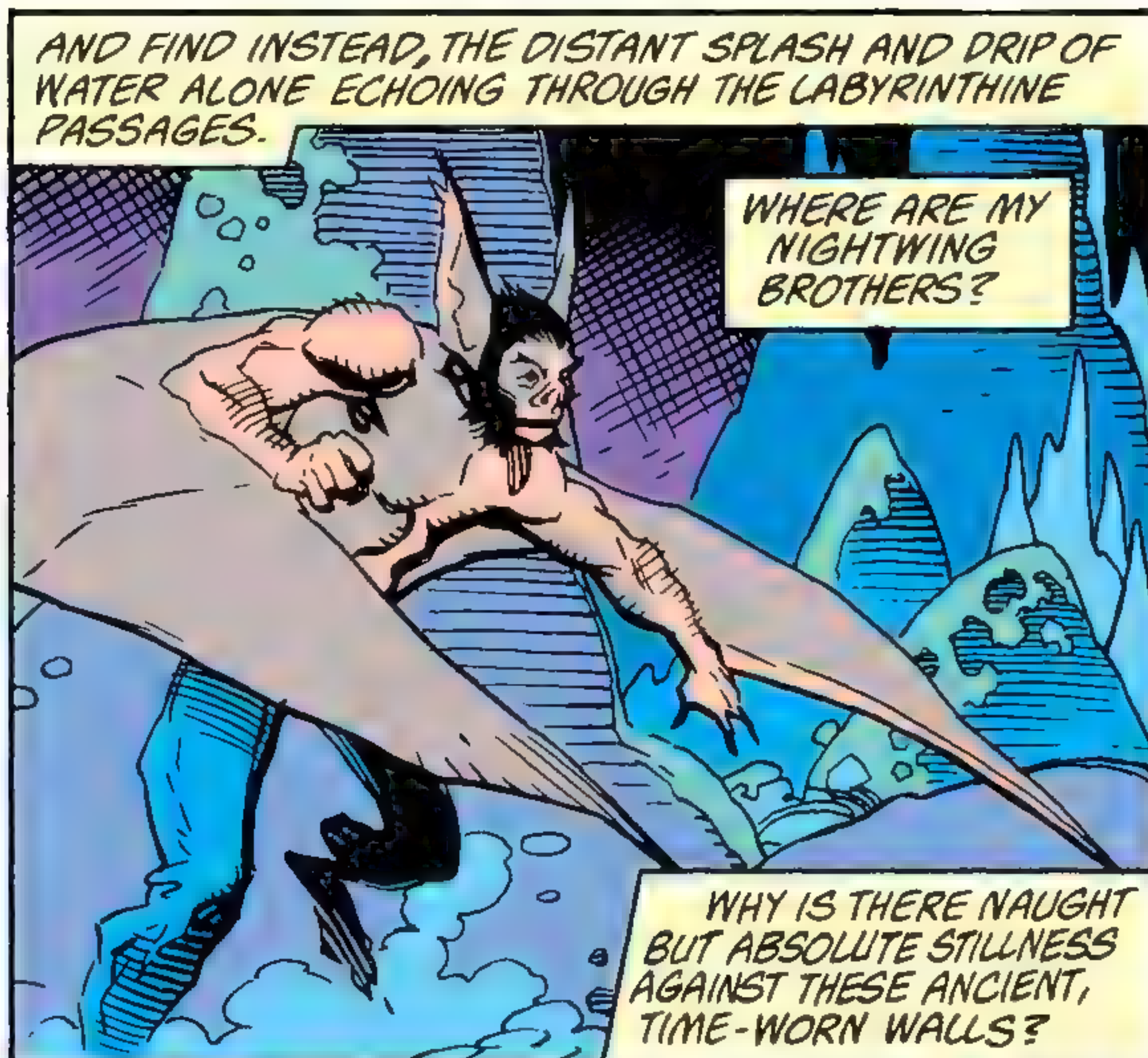
I SEE THE
OPENING OF
THE CAVERN
I SEEK; A
BLACK, ROUND
MOUTH IN
THE GREEN
FACE OF THE
MOONLIT
HILL.

I HAVE
TRAVELLED
HALFWAY
ACROSS THE
COUNTRY TO
FIND THIS
PLACE, ON
THIS NIGHT.
THE NIGHT
OF
GATHERING.



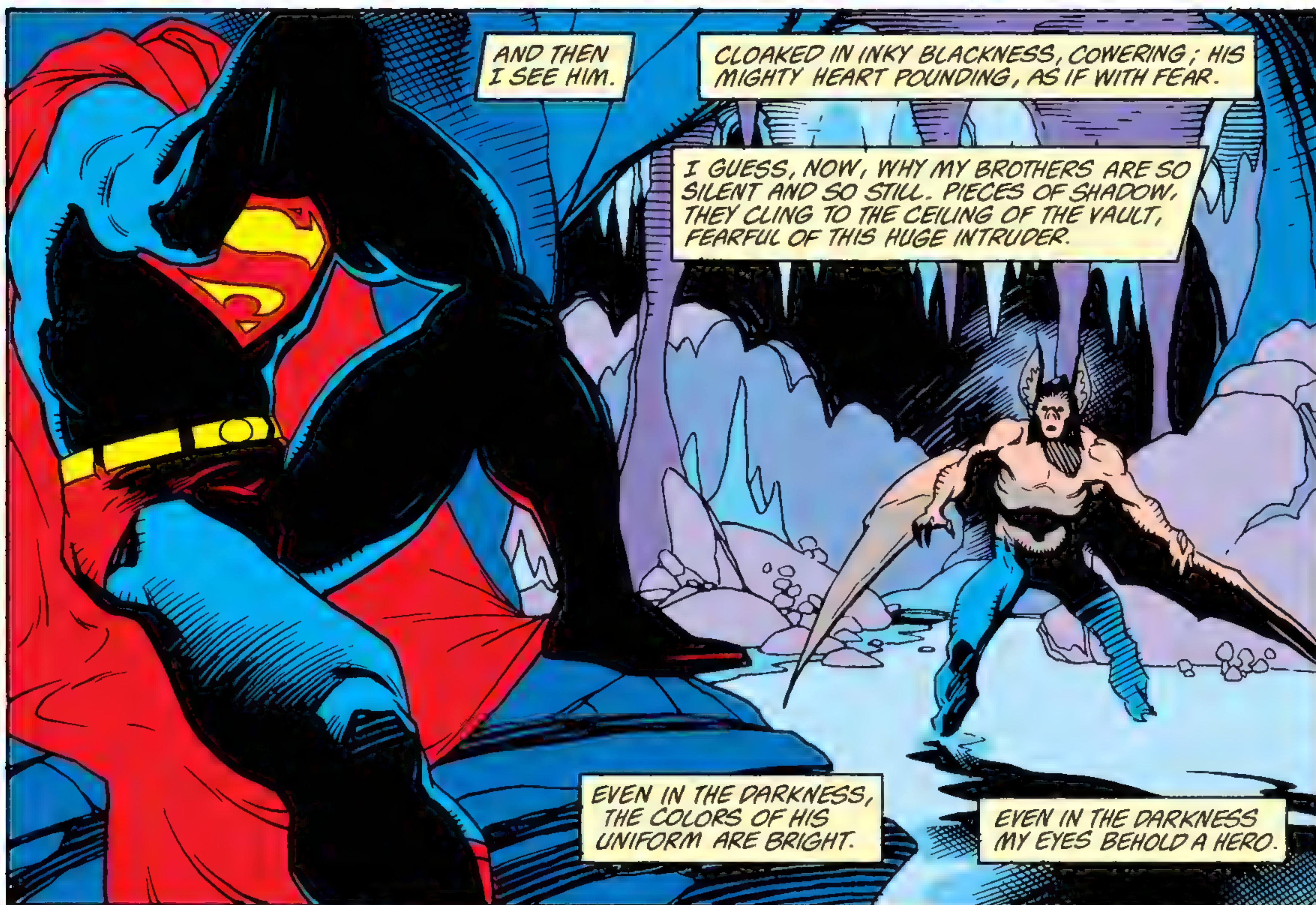
NOW MY HEART BEATS FASTER AS I FLY UNERRINGLY INTO THE PITCH BLACK TUNNEL IN THE EARTH. THE SILENCE WORRIES ME.

AGAIN MY QUESTING SENSES SEEK THE MELODIES OF THE NIGHT.



WHERE ARE MY NIGHTWING BROTHERS?

WHY IS THERE NAUGHT BUT ABSOLUTE STILLNESS AGAINST THESE ANCIENT, TIME-WORN WALLS?



AND THEN I SEE HIM.

CLOAKED IN INKY BLACKNESS, COVERING HIS MIGHTY HEART POUNDING, AS IF WITH FEAR.

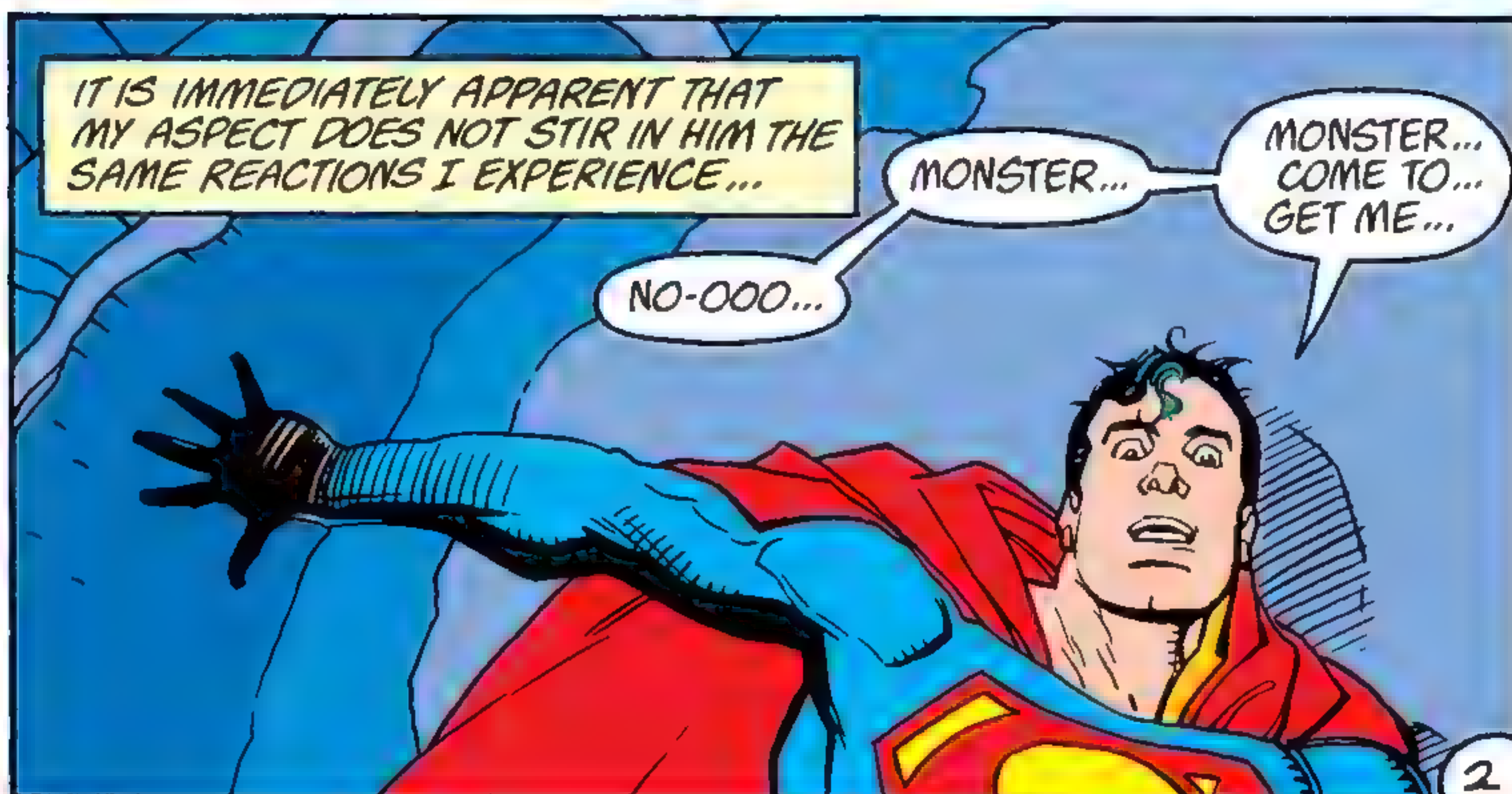
I GUESS, NOW, WHY MY BROTHERS ARE SO SILENT AND SO STILL. PIECES OF SHADOW, THEY CLING TO THE CEILING OF THE VAULT, FEARFUL OF THIS HUGE INTRUDER.

EVEN IN THE DARKNESS, THE COLORS OF HIS UNIFORM ARE BRIGHT.

EVEN IN THE DARKNESS MY EYES BEHOLD A HERO.



BUT WHEN AT LAST HE TURNS HIS HEAD, AND LOOKS IN MY DIRECTION...



IT IS IMMEDIATELY APPARENT THAT MY ASPECT DOES NOT STIR IN HIM THE SAME REACTIONS I EXPERIENCE...

MONSTER...

MONSTER... COME TO... GET ME...

NO-000...

HIS VOICE IS LOUD IN MY EARS. LOUD AND HARSH. I HAVE NOT MET THIS MAN OF STEEL BEFORE. BUT STILL I WOULD NOT EXPECT FROM HIM THIS ODD REACTION.



I TRY TO SPEAK AS SOOTHINGLY AS MY OWN SHRILL VOICE WILL LET ME. I TELL HIM WHO I AM. KIRK LANGSTROM...THE MAN-BAT...



I SEE IMMEDIATELY MY WORDS ARE HAVING ANYTHING BUT THE DESIRED EFFECT.

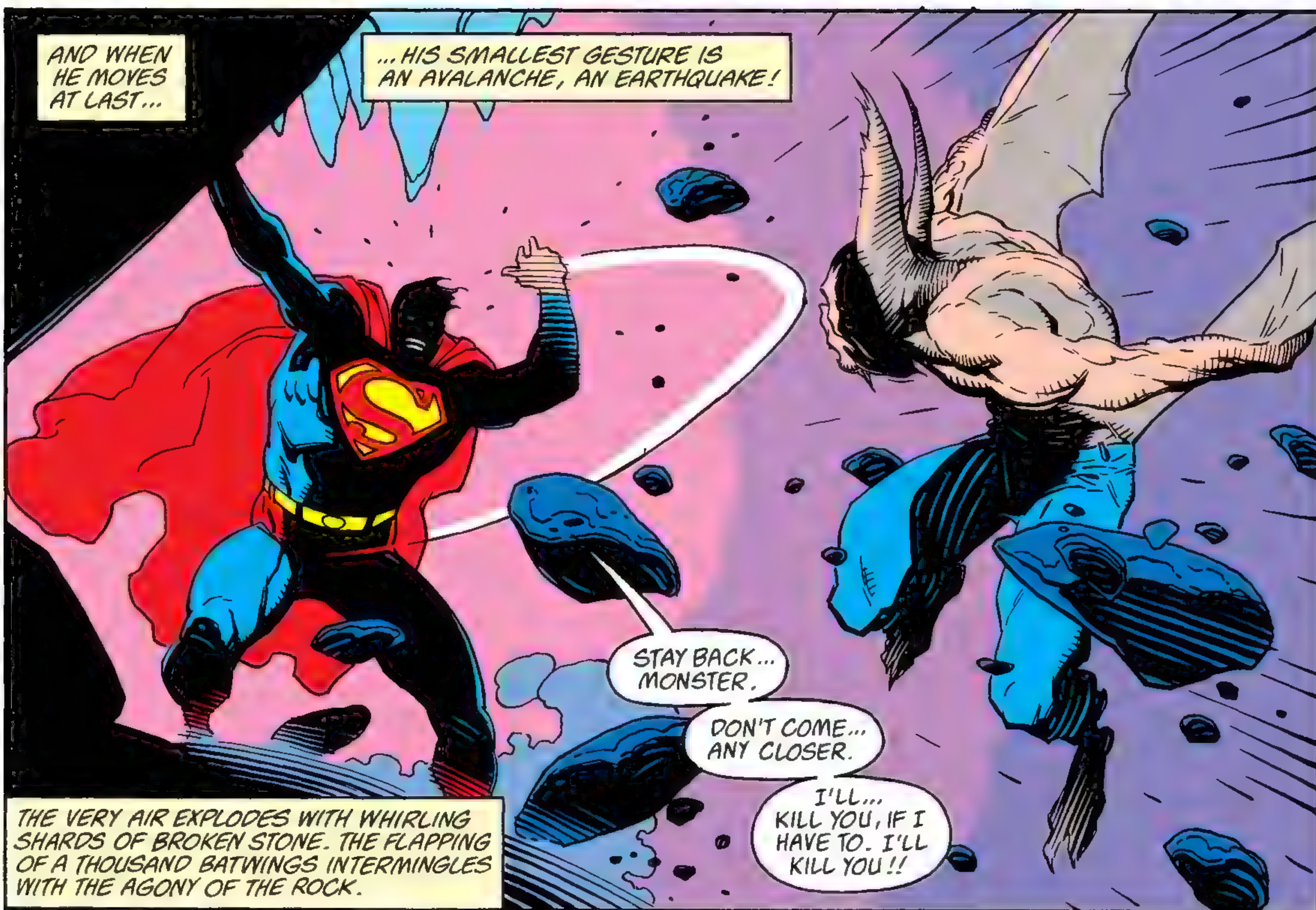
IN HIS EYES I SEE REFLECTED THE TWISTED IMAGE OF MY VISAGE.

THE SAVAGE CARICATURE OF MY INHUMAN FACE...



AND WHEN HE MOVES AT LAST...

...HIS SMALLEST GESTURE IS AN AVALANCHE, AN EARTHQUAKE!



THE VERY AIR EXPLODES WITH WHIRLING SHARDS OF BROKEN STONE. THE FLAPPING OF A THOUSAND BATWINGS INTERMINGLES WITH THE AGONY OF THE ROCK.

STAY BACK... MONSTER.

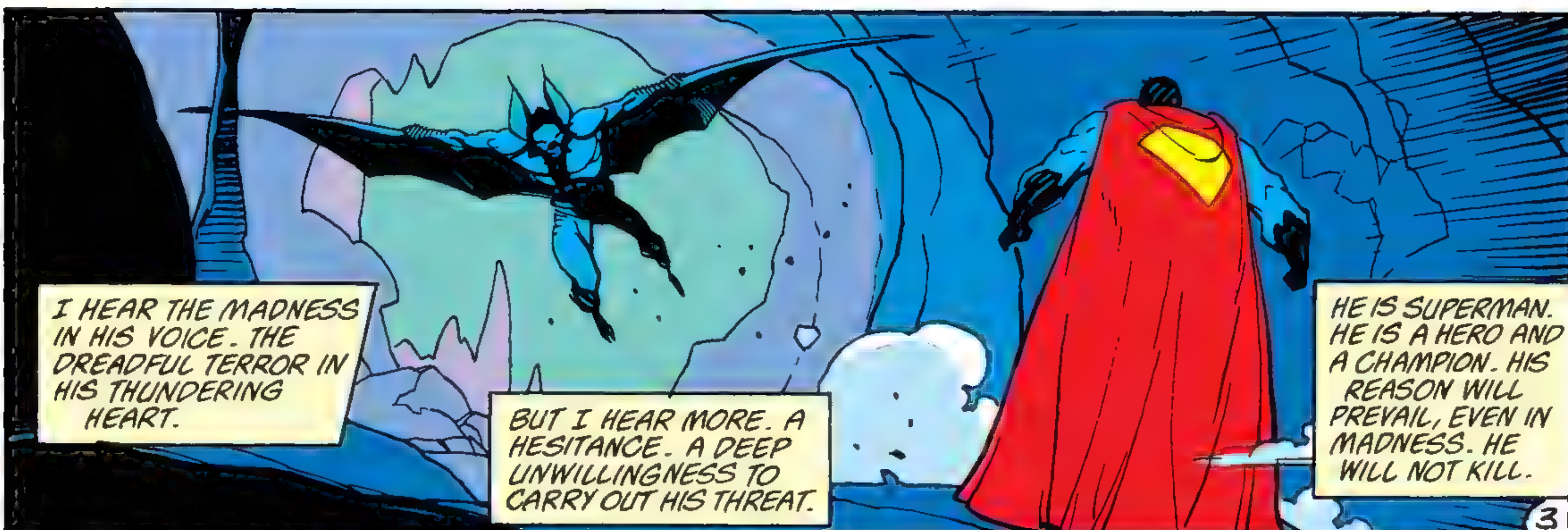
DON'T COME... ANY CLOSER.

I'LL... KILL YOU, IF I HAVE TO. I'LL KILL YOU!!

I HEAR THE MADNESS IN HIS VOICE. THE DREADFUL TERROR IN HIS THUNDERING HEART.

BUT I HEAR MORE. A HESITANCE. A DEEP UNWILLINGNESS TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT.

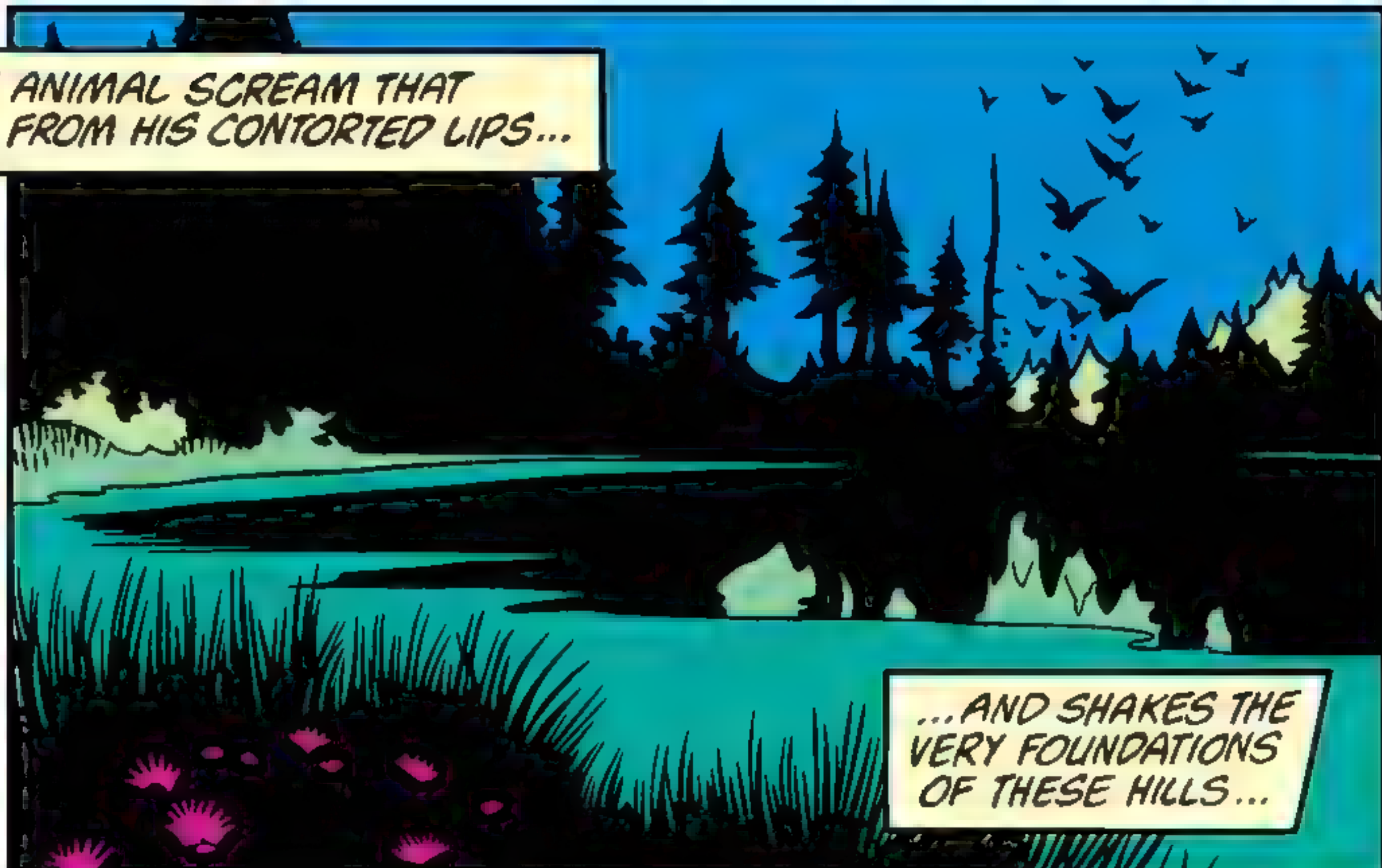
HE IS SUPERMAN. HE IS A HERO AND A CHAMPION. HIS REASON WILL PREVAIL, EVEN IN MADNESS. HE WILL NOT KILL.



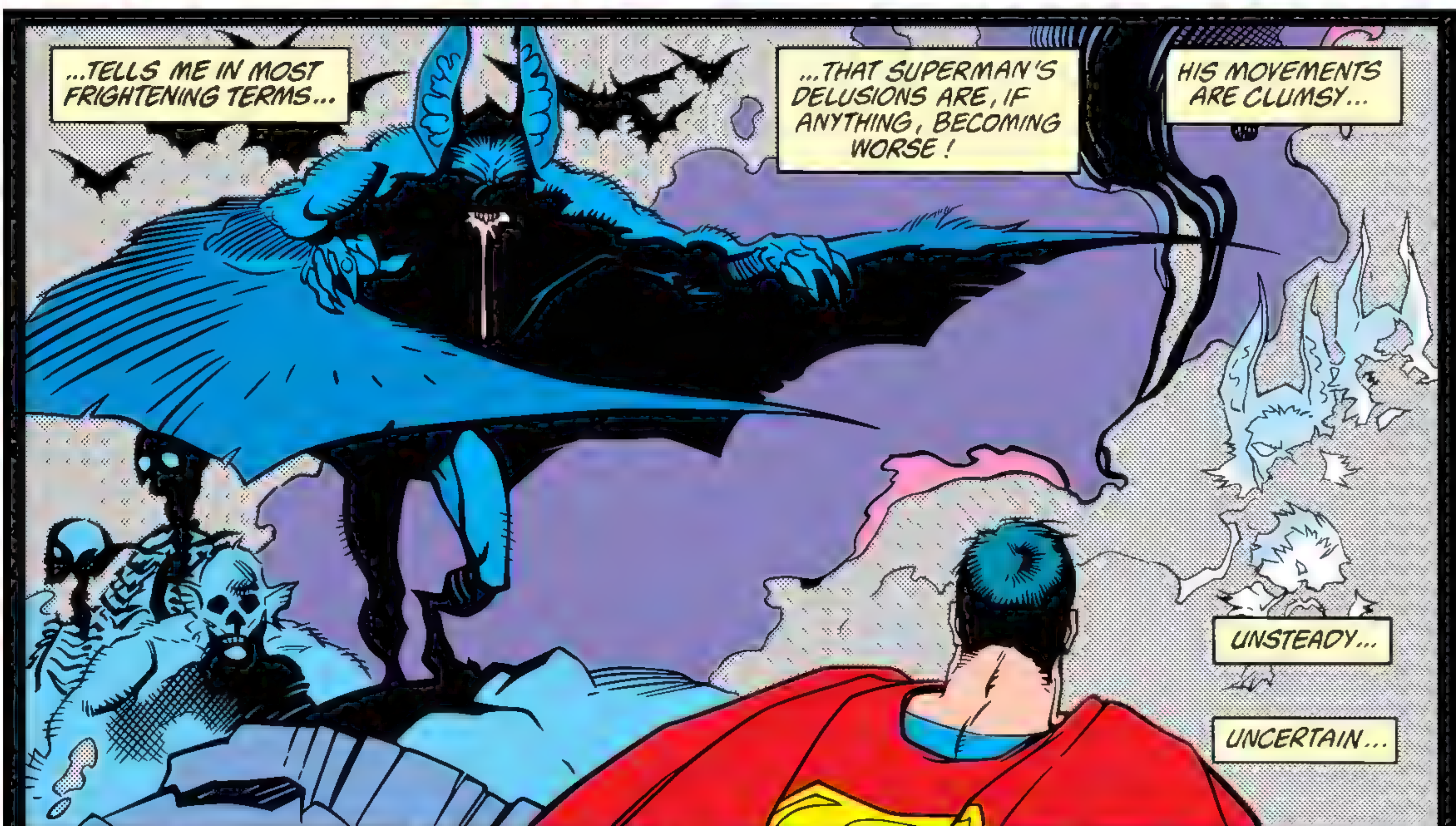


OR SO I
HOPE...

BUT THE ANIMAL SCREAM THAT
BURSTS FROM HIS CONTORTED LIPS...



...AND SHAKES THE
VERY FOUNDATIONS
OF THESE HILLS...



...TELLS ME IN MOST
FRIGHTENING TERMS...

...THAT SUPERMAN'S
DELUSIONS ARE, IF
ANYTHING, BECOMING
WORSE!

HIS MOVEMENTS
ARE CLUMSY...

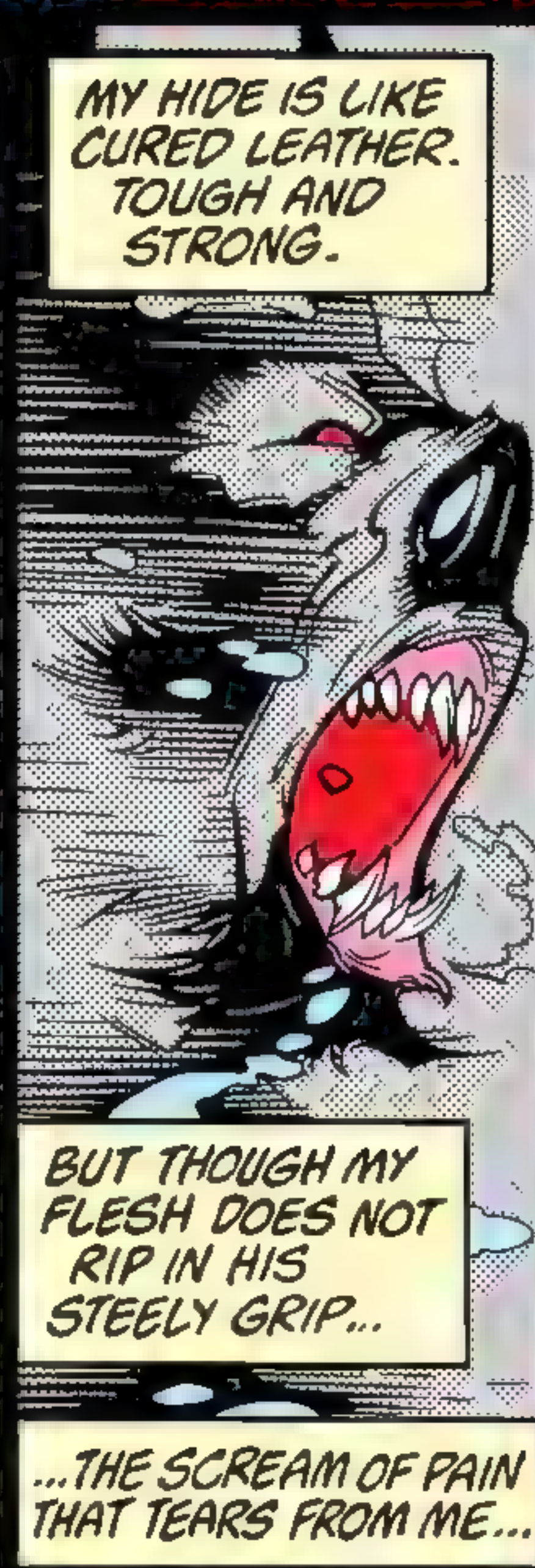
UNSTEADY...

UNCERTAIN...



BUT STILL
INHUMANLY
FAST.

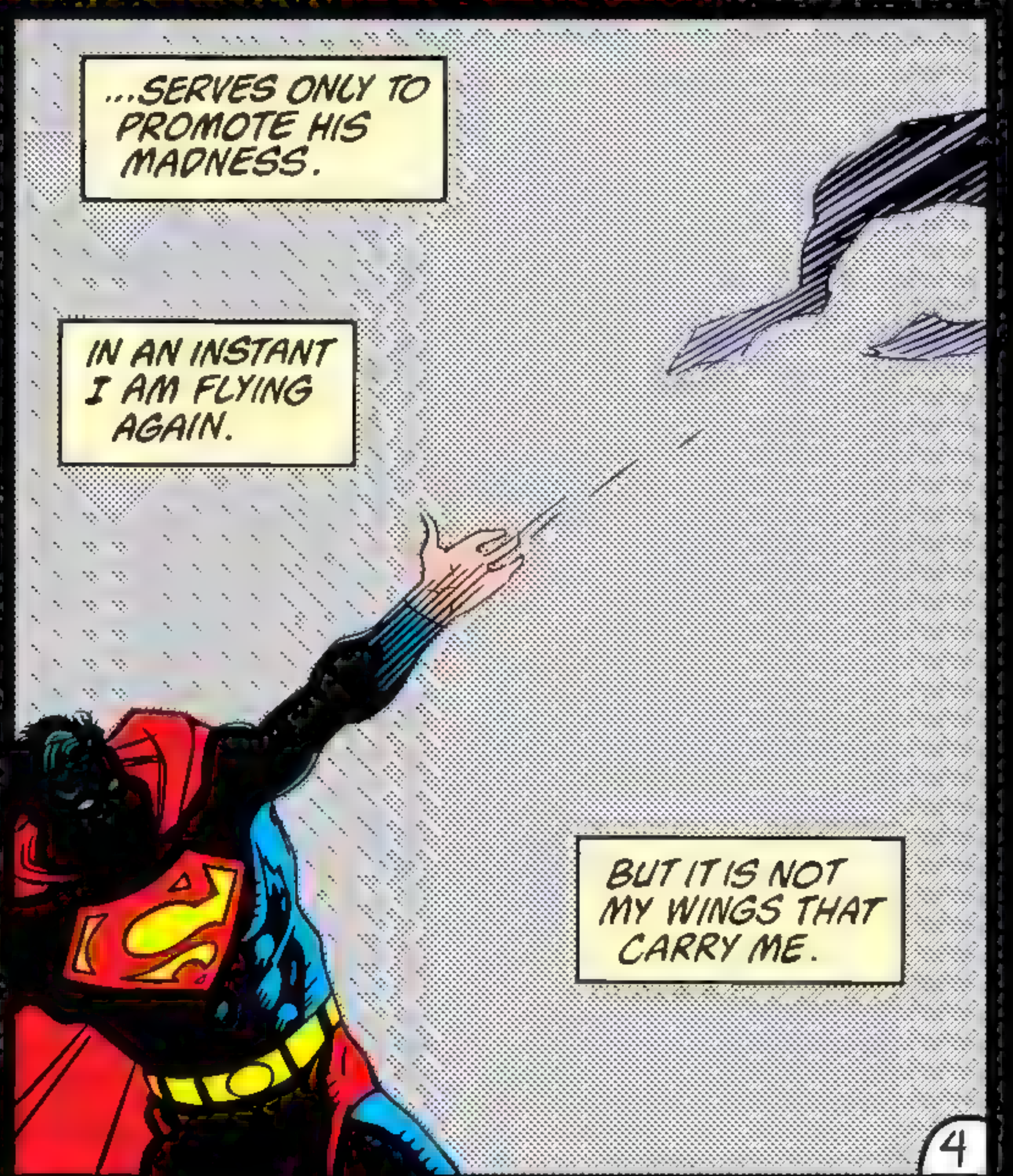
HE HAS A
HANDFUL OF
MY FLESH
BEFORE I
EVEN KNOW
HE'S MOVED.



MY HIDE IS LIKE
CURED LEATHER.
TOUGH AND
STRONG.

BUT THOUGH MY
FLESH DOES NOT
RIP IN HIS
STEELY GRIP...

...THE SCREAM OF PAIN
THAT TEARS FROM ME...



...SERVES ONLY TO
PROMOTE HIS
MADNESS.

IN AN INSTANT
I AM FLYING
AGAIN.

BUT IT IS NOT
MY WINGS THAT
CARRY ME.

SUPERMAN, MEANWHILE,
CONTINUES IN HIS
FEARFUL FANTASY.

HE
FLAILS...

...AND ROCK AS OLD
AS MAN ON EARTH
SHATTERS LIKE MOST
BRITTLE CRYSTAL.

ALL ROUND ME
ARE MY BRETHREN
OF THE NIGHT...

AND IN HIS EYES, AGAIN, I
SEE WHAT TERROR THEIR
SWIFT FLIGHT AND INK BLACK
BODIES BREED IN SUPERMAN.

IN THE ECHOES THAT COME BACK
TO ME I HEAR A BLEAK
SUGGESTION OF HOW MY WORDS
ARE REACHING SUPERMAN.

BUT STILL I TRY TO REACH
THAT TINY CELL OF REASON I
NOW PRAY IS LOCKED WITHIN
HIS ABERRATION.

SOFTLY I SPEAK TO HIM. REMINDING HIM
OF WHO AND WHAT HE IS. ASSURING HIM
THERE IS NO NEED FOR FEAR.

I FORCE MY
KEENING VOICE
INTO THE MOST
MELLIFLUOUS TONES
IT CAN ACHIEVE...

AND ALL FOR NAUGHT.

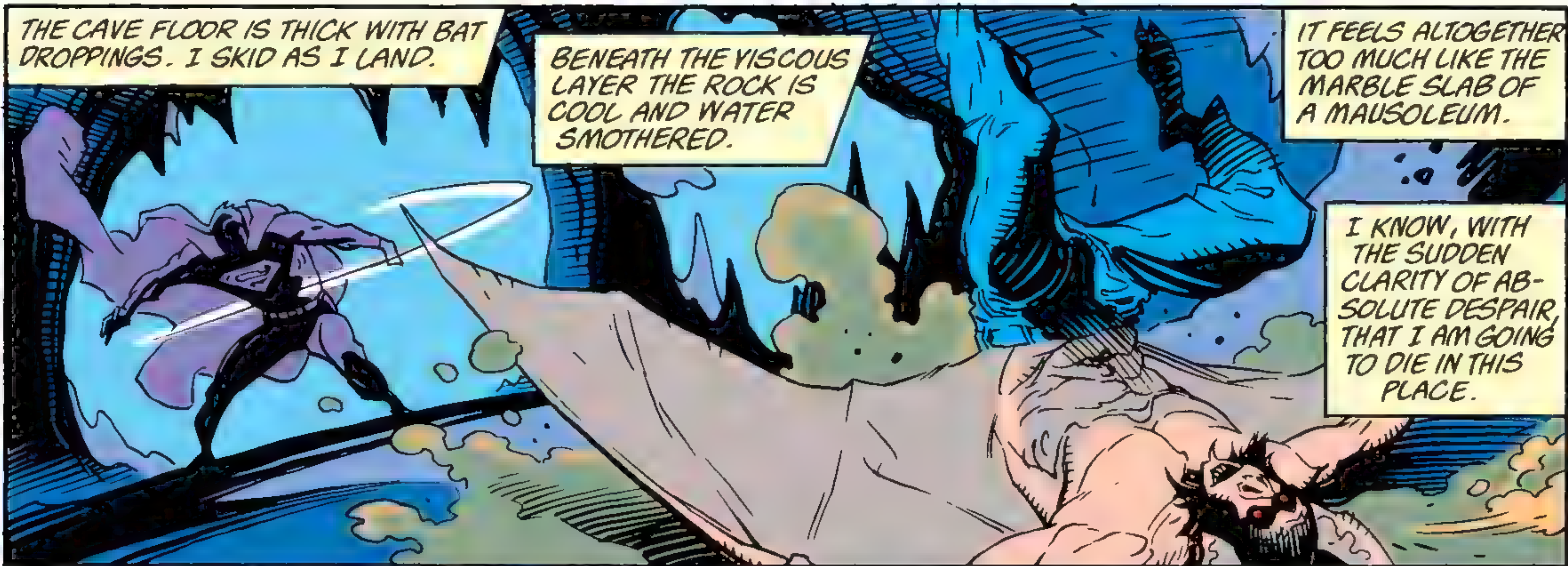
HIS ANGUISH IS
TOO DEEP. WHAT-
EVER FEVER
BOILS HIS BRAIN,
IT CANNOT BE
ASSUAGED
WITH WORDS
ALONE.

AND CIRCUMSTANCE COMPELS ME
NOW TO FEED HIS MADNESS.

WHEN HE LEAPS TO
ATTACK, I MUST
FLY BACK, JUST AS
AN ENEMY WOULD.

I MUST SEEK THE
SCANT PROTECTION OF
THE HIGH CEILING...

EVEN THOUGH SUCH FLIGHT
AVAILS ME NOTHING!



THE CAVE FLOOR IS THICK WITH BAT DROPPINGS. I SKID AS I LAND.

BENEATH THE VISCOUS LAYER THE ROCK IS COOL AND WATER SMOTHERED.

IT FEELS ALTOGETHER TOO MUCH LIKE THE MARBLE SLAB OF A MAUSOLEUM.

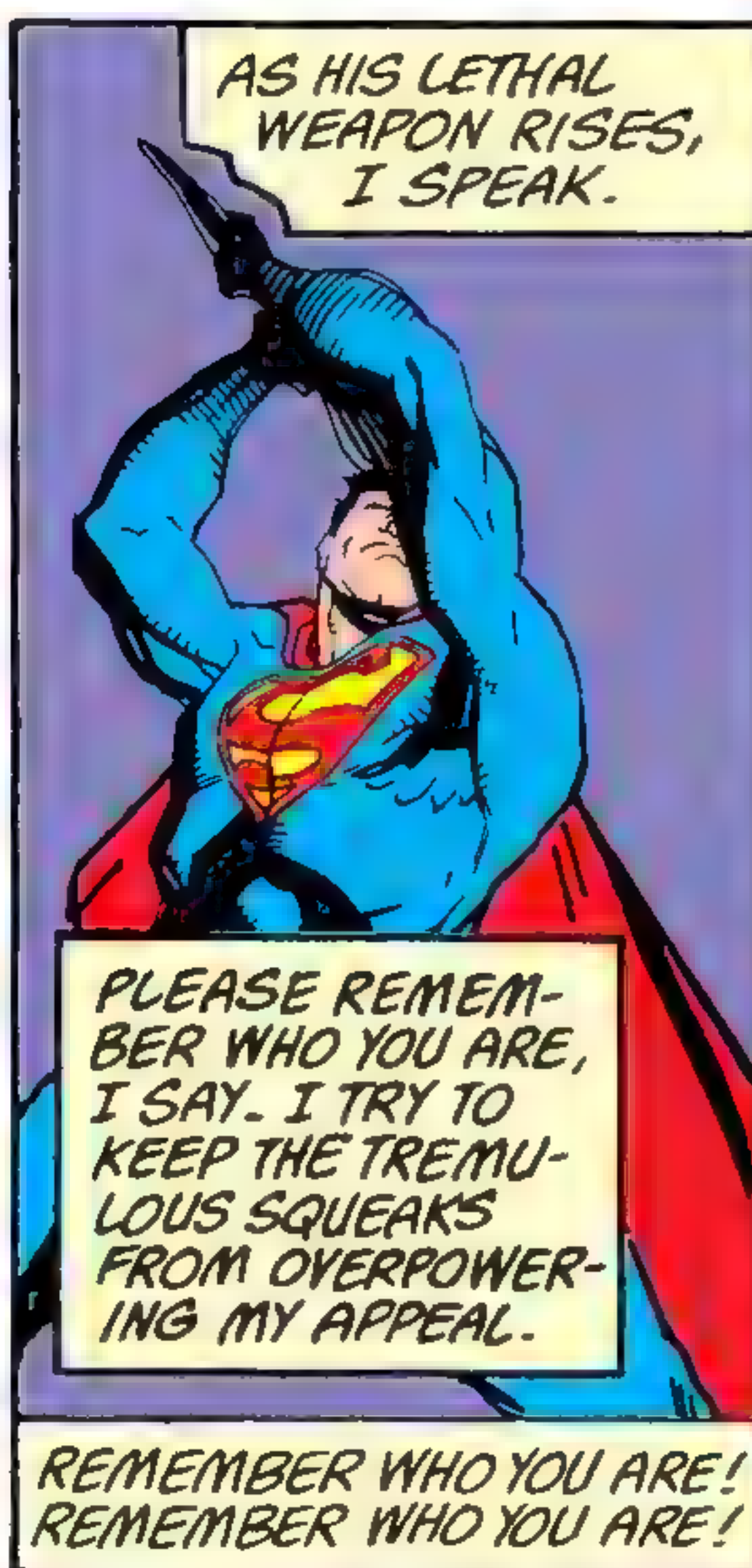
I KNOW, WITH THE SUDDEN CLARITY OF ABSOLUTE DESPAIR, THAT I AM GOING TO DIE IN THIS PLACE.



WHEN SUPERMAN BREAKS FREE A DANGLING STALACTITE THE ECHOES SOUND LIKE GUNFIRE.

I KNOW I HAVE BUT ONE LAST CHANCE, SMALL AND WITHOUT COMFORT THOUGH IT MIGHT BE.

I SEEK THE VOICE OF KIRK LANGSTROM. AS SUPERMAN APPROACHES, I SPEAK.



AS HIS LETHAL WEAPON RISES, I SPEAK.

PLEASE REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE, I SAY. I TRY TO KEEP THE TREMULOUS SQUEAKS FROM OVERPOWERING MY APPEAL.

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE! REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE!

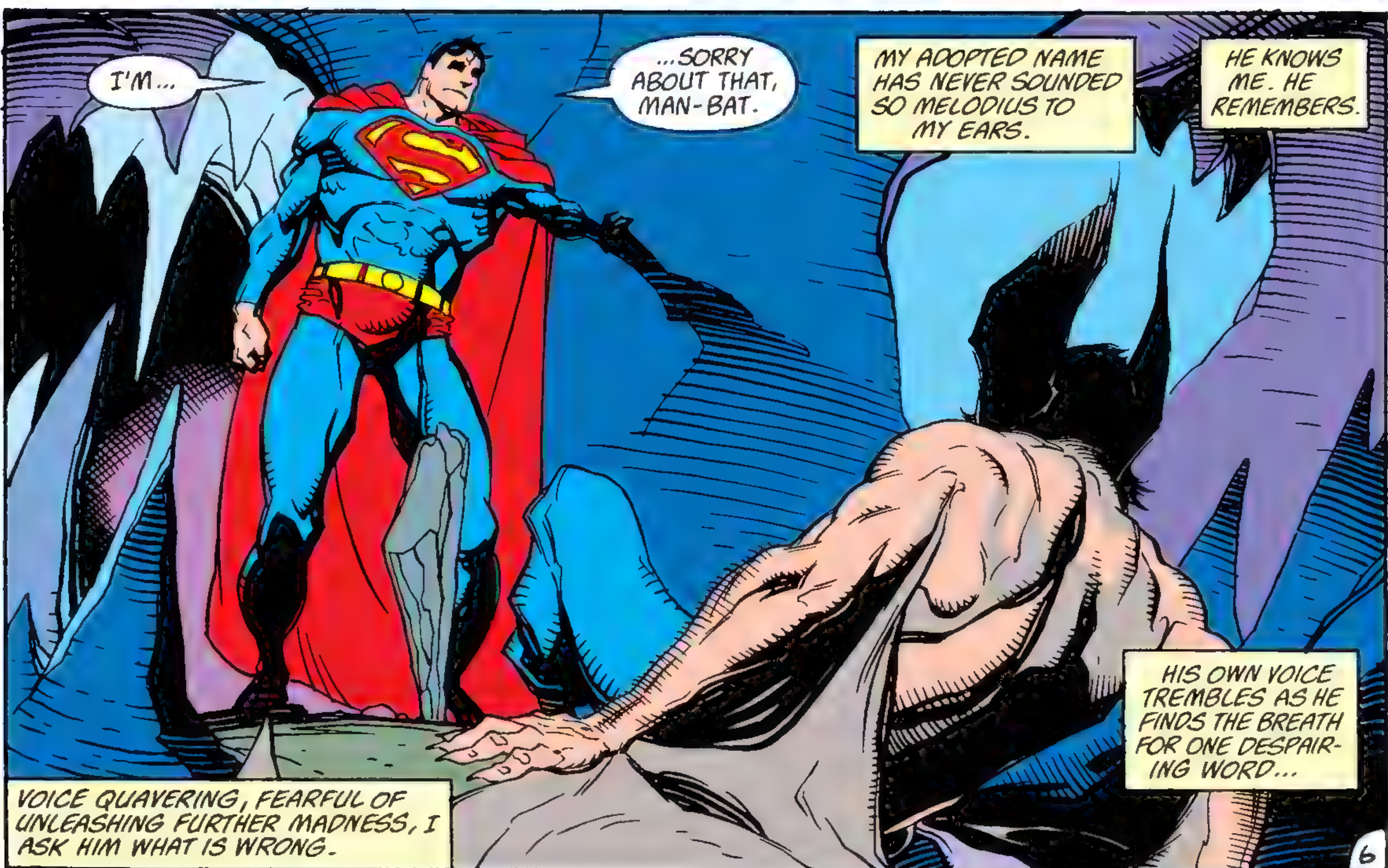


I TRY NOT TO THINK OF THE MONSTER I KNOW SUPERMAN SEES AND HEARS.

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE!



CHUNK!



I'M...

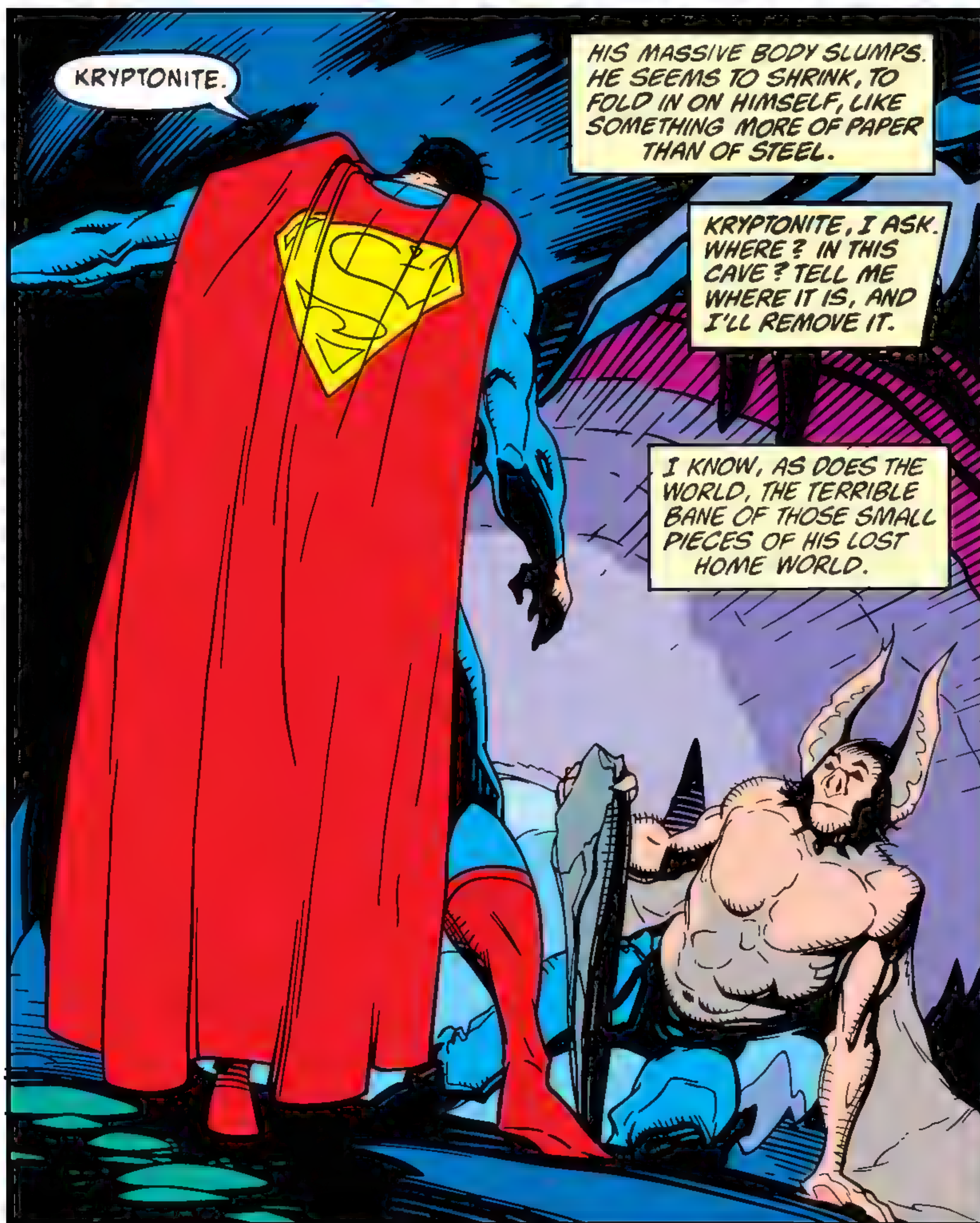
...SORRY ABOUT THAT, MAN-BAT.

MY ADOPTED NAME HAS NEVER SOUNDED SO MELODIUS TO MY EARS.

HE KNOWS ME. HE REMEMBERS.

VOICE QUAVERING, FEARFUL OF UNLEASHING FURTHER MADNESS, I ASK HIM WHAT IS WRONG.

HIS OWN VOICE TREMBLES AS HE FINDS THE BREATH FOR ONE DESPAIRING WORD...



KRYPTONITE.

HIS MASSIVE BODY SLUMPS. HE SEEMS TO SHRINK, TO FOLD IN ON HIMSELF, LIKE SOMETHING MORE OF PAPER THAN OF STEEL.

KRYPTONITE, I ASK. WHERE? IN THIS CAVE? TELL ME WHERE IT IS, AND I'LL REMOVE IT.

I KNOW, AS DOES THE WORLD, THE TERRIBLE BANE OF THOSE SMALL PIECES OF HIS LOST HOME WORLD.



IT'S NOT HERE.

NOT A PIECE OF IT.

IT'S EVERYWHERE. KRYPTONITE RADIATION. BATHING THE WHOLE WORLD. PENETRATING. ONLY LEAD CAN STOP IT.



I'D HOPED THESE CAVES WERE DEEP ENOUGH TO SHIELD ME. HAD JIMMY OLSEN BRING ME HERE, AFTER FIRST WAVE HIT.

BUT I WAS WRONG. KRYPTONITE RADIATION... TOO POWERFUL PENETRATED. DIDN'T KILL ME, BUT MADE ME SICK DELIRIOUS.

"YOU DON'T SOUND WELL EVEN NOW," I CAUTION. HE WAVERS ON HIS FEET.



NO.

STILL WEAK. SECOND WAVE OF RADIATION COULD FINISH ME.

GOT TO FIND THE SOURCE HAVE ...THEORY.

BUT NEED...

HELP.

SPECIAL... HELP...

HE BARELY WHISPERS THE FINAL WORDS.

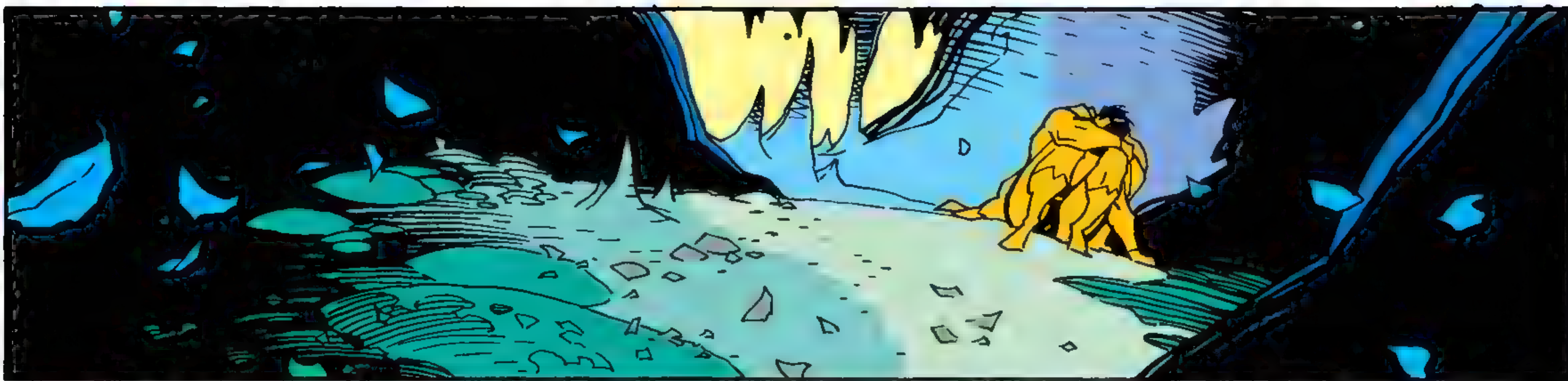


IT IS FORTUNATE INDEED THAT EARS AS KEEN AS MINE ARE THERE TO HEAR THE NAME HE SPEAKS.

MY FLYING BRETHREN JOIN ME IN A GREAT BLACK CLOUD AS I LAUNCH FORTH INTO THE STARRY NIGHT...

...TO SEEK ONE WHO, IN MANY WAYS, IS YET ANOTHER BROTHER.

7



TO BE CONTINUED...

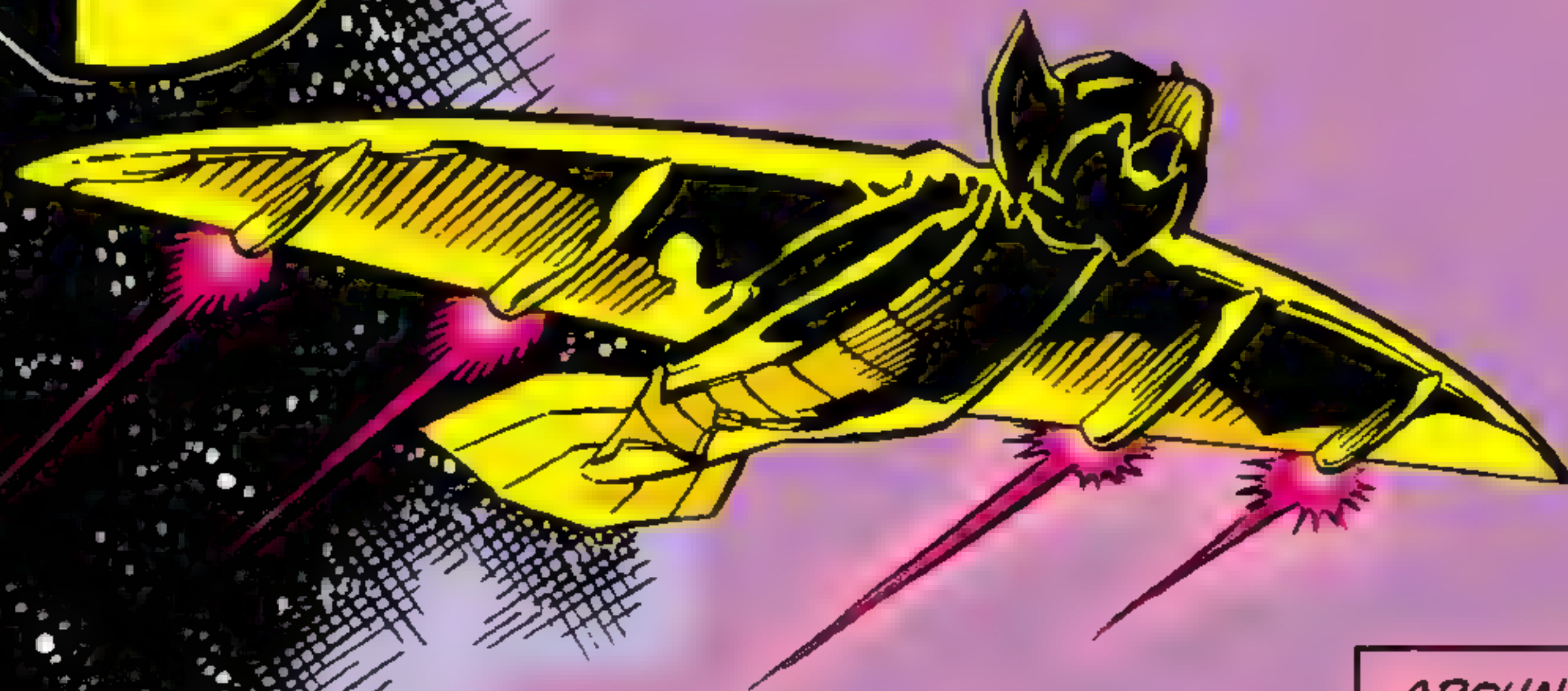
DON'T MISS **SUPERMAN #18** FOR THE CONTINUATION OF OUR HALF CENTURY CELEBRATION, AS ARTIST **MIKE MIGNOLA** JOINS US FOR THE STARTLING SAGA WE HAD TO CALL...

SUPERMAN'S RETURN TO KRYPTON!

CONTINUING OUR CELEBRATION OF THE GREAT FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF...

SUPERMAN[®]

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER



AROUND ME THE SWIRLING MISTS OF
INTERSTELLAR SPACE SPARKLE WITH
THE LIGHT OF A BILLION, BILLION STARS.

THIS THANAGARIAN SHIP HAS MADE GOOD
TIME. THE EARTH IS FAR BEHIND, THE YELLOW
BECKON OF SOL TOO FAINT TO STAND OUT
AT THIS DISTANCE.

AHEAD LIES THE GREAT MYSTERY,
THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF MY
LIFE. THE MYSTERY I HAVE
LONG IGNORED...

BUT WHICH WILL NOW ALLOW ME
TO IGNORE IT NO LONGER.

RETURN TO KRYPTON

JOHN
BYRNE
STORY

* KARL
KESEL
INKS

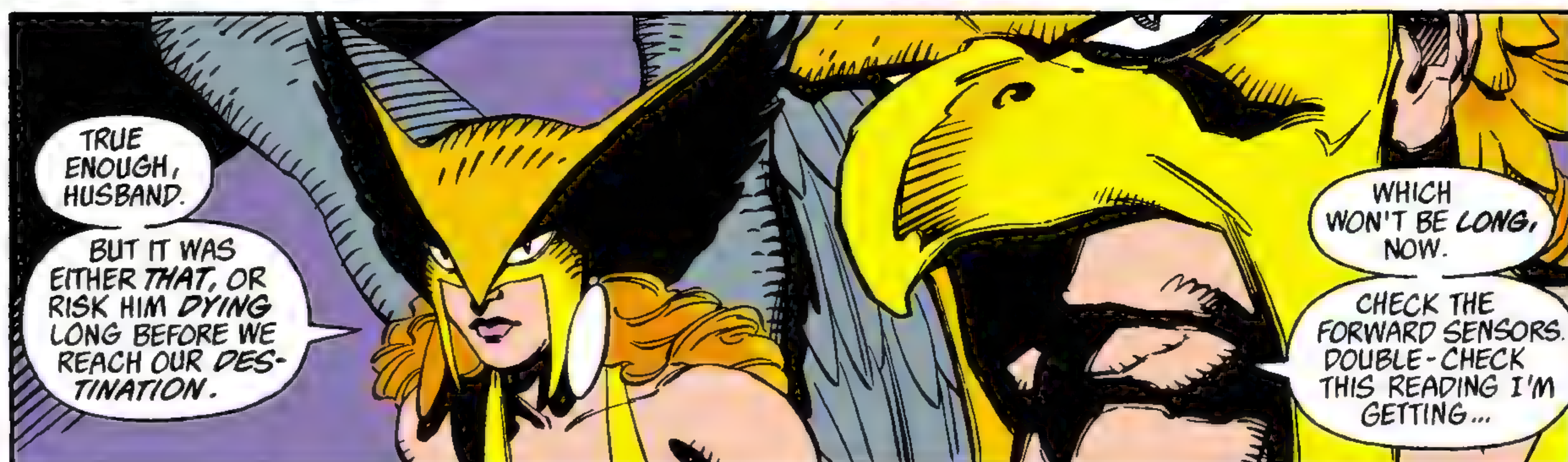
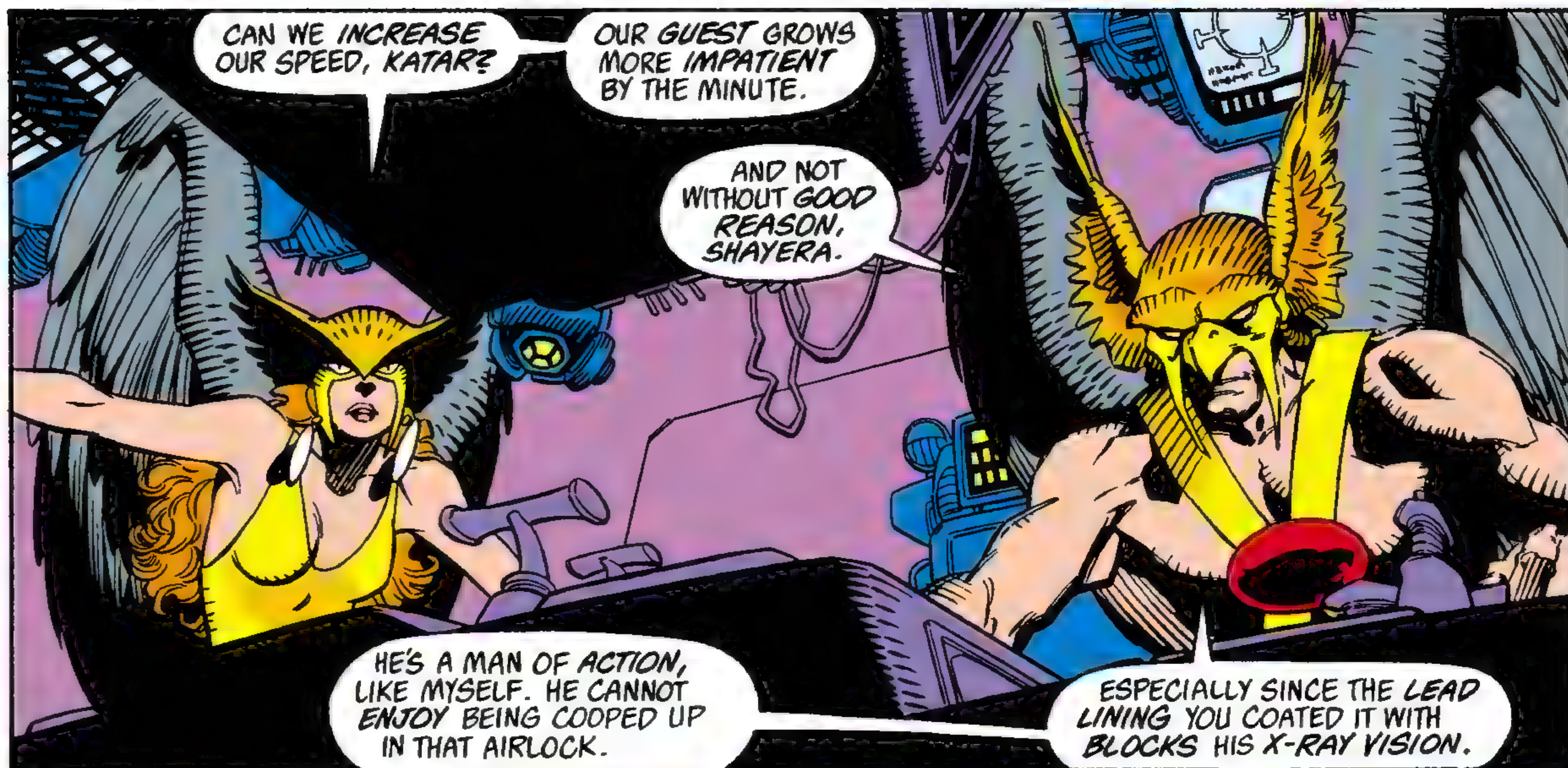
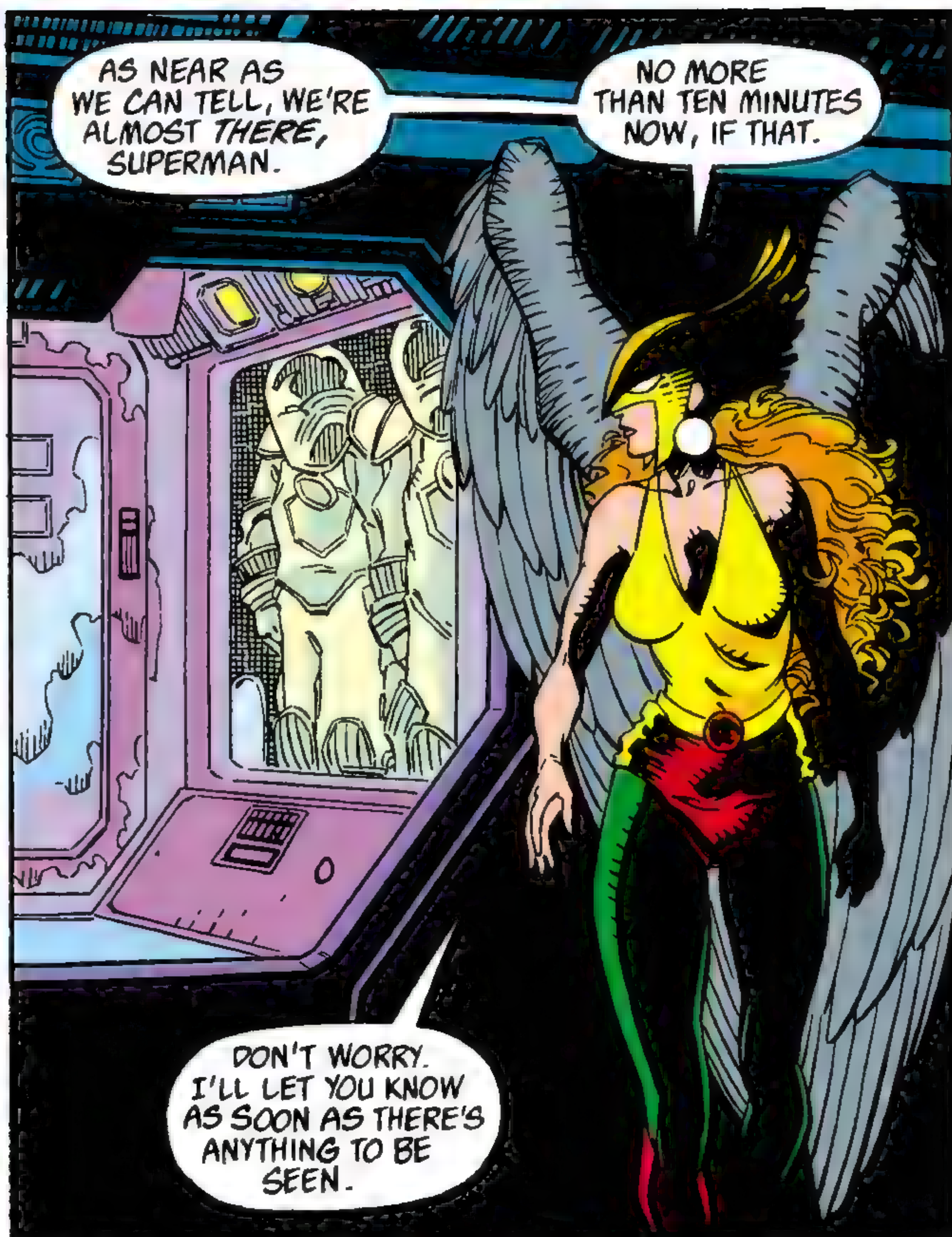
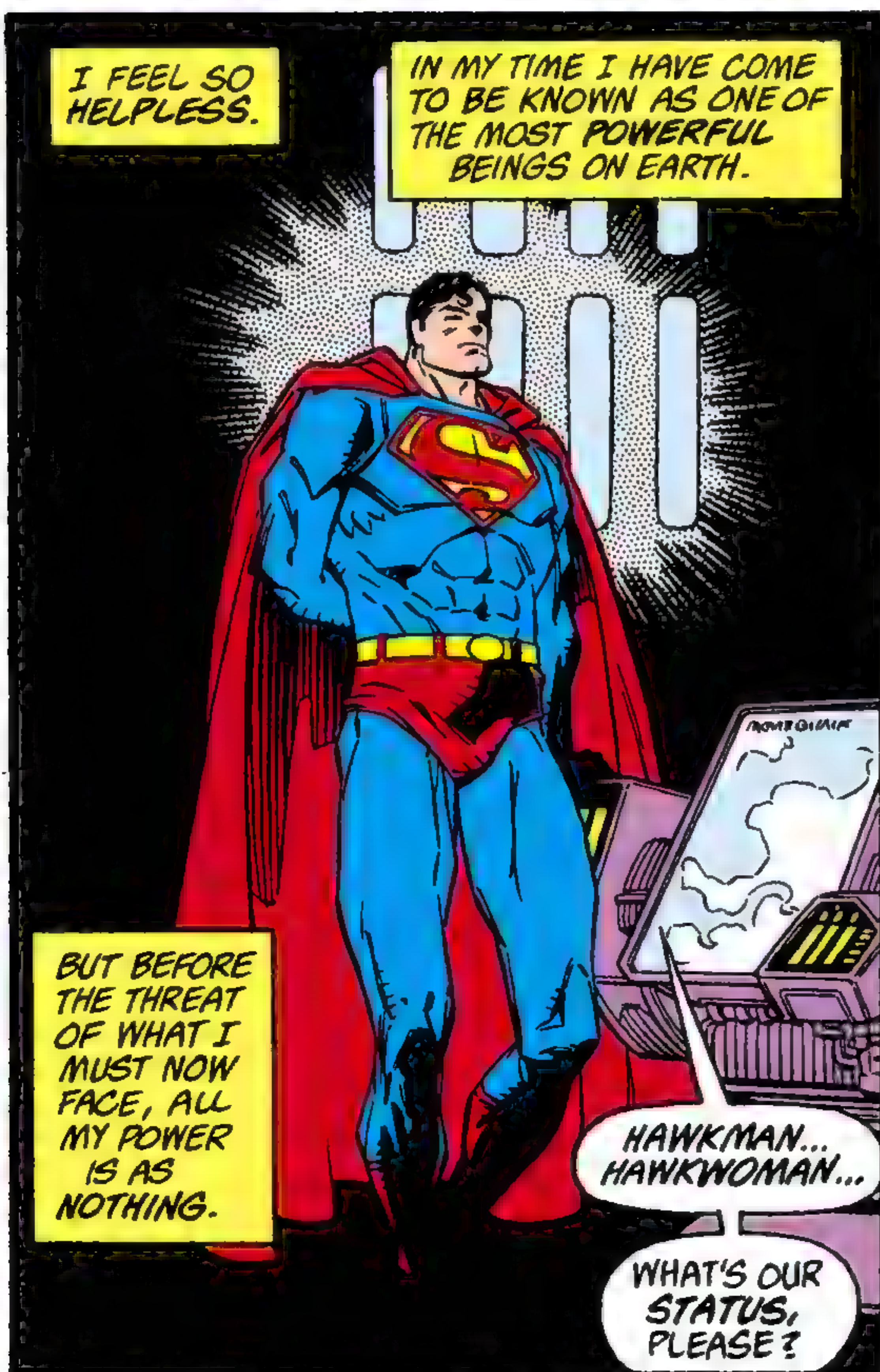
* BILL
OAKLEY
LETTERING

* PETRA
SCOTSE
COLORING

* RENEE
WITTERSTAETTER
ASSISTANT EDITING

* MICHAEL
CARLIN AND
EDITING

MIKE MIGNOLA
SPECIAL GUEST
PENCILLER





IT'S OUT THERE.

I CAN ALMOST FEEL IT,
EVEN THROUGH THESE
LEADED WALLS.

KRYPTONITE
RADIATION.

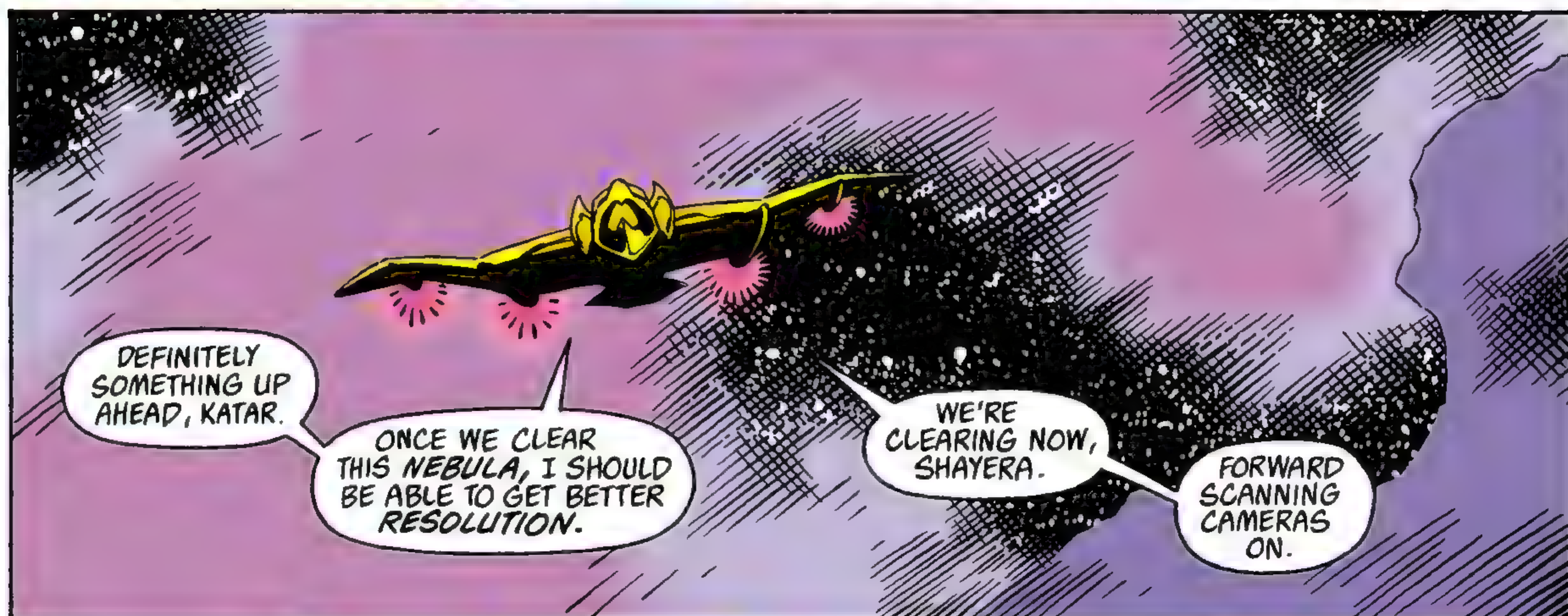
THE LAST
REMNANT OF
A ONCE-
PROUD
PLANET.

THE PLANET OF
MY ORIGIN.

THE PLANET I ESCAPED, UNBORN,
SCANT MOMENTS BEFORE IT DIED.

AND NOW ALL THAT REMAINS
IS A WAVEFRONT OF RADIATION
LETHAL TO ME.

A WAVEFRONT WE'VE
BEEN FOLLOWING
TO ITS SOURCE!

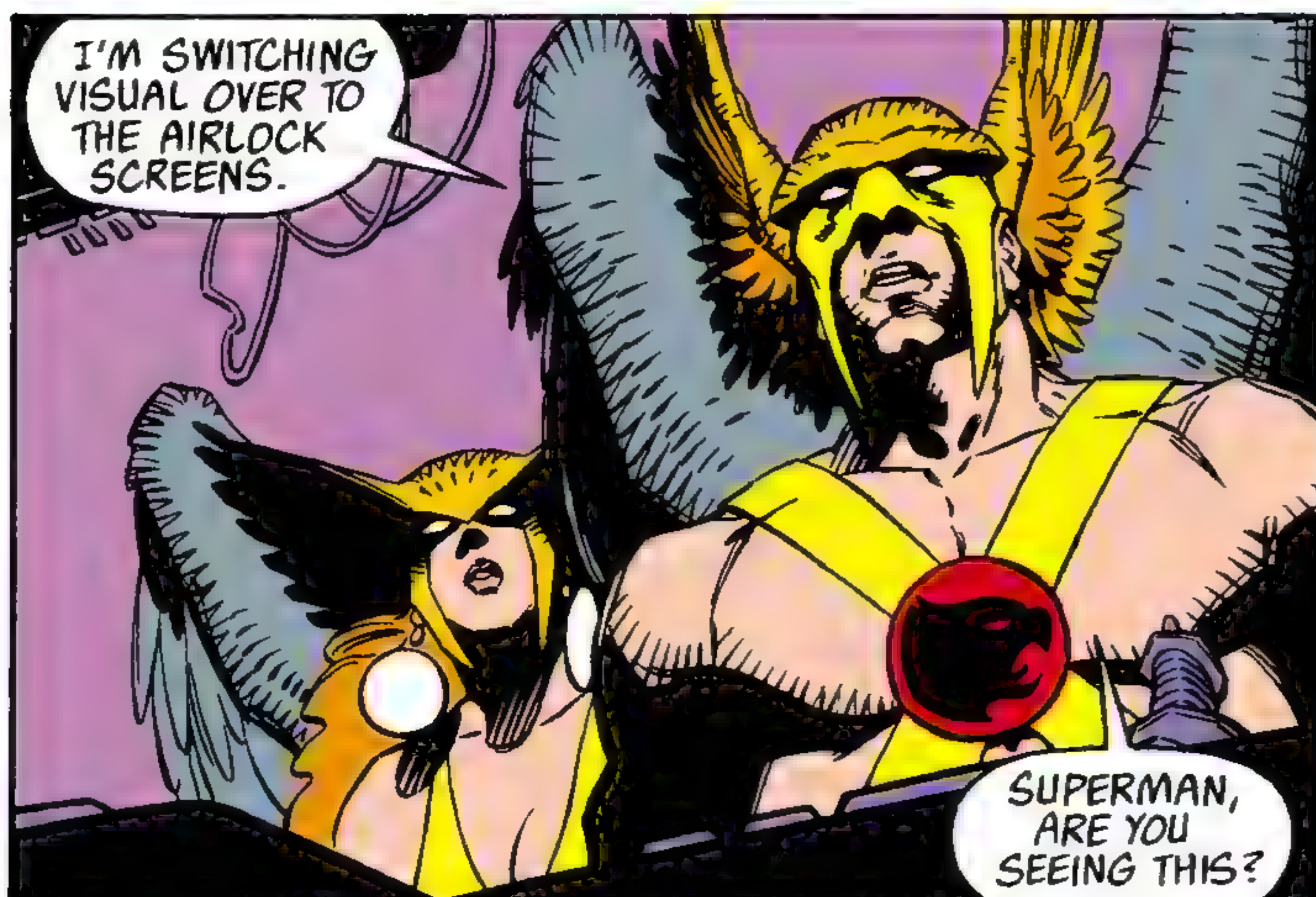


DEFINITELY
SOMETHING UP
AHEAD, KATAR.

ONCE WE CLEAR
THIS NEBULA, I SHOULD
BE ABLE TO GET BETTER
RESOLUTION.

WE'RE
CLEARING NOW,
SHAYERA.

FORWARD
SCANNING
CAMERAS
ON.



I'M SWITCHING
VISUAL OVER TO
THE AIRLOCK
SCREENS.

SUPERMAN,
ARE YOU
SEEING THIS?

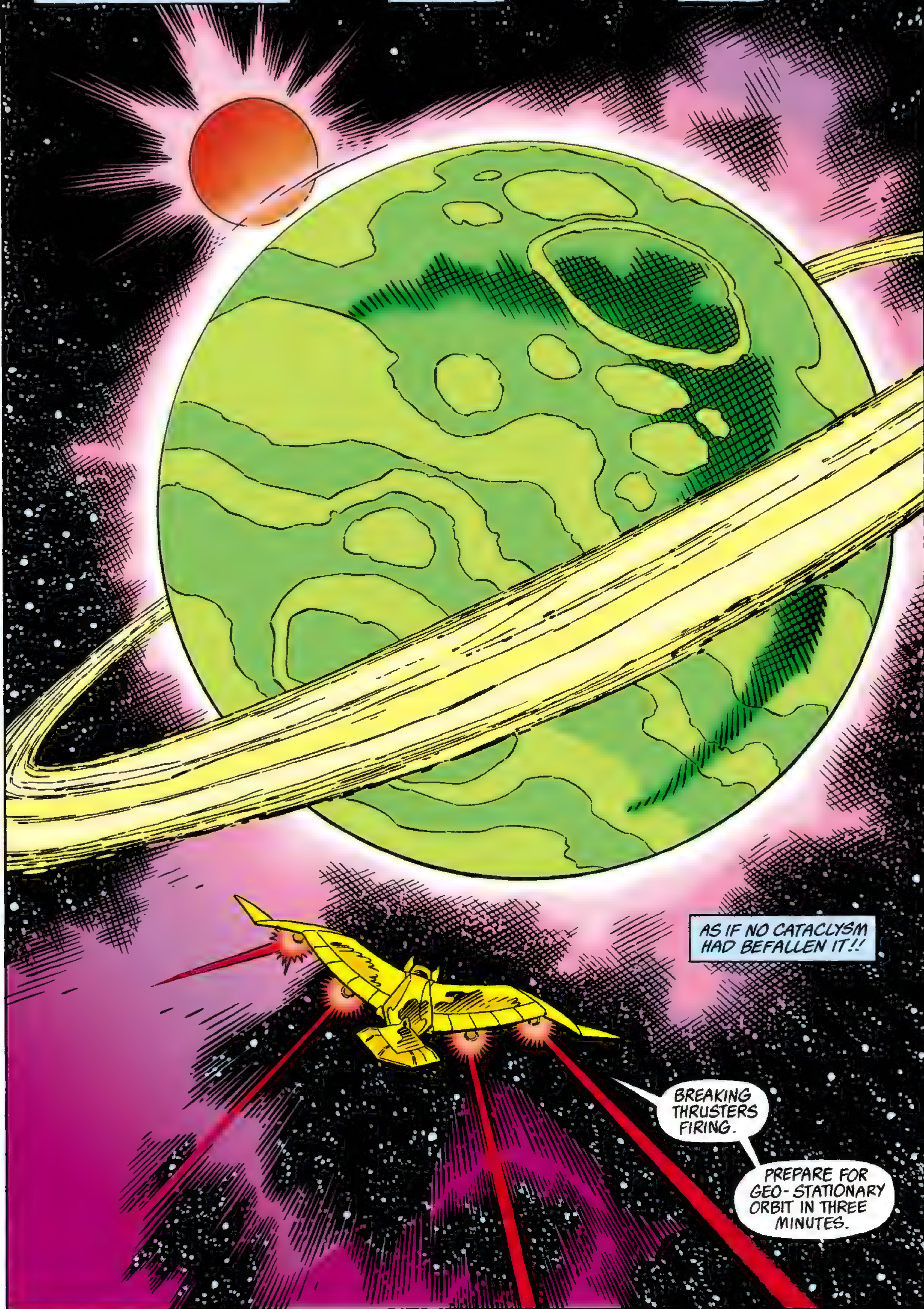


...YES...

IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE LAST
THING I EVER EXPECTED TO
SEE, TO FIND HERE.

THE PLANET
KRYPTON...

WHOLE!



AS IF NO CATACLYSM
HAD BEFALLEN IT!!

BREAKING
THRUSTERS
FIRING.

PREPARE FOR
GEO- STATIONARY
ORBIT IN THREE
MINUTES.



FORWARD
SCANNERS TO
MAXIMUM.

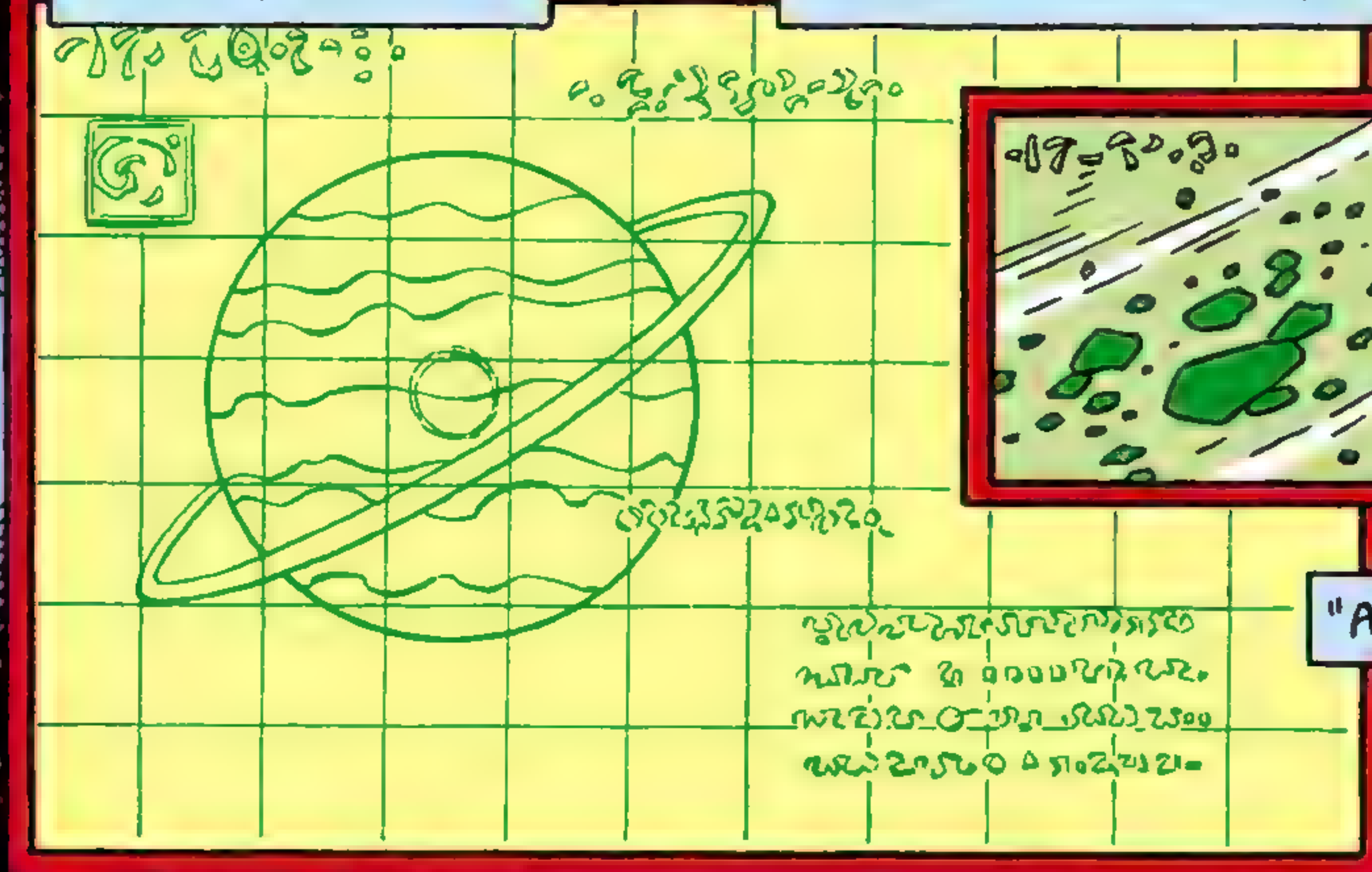
SHAYERA...

WHAT ARE
YOU READING
OUT THERE?

"THAT'S NOT A SOLID
PLANET, KATAR."

"READING A PARTICLE CLOUD
AROUND A MOLTEN CORE."

"ACCRETION DISC
OF LARGER
PARTICLES..."



"ALL KRYPTONITE."

I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THIS.
I'VE READ ENOUGH ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN A PLANETARY
MASS EXPLODES.

EVEN SOMETHING AS
FURIOUS AS THE
DETONATION OF A
PLANET'S CORE
CANNOT CREATE
ENOUGH ENERGY TO
PROPEL ALL THE
PIECES OF THE
PLANET TO ESCAPE
VELOCITY...

SOME OF THE PARTS ARE
HURLED INTO SPACE, BUT
THE REST ARE RECAPTURED
BY GRAVITY.

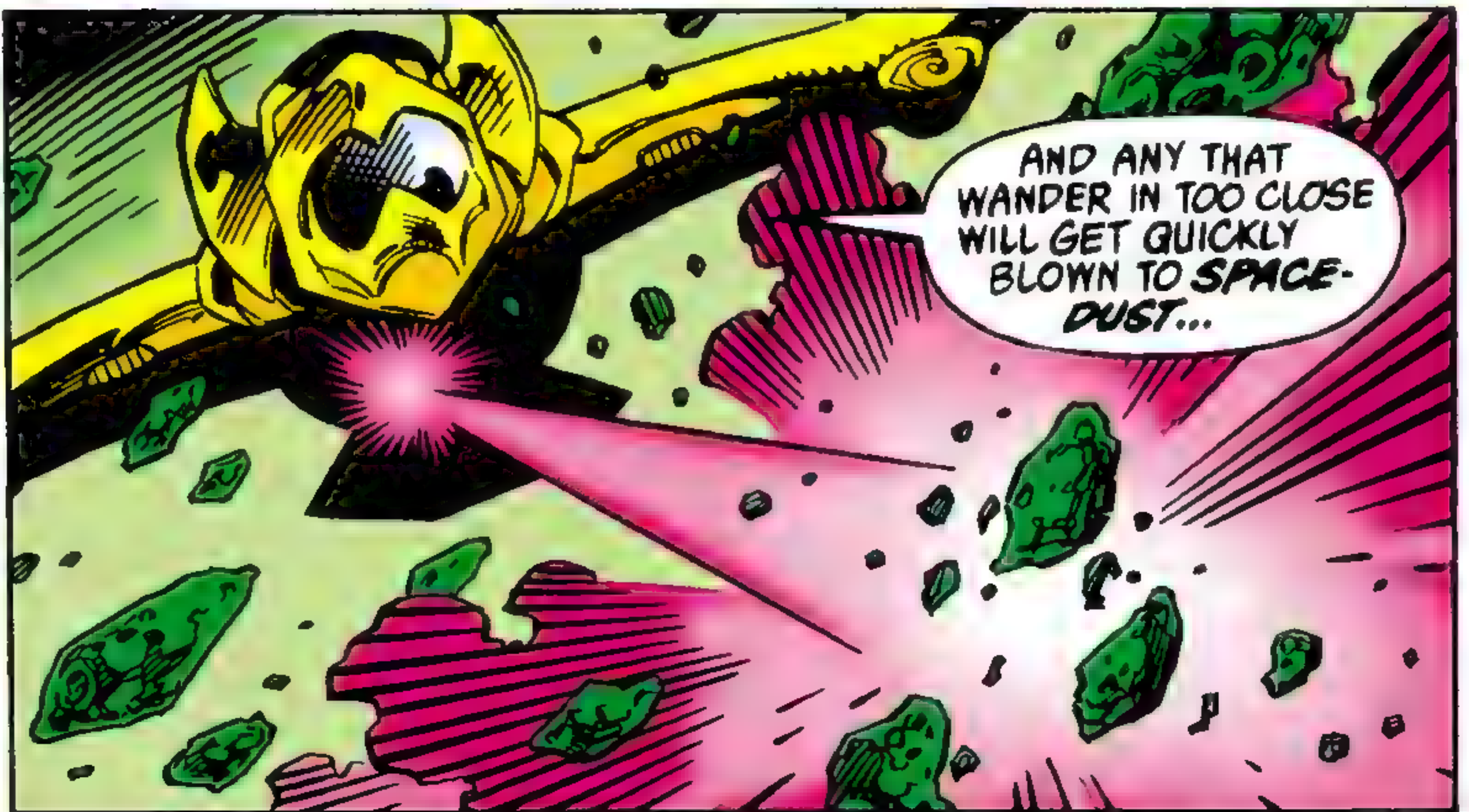
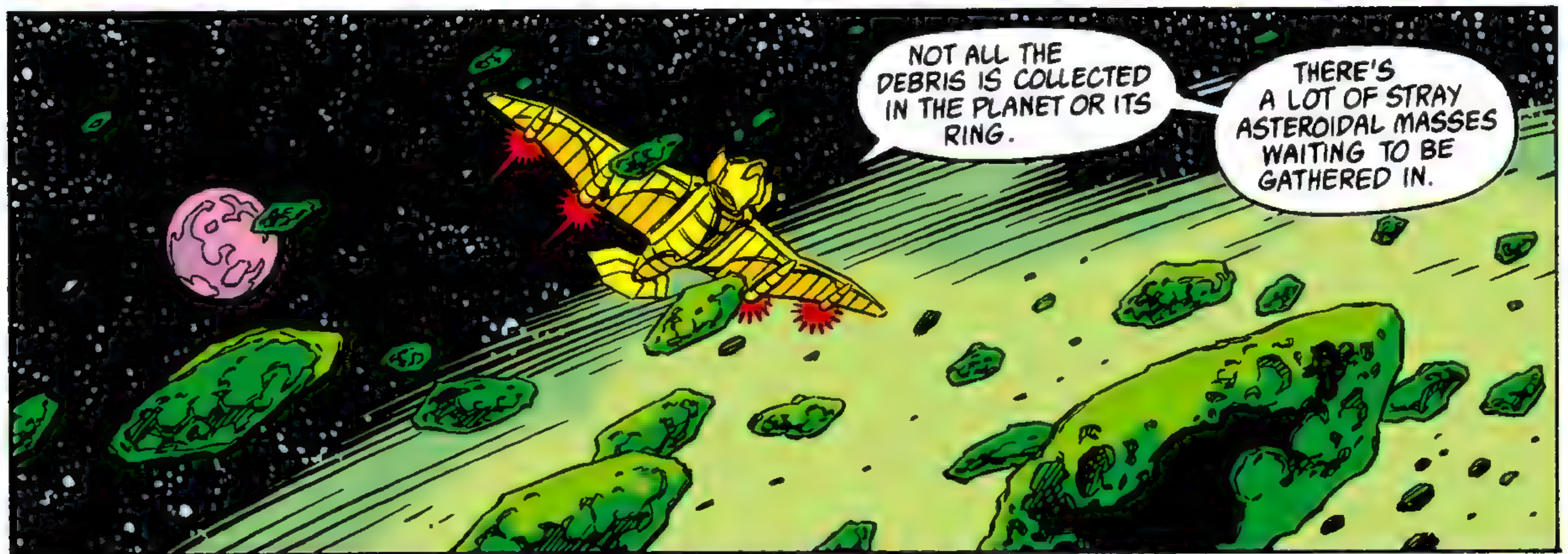
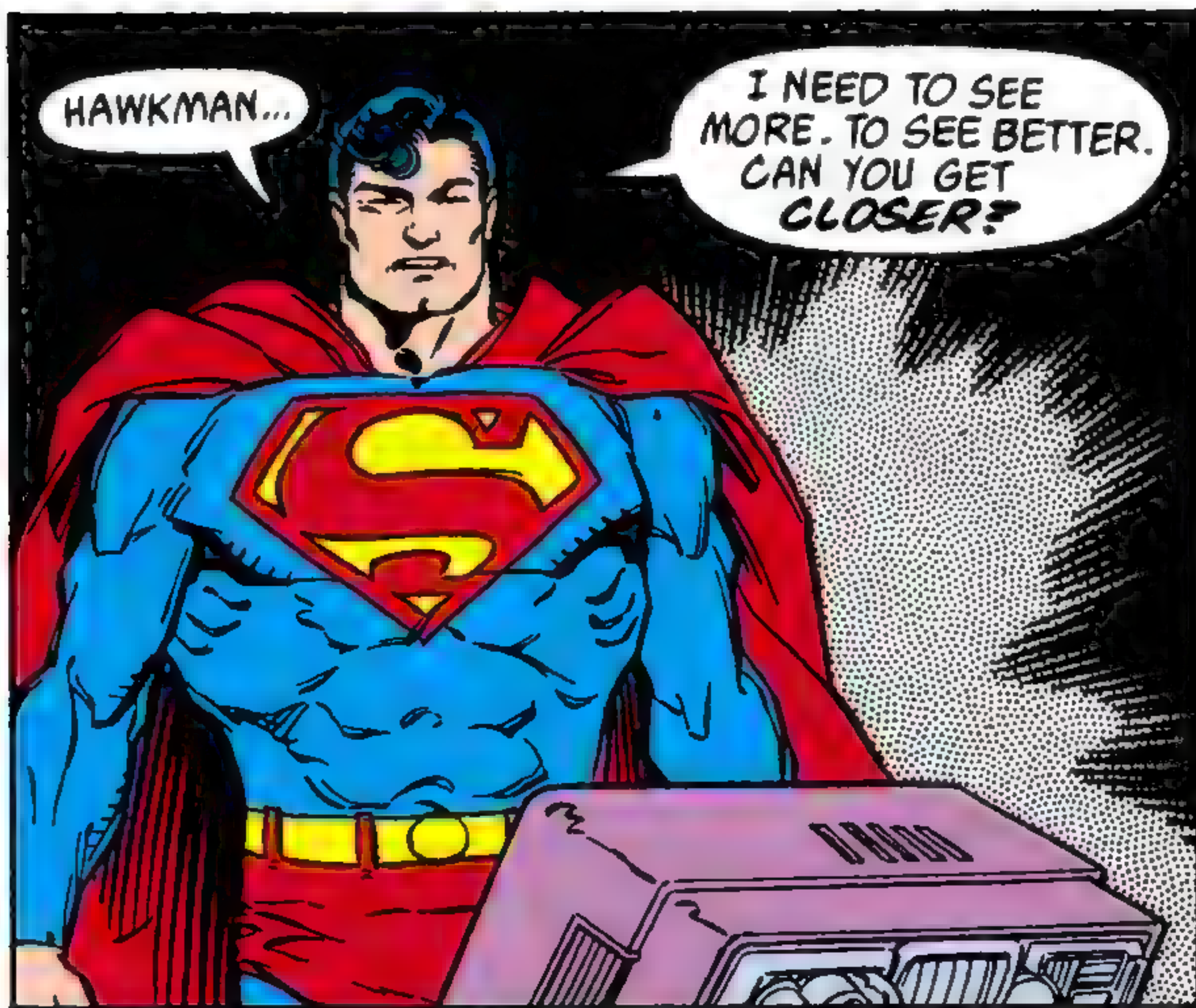
THEY FALL BACK INTO A
PLANETARY SHAPE, A CLOUD
OF DUST AND GASSES AROUND
A LIQUID CORE...

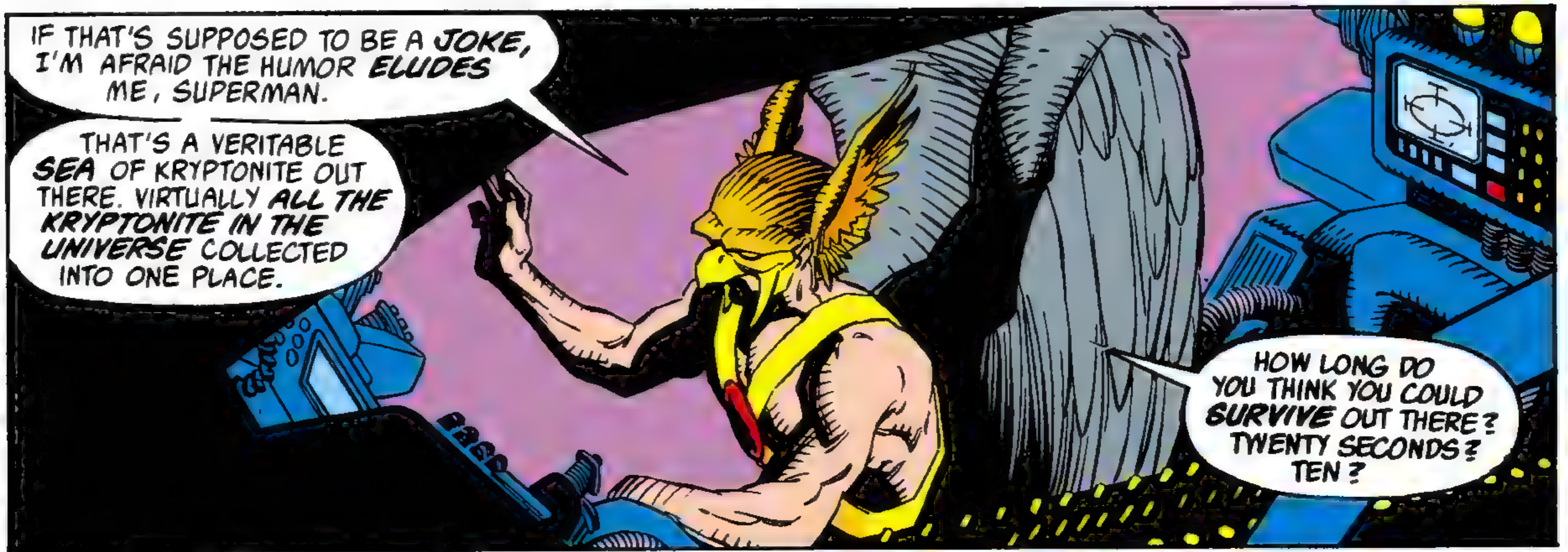
WHILE LARGER FRAG-
MENTS FORM INTO A
TEMPORARY RING
AROUND THE WORLD,
UNTIL THAT TOO
COLLAPSES BACK
INTO THE PLANET.

BUT... A DEAD
PLANET STILL.

IT'S BEEN FIFTY YEARS SINCE KRYPTON TORE
ITSELF APART. IT MIGHT TAKE FIFTY MILLION
YEARS FOR A SOLID PLANET TO CONDENSE
OUT OF THE PARTICLE CLOUD.

ANOTHER BILLION FOR THE FIRST CHANCE OF LIFE...

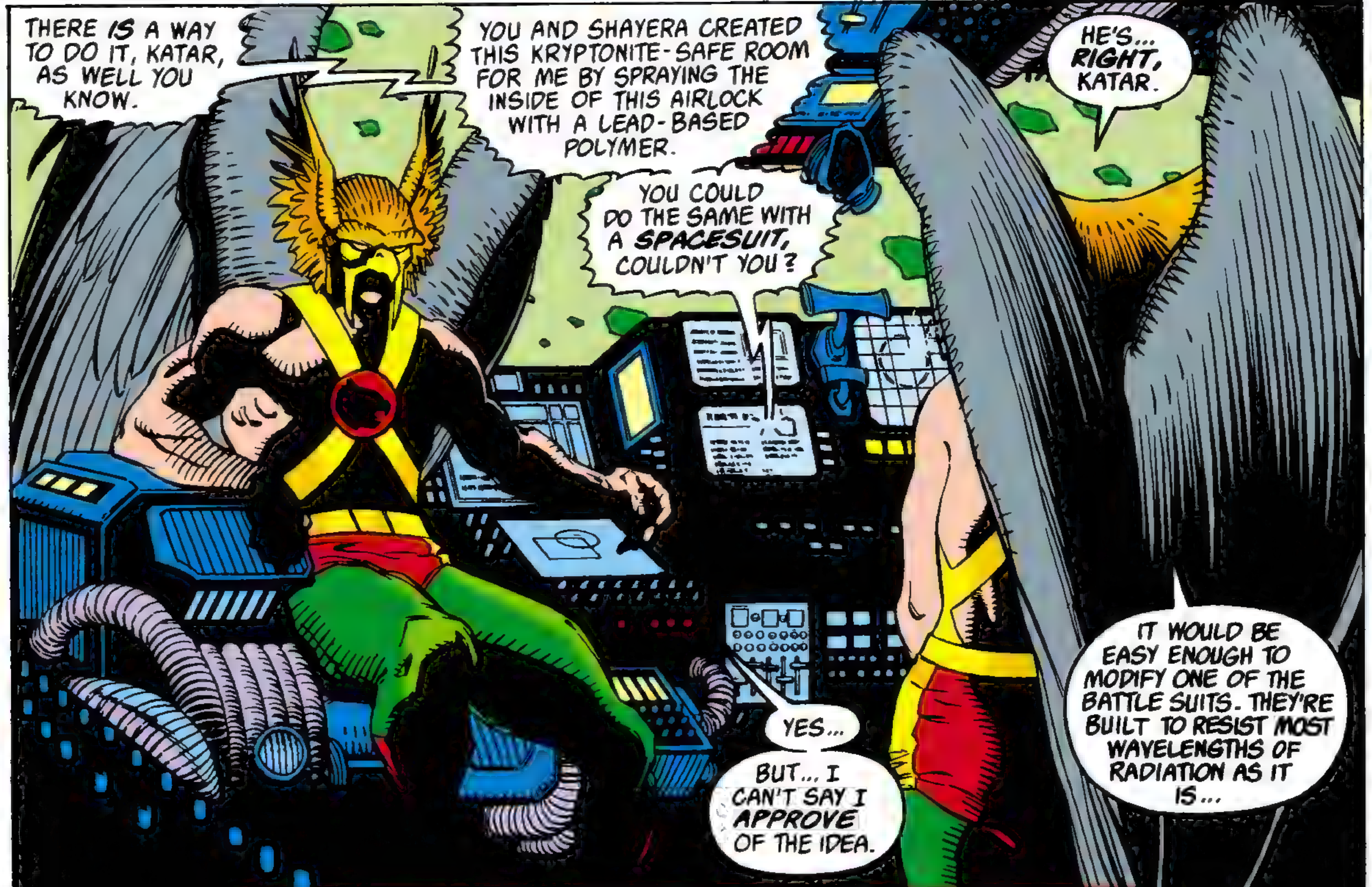




IF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A JOKE, I'M AFRAID THE HUMOR *ELUDES* ME, SUPERMAN.

THAT'S A VERITABLE *SEA* OF KRYPTONITE OUT THERE. VIRTUALLY *ALL* THE KRYPTONITE IN THE *UNIVERSE* COLLECTED INTO ONE PLACE.

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU COULD SURVIVE OUT THERE? TWENTY SECONDS? TEN?



THERE IS A WAY TO DO IT, KATAR, AS WELL YOU KNOW.

YOU AND SHAYERA CREATED THIS KRYPTONITE-SAFE ROOM FOR ME BY SPRAYING THE INSIDE OF THIS AIRLOCK WITH A LEAD-BASED POLYMER.

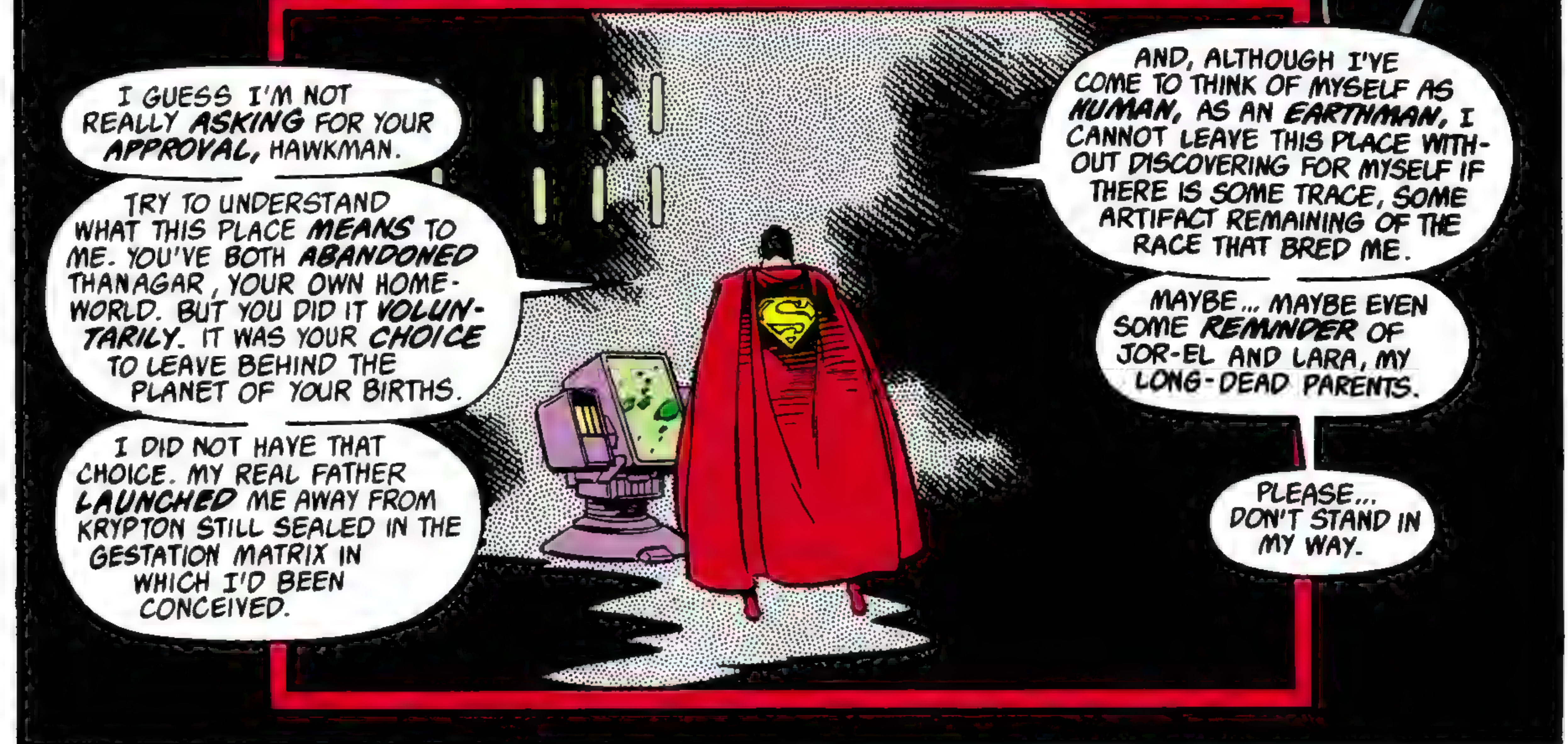
YOU COULD DO THE SAME WITH A *SPACESUIT*, COULDN'T YOU?

HE'S... *RIGHT*, KATAR.

YES...

BUT... I CAN'T SAY I APPROVE OF THE IDEA.

IT WOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO MODIFY ONE OF THE BATTLE SUITS. THEY'RE BUILT TO RESIST MOST WAVELENGTHS OF RADIATION AS IT IS...



I GUESS I'M NOT REALLY ASKING FOR YOUR APPROVAL, HAWKMAN.

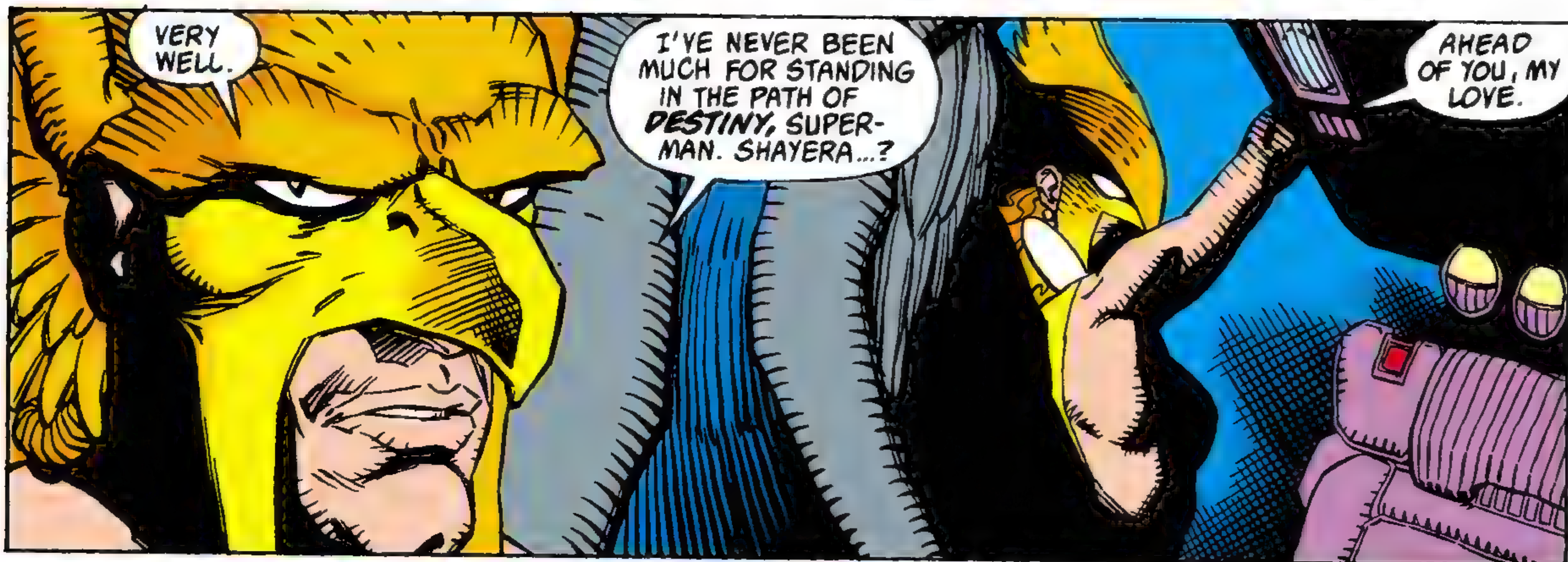
TRY TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS PLACE *MEANS* TO ME. YOU'VE BOTH *ABANDONED* THANAGAR, YOUR OWN HOME-WORLD. BUT YOU DID IT *VOLUNTARILY*. IT WAS YOUR *CHOICE* TO LEAVE BEHIND THE PLANET OF YOUR BIRTHS.

I DID NOT HAVE THAT CHOICE. MY REAL FATHER *LAUNCHED* ME AWAY FROM KRYPTON STILL SEALED IN THE GESTATION MATRIX IN WHICH I'D BEEN CONCEIVED.

AND, ALTHOUGH I'VE COME TO THINK OF MYSELF AS *HUMAN*, AS AN *EARTHMAN*, I CANNOT LEAVE THIS PLACE WITHOUT DISCOVERING FOR MYSELF IF THERE IS SOME TRACE, SOME ARTIFACT REMAINING OF THE RACE THAT BRED ME.

MAYBE... MAYBE EVEN SOME *REMINDER* OF JOR-EL AND LARA, MY LONG-DEAD PARENTS.

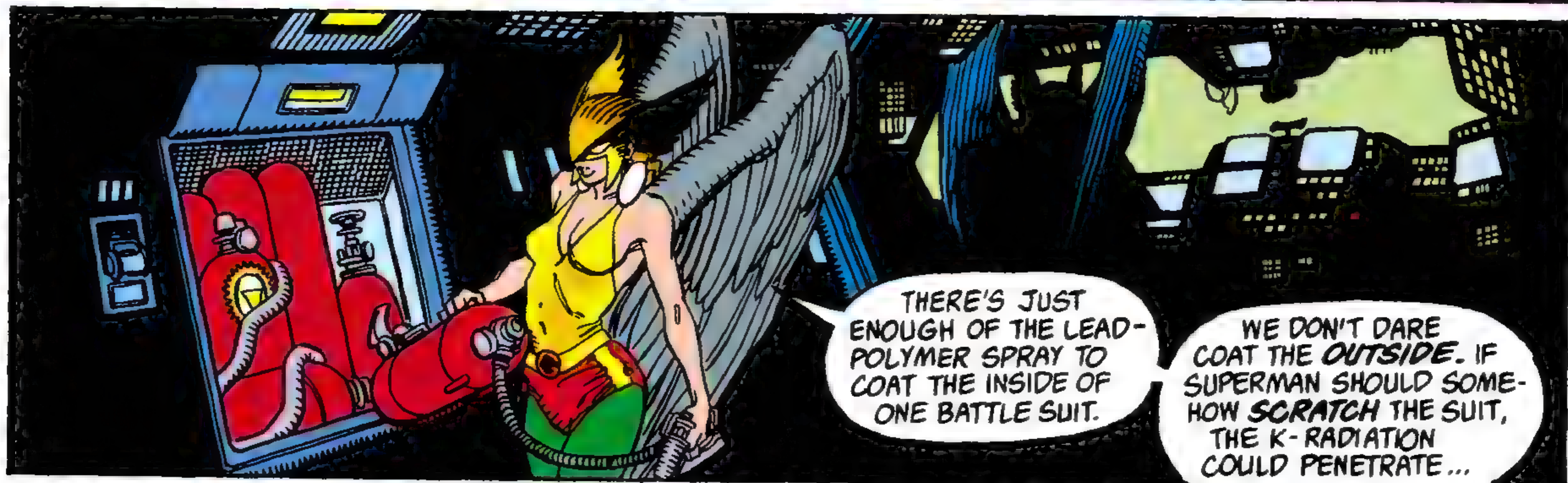
PLEASE... DON'T STAND IN MY WAY.



VERY WELL.

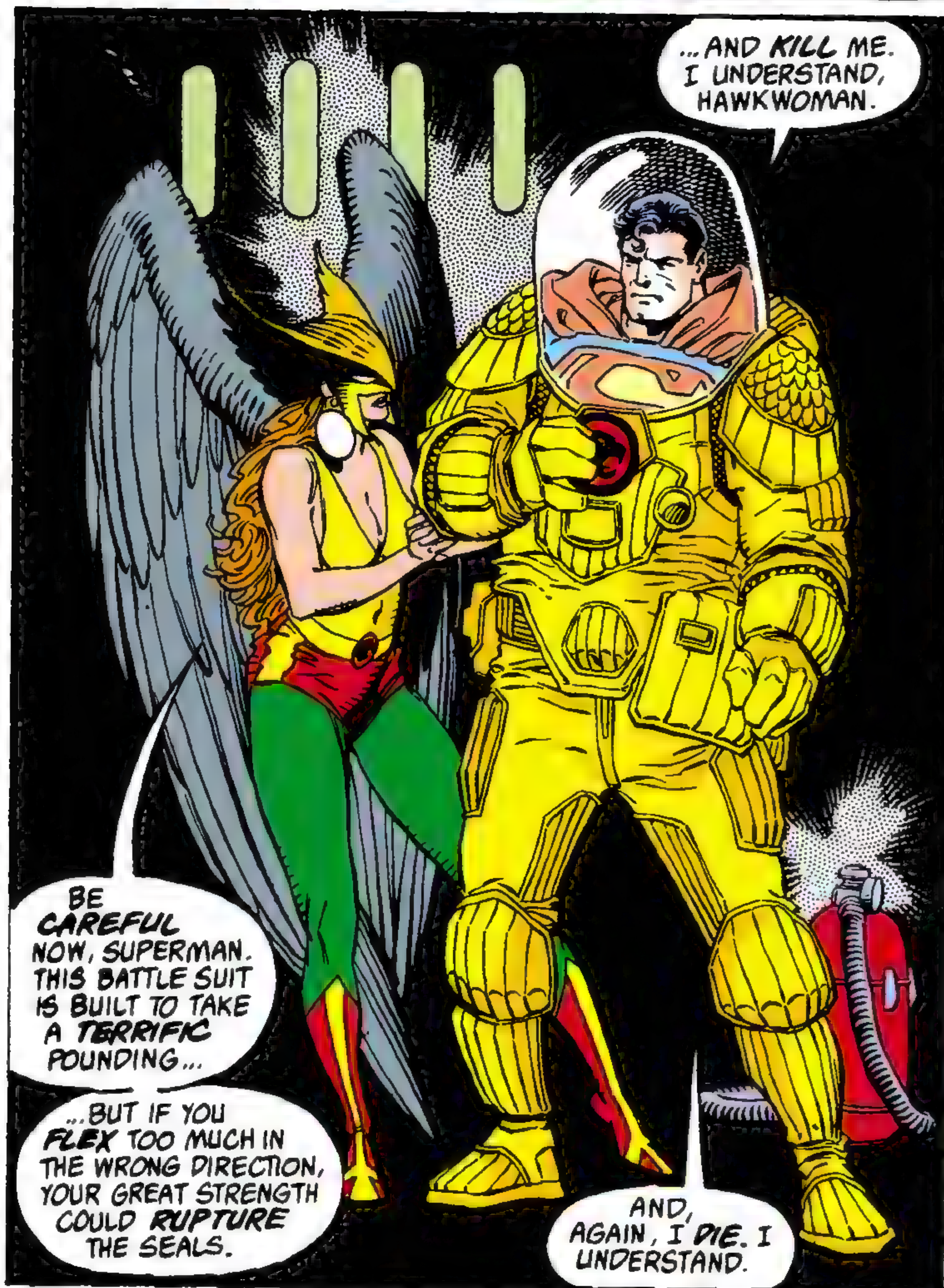
I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH FOR STANDING IN THE PATH OF DESTINY, SUPERMAN. SHAYERA...?

AHEAD OF YOU, MY LOVE.



THERE'S JUST ENOUGH OF THE LEAD-POLYMER SPRAY TO COAT THE INSIDE OF ONE BATTLE SUIT.

WE DON'T DARE COAT THE *OUTSIDE*. IF SUPERMAN SHOULD SOMEHOW *SCRATCH* THE SUIT, THE K-RADIATION COULD PENETRATE...



...AND KILL ME. I UNDERSTAND, HAWKWOMAN.

BE CAREFUL NOW, SUPERMAN. THIS BATTLE SUIT IS BUILT TO TAKE A TERRIFIC POUNDING...

...BUT IF YOU FLEX TOO MUCH IN THE WRONG DIRECTION, YOUR GREAT STRENGTH COULD RUPTURE THE SEALS.

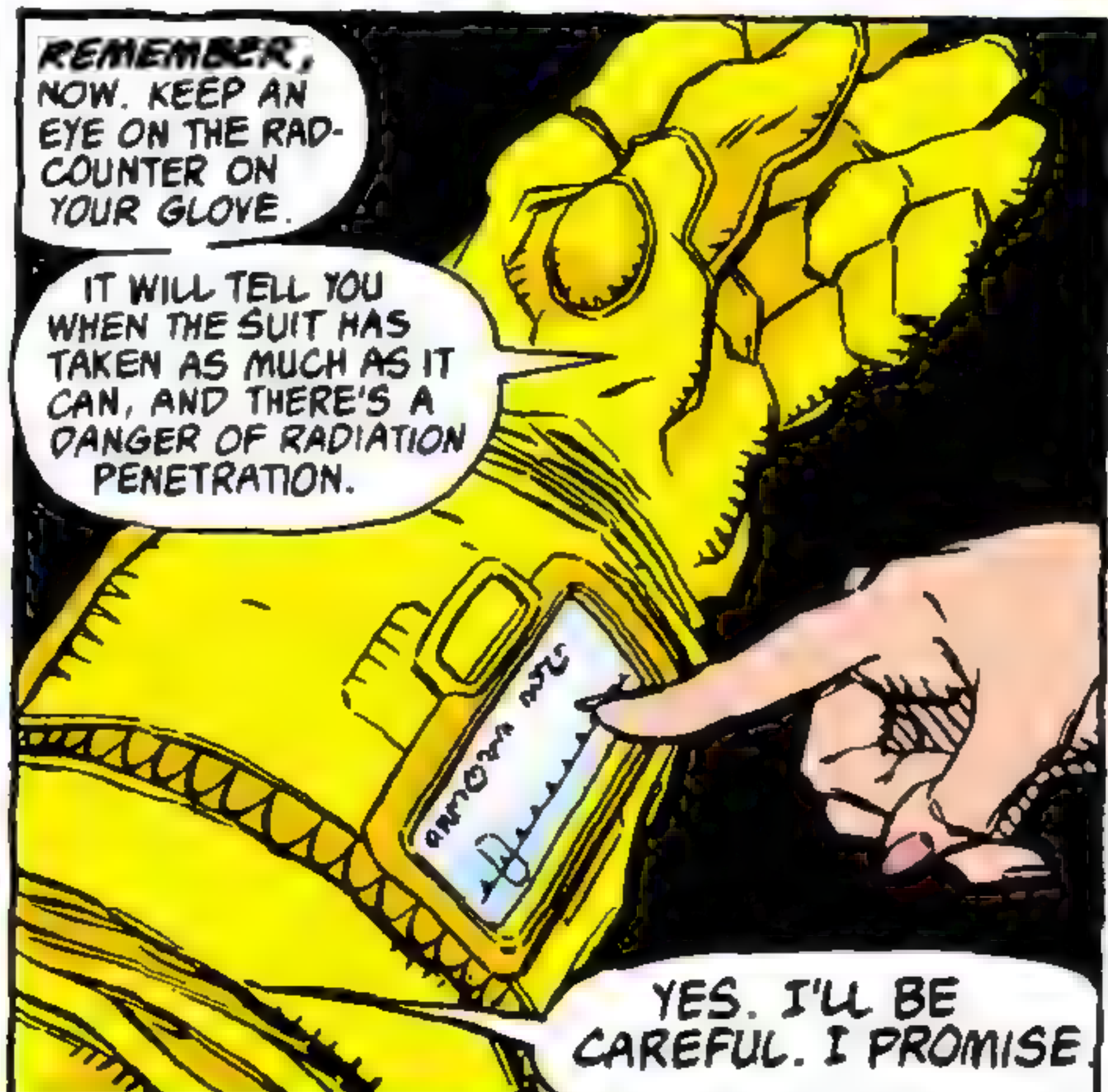
AND, AGAIN, I DIE. I UNDERSTAND.



SORRY TO BE SO FULL OF DOOM AND GLOOM, SUPERMAN. IT'S HARDLY MY USUAL IDIOM...

BUT BOTH KATAR AND I ARE WORRIED FOR YOUR SAFETY OUT THERE.

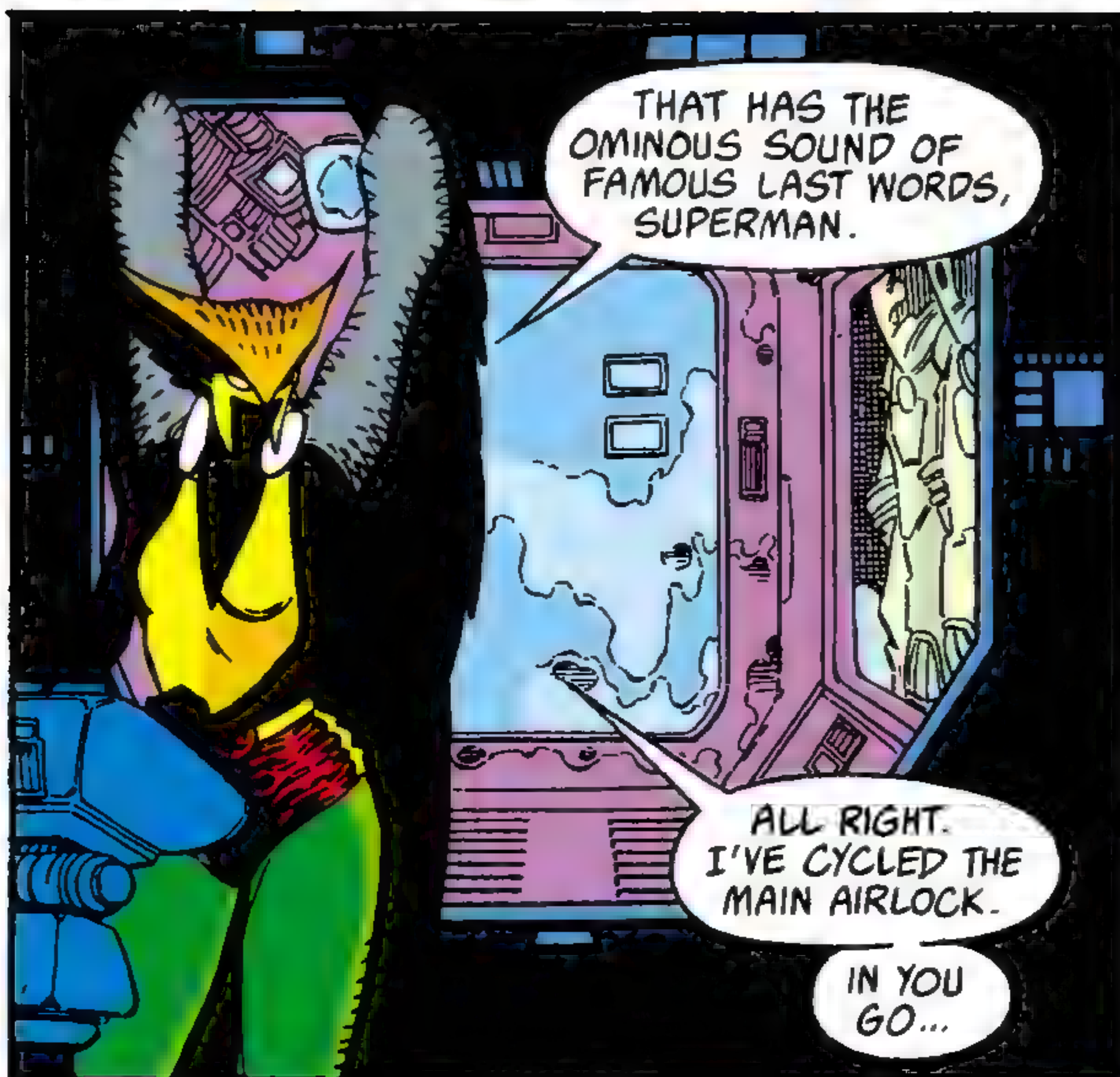
YOU'VE NEVER HAD TO FACE SO MUCH KRYPTONITE COLLECTED IN ONE PLACE.



REMEMBER, NOW. KEEP AN EYE ON THE RAD-COUNTER ON YOUR GLOVE.

IT WILL TELL YOU WHEN THE SUIT HAS TAKEN AS MUCH AS IT CAN, AND THERE'S A DANGER OF RADIATION PENETRATION.

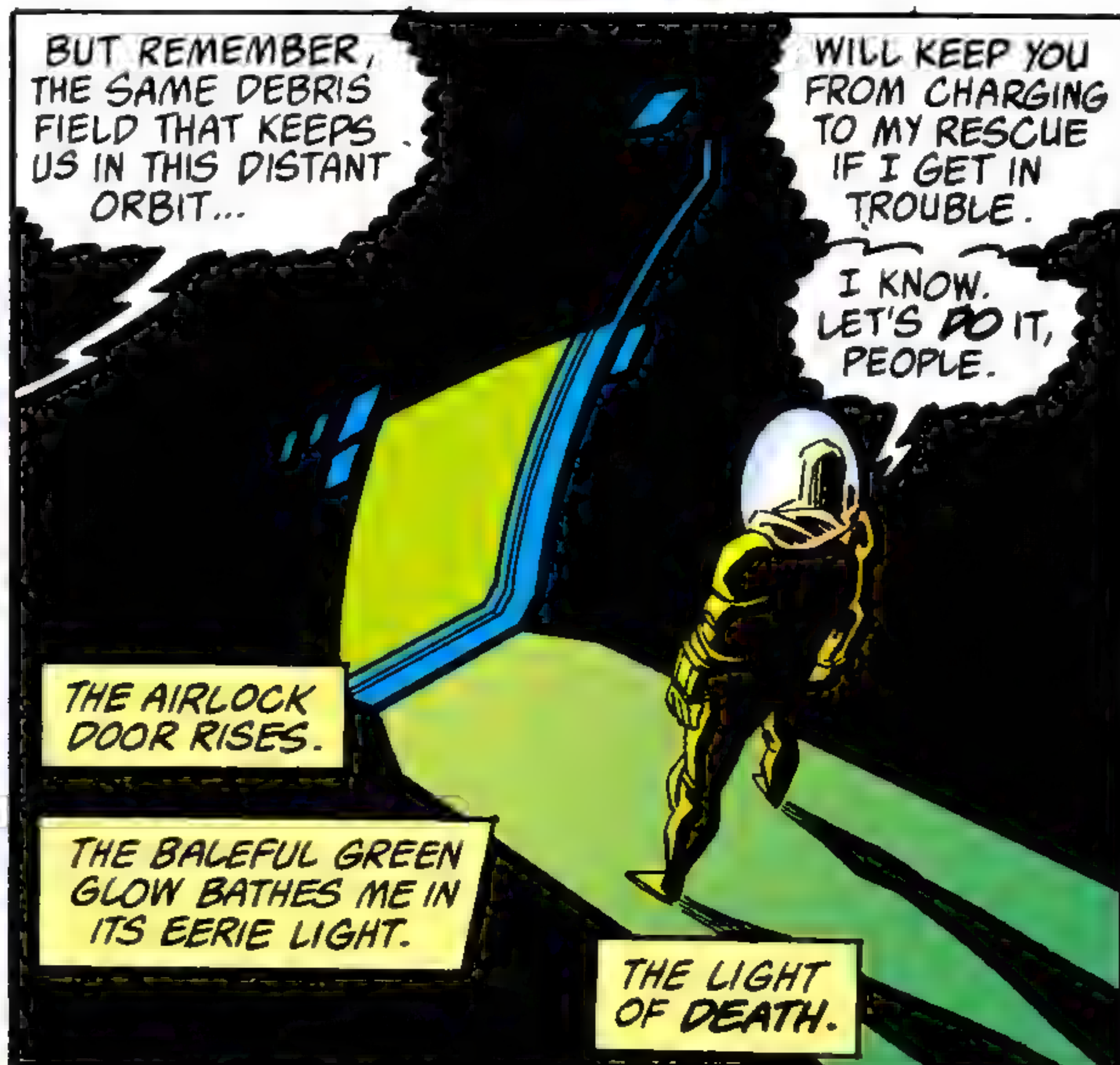
YES. I'LL BE CAREFUL. I PROMISE.



THAT HAS THE
OMINOUS SOUND OF
FAMOUS LAST WORDS,
SUPERMAN.

ALL RIGHT.
I'VE CYCLED THE
MAIN AIRLOCK.

IN YOU
GO...



BUT REMEMBER,
THE SAME DEBRIS
FIELD THAT KEEPS
US IN THIS DISTANT
ORBIT...

WILL KEEP YOU
FROM CHARGING
TO MY RESCUE
IF I GET IN
TROUBLE.

I KNOW.
LET'S DO IT,
PEOPLE.

THE AIRLOCK
DOOR RISES.

THE BALEFUL GREEN
GLOW BATHES ME IN
ITS EERIE LIGHT.

THE LIGHT
OF DEATH.



MY HEART
POUNDS.

I FORCE MY BREATH TO STAY IN
SLOW AND STEADY RHYTHMS,
LEST MY RAPIDLY EXPANDING
CHEST SHOULD BURST THE
SUIT, AS HAWKWOMAN WARNED.

I FLY INTO THE DEBRIS
FIELD. I LOOK WITH MY
OWN EYES UPON THE
SWIRLING REMNANTS OF
A PLANET ONCE CALLED
KRYPTON.

SPACE ABOUT ME IS
THICK WITH KRYPTONITE.

THERE ARE PIECES HERE AS
SMALL AS GRAINS OF SAND...

...AND LARGER THAN THE
GREATEST EARTHLY MOUNTAIN.

I FEEL MYSELF OVER-
WHELMED BY THE
SPECTACLE, AS JOR-EL'S
GIFT OF MEMORY FLOWS
THROUGH MY MIND
ONCE MORE...

I REMEMBER KRYPTON.

NEVER HAVE I
WALKED HER
GREEN AND
GROWING HILLS.
NEVER HAVE I
SMELLED THE
FRAGRANT
BLOSSOMS OF
THE HANTHA
TREES...

BUT I
REMEMBER
THEM...

AS I REMEMBER, TOO,
THE BURNING WINDS'
THAT SCORCHED
THE BLASTED FACE
OF A KRYPTON TORN
APART BY WAR.

I'M STRUCK NOW BY HOW MUCH THE CLUMSY JOINTS OF THIS
CUMBERSOME BATTLESUIT FEEL LIKE THE MEMORIES MY FATHER
SENT ME OF THE LUMBERING LIFESUITS OF THE FEW KRYPTONIANS
WHO SURVIVED THAT WAR.

I FEEL NO NEED
TO MOVE, NOW.

I'M CAUGHT UPON THE
EDGE OF KRYPTON'S
GRAVITY. IT SWEEPS
ME ROUND THE PLANET
WITH THE FLOATING
FRAGMENTS OF ITS
PAST.

I LET MY LIMBS DRIFT
OUT TO NATURAL,
RELAXED POSITIONS.

I LET MY MIND
DRIFT BACK...

BACK TO A KRYPTON
REBUILT FROM THE
ASHES OF THE OLD.

A KRYPTON WHERE THE EXPLOITS OF
THE MIND HAVE SUPERSEDED ALL
THE PLEASANT EXPLOITS OF THE FLESH...

A WORLD COMPLETELY UNPREPARED
FOR THE GRIM DISCOVERY OF ITS
OWN MORTALITY.

A DISCOVERY IT NOW MUST
FALL TO ME TO TELL A
WAITING PEOPLE ABOUT...

OUR
WORLD IS
DOOMED,
MY
FRIENDS.

WITHIN A MONTH,
THE PRESSURES
BUILDING UP WITHIN
THE CORE WILL
SHATTER HER
TO ATOMS.

THAT IS...
TERRIBLE.

WHAT CAN
BE DONE,
JOR-EL?

YES...

YOU ARE OUR GREATEST
SCIENTIST, JOR-EL. TELL US
NOW WHAT WE MUST DO TO
SAVE OURSELVES!

THERE IS **ONE CHANCE**, MY FRIENDS.

IF WE CAN BUILD A FLEET OF **STARSHIPS**, WE MIGHT LAUNCH OURSELVES AWAY BEFORE THE CATAclysm COMES.

MY STUDIES OF THE HEAVENS HAVE FOUND A PLANET FIFTY LIGHT YEARS DISTANT THAT WOULD SUIT OUR NEEDS PRECISELY.

A PLANET KNOWN TO MANY OF ITS NATIVES AS **EARTH...**

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A PLANET KNOWN TO MANY OF ITS NATIVES AS **EARTH...**

THE MANUFACTURE AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE FLEET GOES WELL, MY LORD JOR-EL...

BUT THE GREEN PLAGUE HAS CLAIMED UNCOUNTED KRYPTONIANS. MANY MORE WILL DIE BEFORE THE FLEET IS READY.

THIS IS NOT GOOD, KELEX.

AT THIS RATE, ALL WILL DIE BEFORE A SINGLE SHIP IS LAUNCHED.

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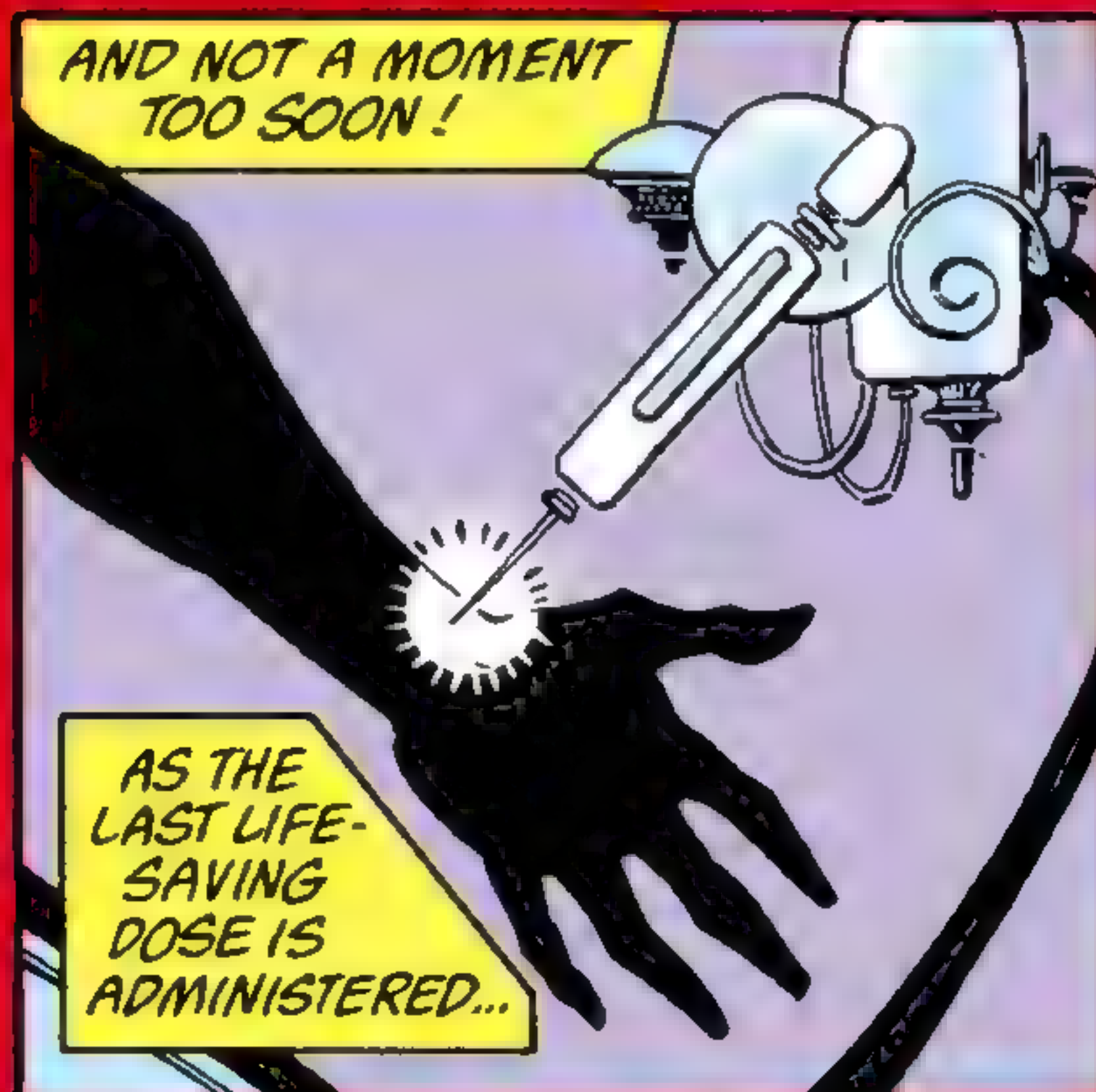
I LEAVE THE FINAL BUILDING OF THE SHIPS TO OTHER HANDS.

IN MY SAFE, SEALED LABORATORY, I DEVOTE MY EFFORTS TO THE FINDING OF A CURE FOR THE GREEN PLAGUE.

I LEAVE THE FINAL BUILDING OF THE SHIPS TO OTHER HANDS.

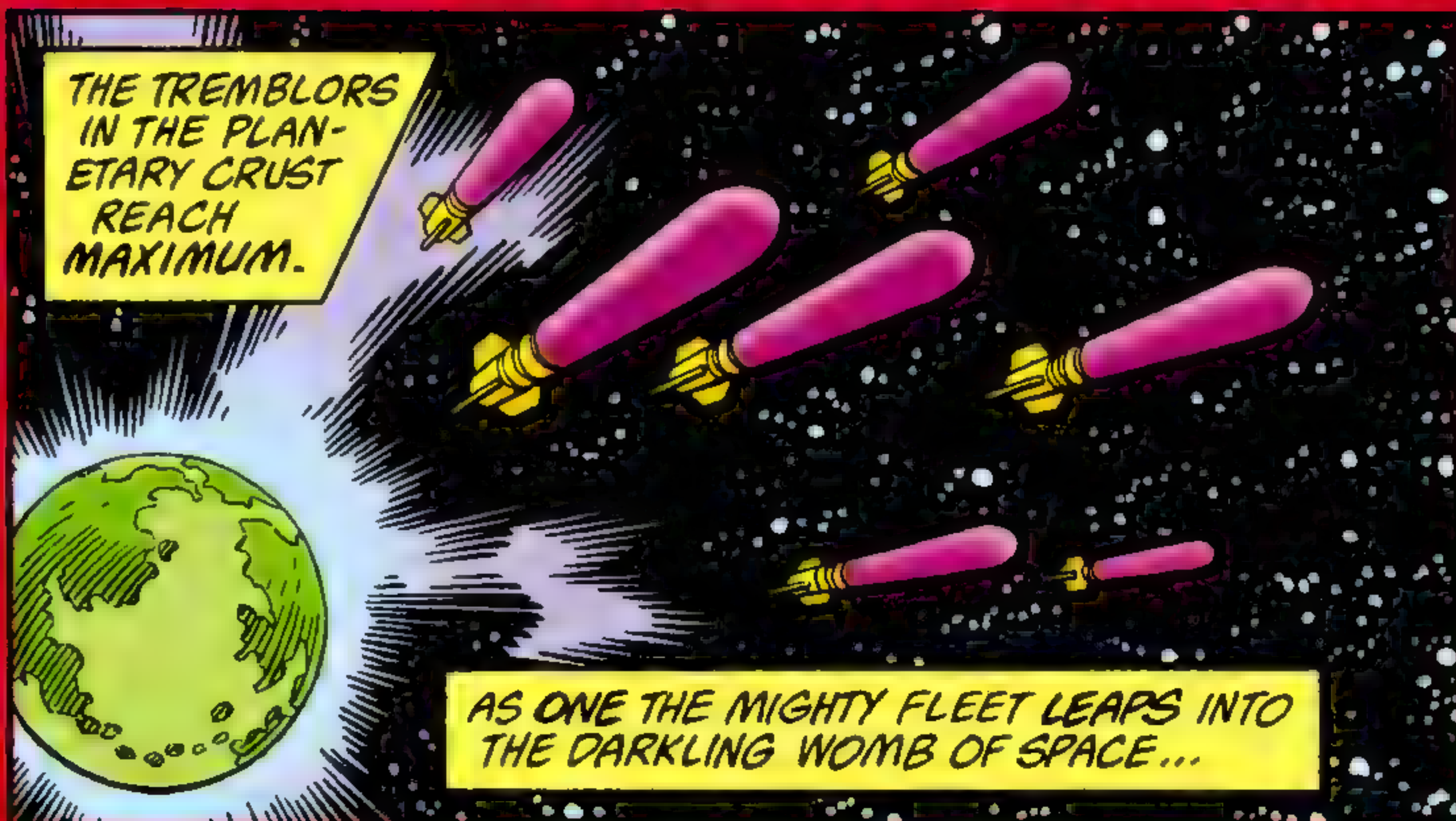
IN MY SAFE, SEALED LABORATORY, I DEVOTE MY EFFORTS TO THE FINDING OF A CURE FOR THE GREEN PLAGUE.

A comic book panel with a yellow background. At the top, two speech bubbles are present. The left one contains the text "AND GREAT RAO SMILES UPON ME." and the right one contains "A CURE IS FOUND." Below the speech bubbles, a hand is holding a tall, rectangular glass filled with water. Inside the glass, a small, dark, irregularly shaped object is visible, which appears to be the character Great Rao. The background is a solid yellow color with some black lines radiating from the top, suggesting a bright light or a significant event.



AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!

AS THE LAST LIFE-SAVING DOSE IS ADMINISTERED...



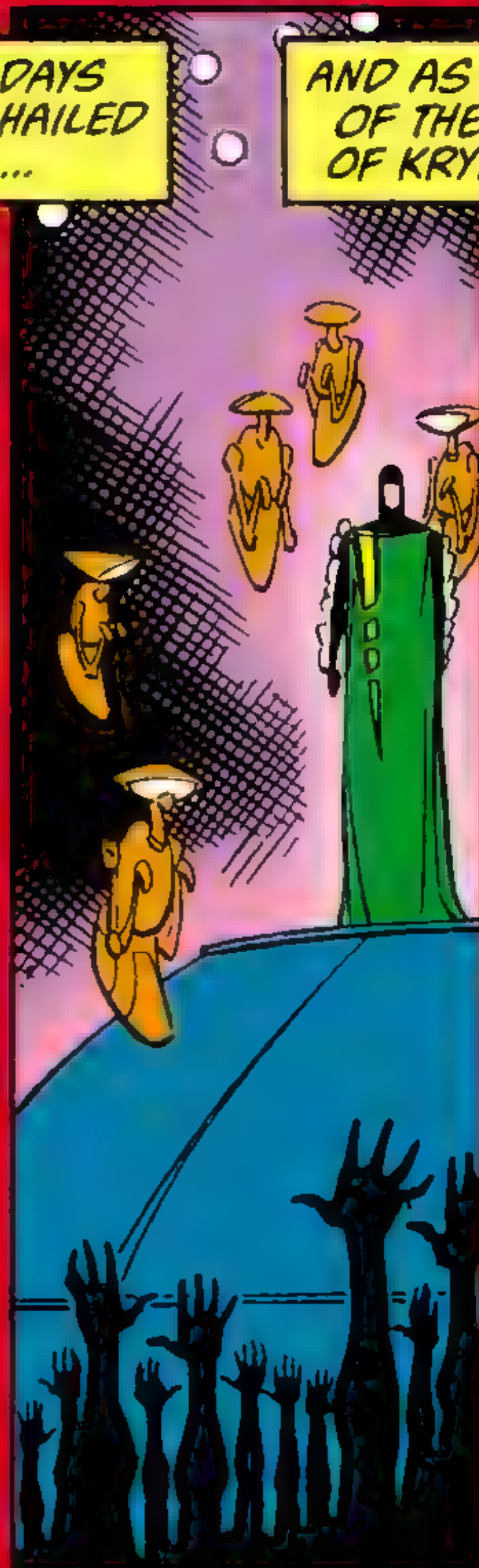
THE TREMBLORS IN THE PLANETARY CRUST REACH MAXIMUM.

AS ONE THE MIGHTY FLEET LEAPS INTO THE DARKLING WOMB OF SPACE...



AND KRYPTON DIES...

THREE SHIP'S DAYS LATER, I AM HAILED AS SAVIOR ...

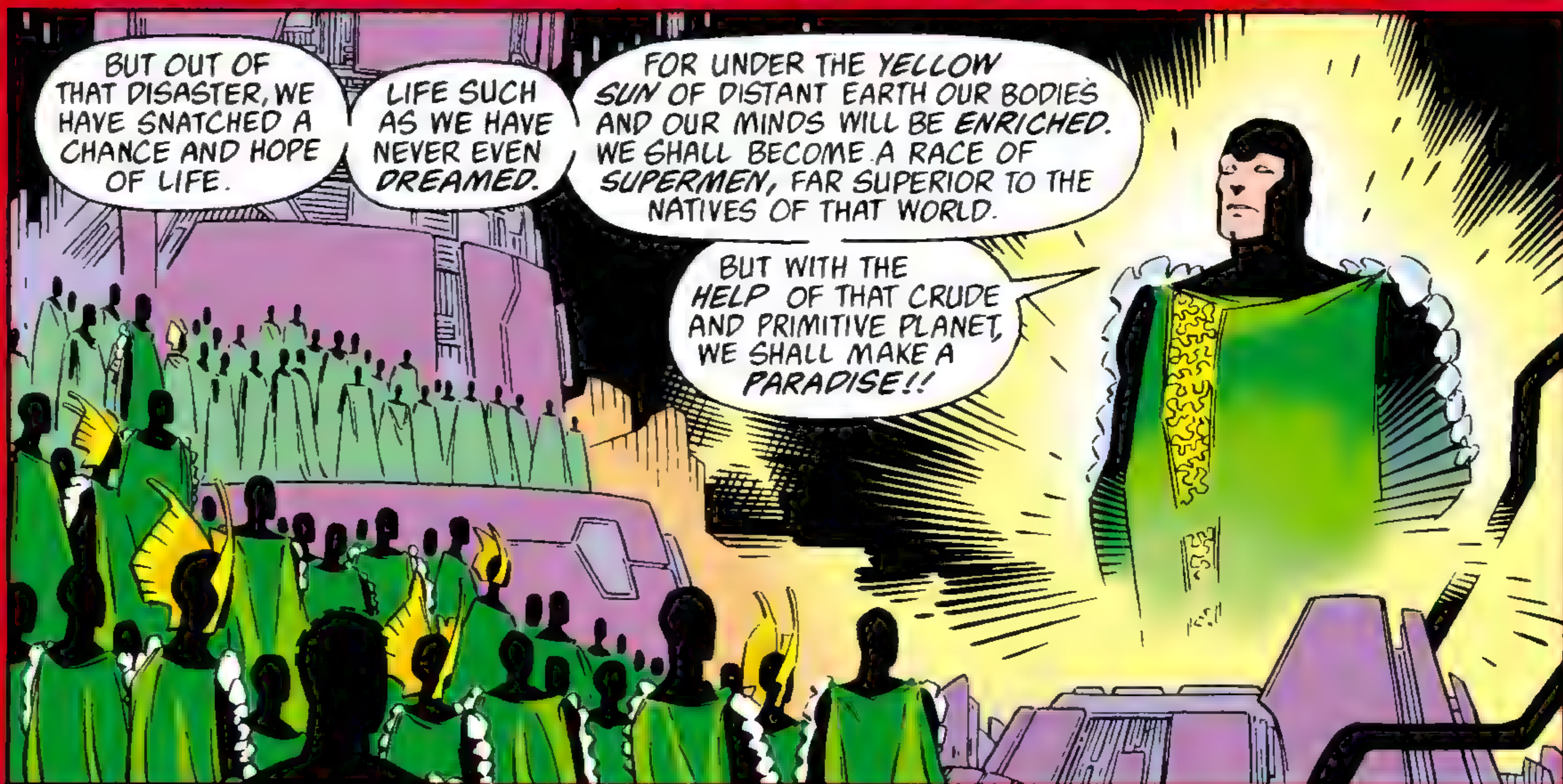


AND AS LEADER OF THE RACE OF KRYPTON.



CHILDREN OF THE LOST WORLD, HEAR ME...

WE HAVE SURVIVED THE GREATEST TRAGEDY THAT COULD BEFALL A PEOPLE. WE HAVE SEEN THE WORLD THAT BORE AND BRED US SHATTERED BY THE WHIMS OF AN UNCARING UNIVERSE.



BUT OUT OF THAT DISASTER, WE HAVE SNATCHED A CHANCE AND HOPE OF LIFE.

LIFE SUCH AS WE HAVE NEVER EVEN DREAMED.

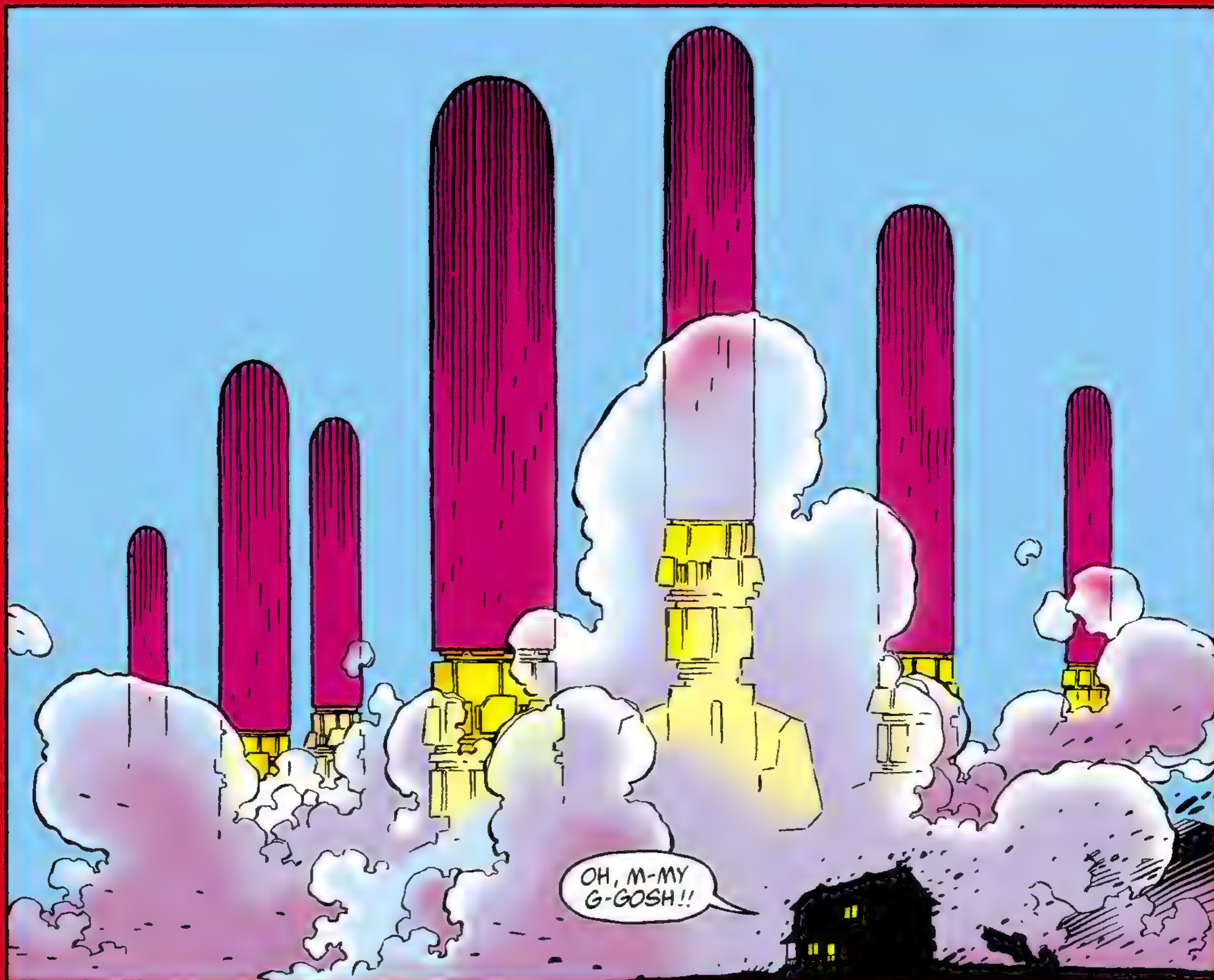
FOR UNDER THE YELLOW SUN OF DISTANT EARTH OUR BODIES AND OUR MINDS WILL BE ENRICHED. WE SHALL BECOME A RACE OF SUPERMEN, FAR SUPERIOR TO THE NATIVES OF THAT WORLD.

BUT WITH THE HELP OF THAT CRUDE AND PRIMITIVE PLANET, WE SHALL MAKE A PARADISE!!

RUU-UUMMMM-MMMBLE!

J-JONATHAN!

D-DID
YOU HEAR
SOMETHING...?



OH, M-MY
G-GOSH!!

THIS IS...
WONDERFUL!

HAD I KNOWN
IT FELT LIKE *THIS*
TO BE *OUTSIDE*...

...I'D HAVE LEFT
MY FAMILY TOWER
YEARS AGO!

REMEMBER WHAT JOR-EL
SAID. WE FEEL LIKE THIS
BECAUSE OF THE NATURE OF
THIS SYSTEM AND
ATMOSPHERE.

HOW
QUAINT IT
LOOKS.

HOW
PRIMITIVE!

LOOK!

IS THAT AN
EARTHLING
DOMICILE?





IT IS EXACTLY AS I ANTICIPATED.

REJOICE, MY FELLOW KRYPTONIANS! TEST YOUR NEWFOUND POWERS, AS I TRAINED YOU ON THE JOURNEY HERE!

IT... IS... WONDROUS!

I FEEL LIKE RAO HIMSELF!

LOOK! EARTH-LINGS!!



G-GREETINGS! W-WELCOME TO OUR PLANET...?

THIS IS... REAL!!

GREETINGS, PEOPLE OF EARTH.

OH, JONATHAN, BE CAREFUL! THIS ISN'T ONE OF THEM SCIENCE FICTION STORIES YOU LOVE SO MUCH!

I HAVE STUDIED THE LANGUAGES OF YOUR WORLD, AS WELL AS ITS CUSTOMS...

I BELIEVE THE ETIQUETTE REQUIRES I NOW EXTEND TO YOU THE HAND OF PEACE.



D-DON'T TOUCH HIM, JONATHAN! HE COULD HAVE ALL KINDS OF... OF SPACE GERMS!

D-DON'T BE FOOLISH, MARTHA! IF HE DID, HE WOULDN'T OFFER ME HIS HAND...

I WOULD NOT. AND, PLEASE, MY NAME IS JOR-EL.

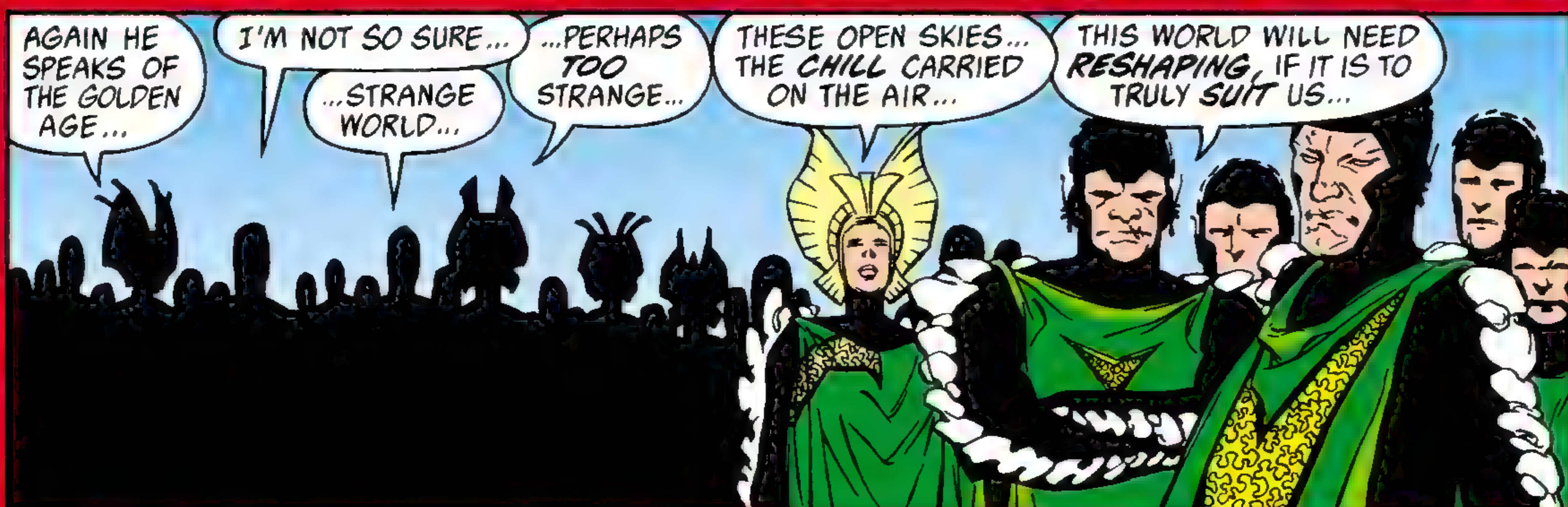
W-WOULD YOU, SIR...?



GREAT RAO HAS SURELY SMILED ON US THIS DAY, MY FELLOW KRYPTONIANS.

GREET YOU ALL THESE HUMANS WHO HAVE COME TO US IN FEAR, YET BEARING ONLY FRIENDSHIP.

GREET THEM AS THE HARBINGERS OF OUR NEW GOLDEN AGE!



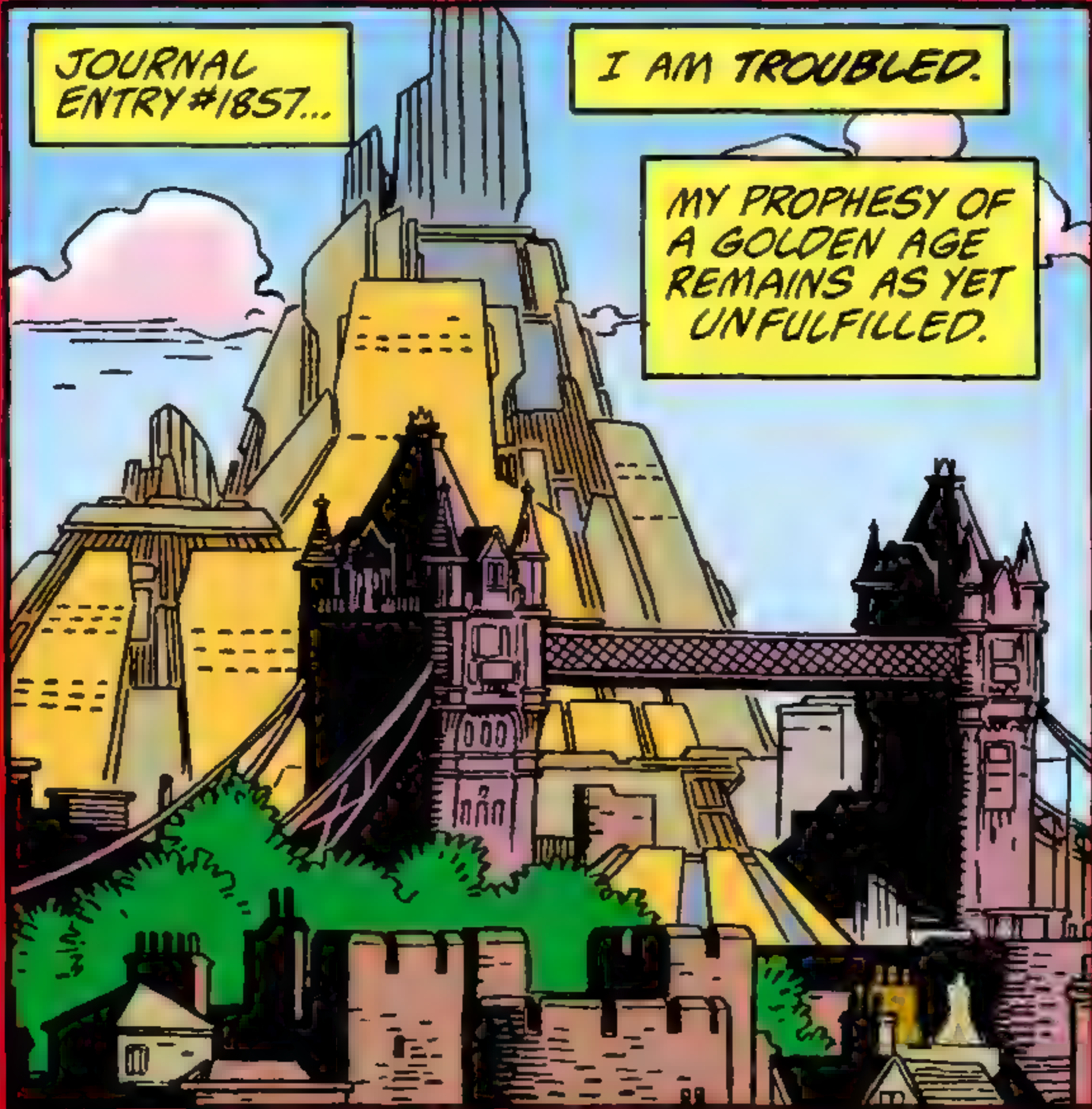
AGAIN HE SPEAKS OF THE GOLDEN AGE...

I'M NOT SO SURE...
...STRANGE WORLD...

...PERHAPS TOO STRANGE...

THESE OPEN SKIES... THE CHILL CARRIED ON THE AIR...

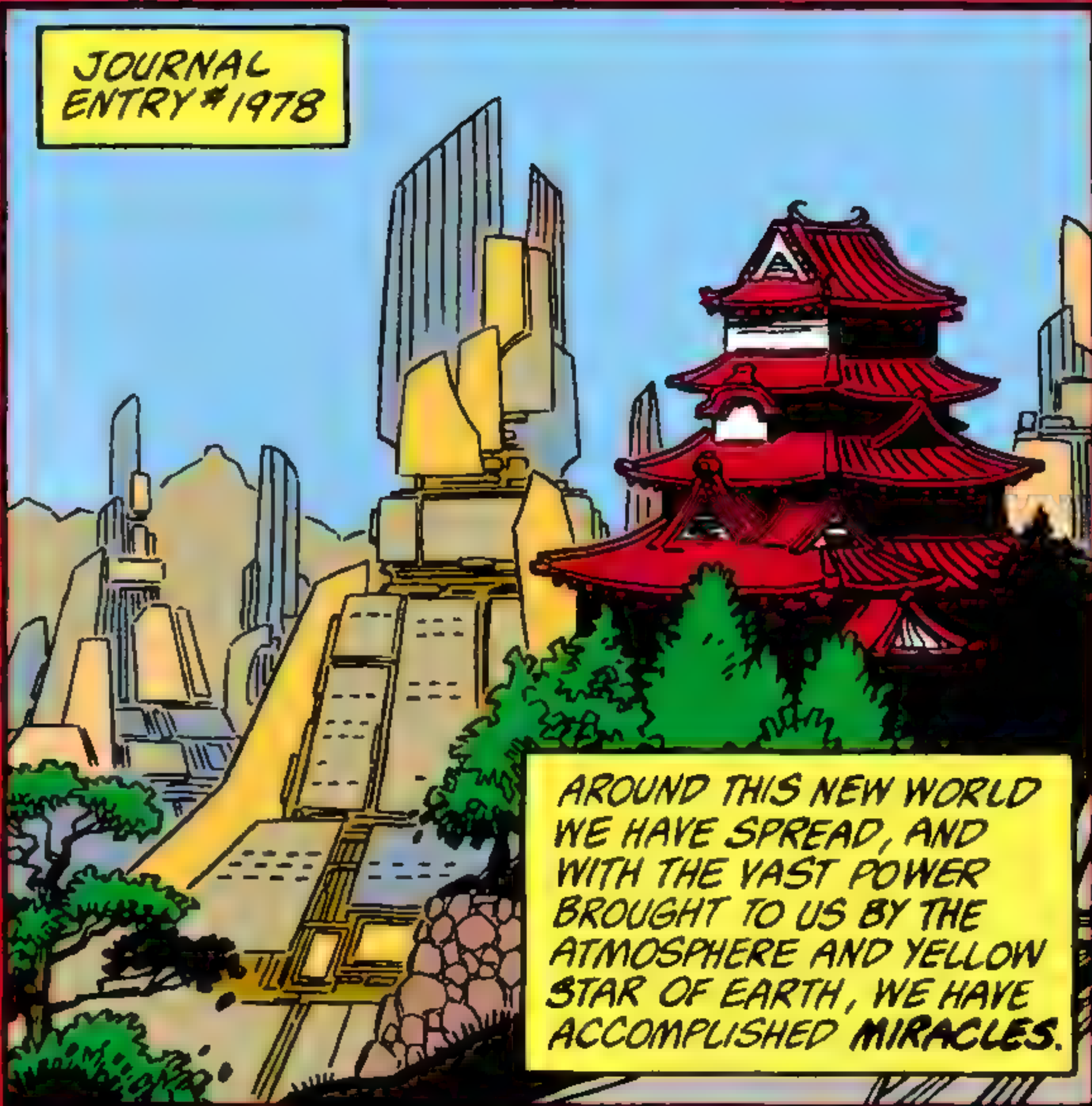
THIS WORLD WILL NEED RESHAPING, IF IT IS TO TRULY SUIT US...



JOURNAL ENTRY #1857...

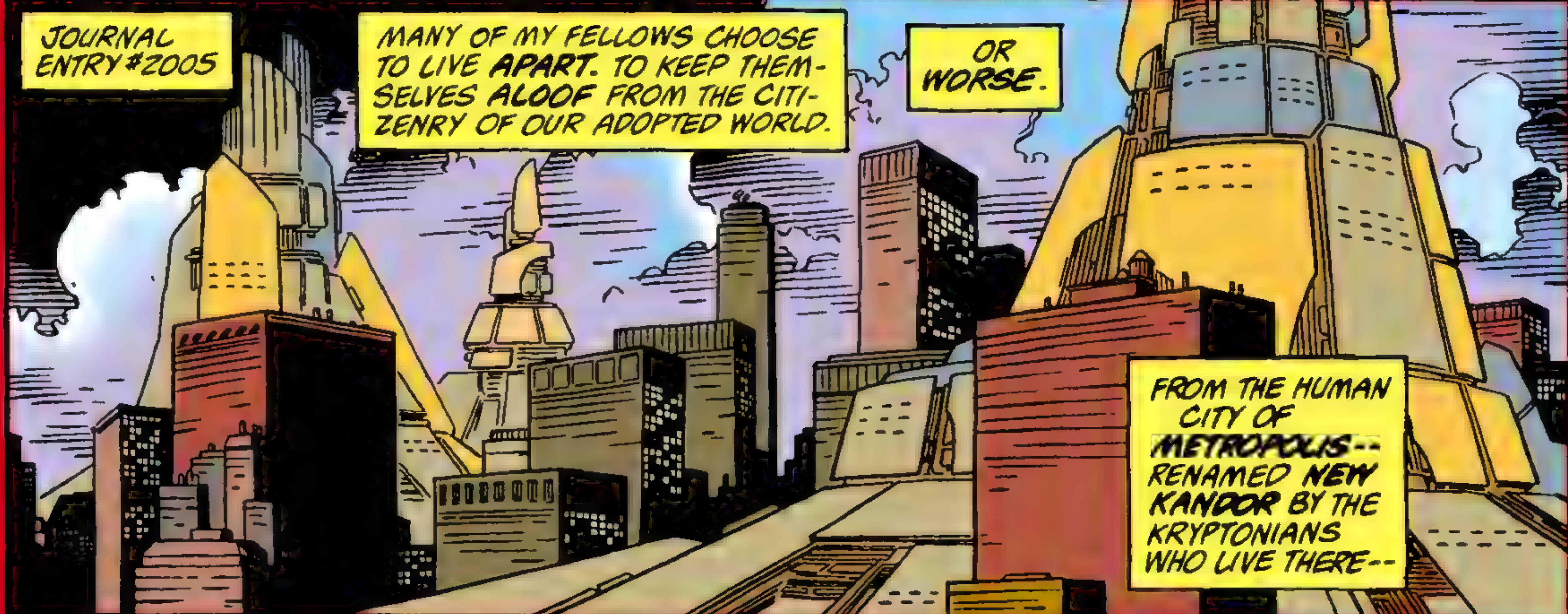
I AM TROUBLED.

MY PROPHECY OF A GOLDEN AGE REMAINS AS YET UNFULFILLED.



JOURNAL ENTRY #1978

AROUND THIS NEW WORLD WE HAVE SPREAD, AND WITH THE VAST POWER BROUGHT TO US BY THE ATMOSPHERE AND YELLOW STAR OF EARTH, WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED MIRACLES.

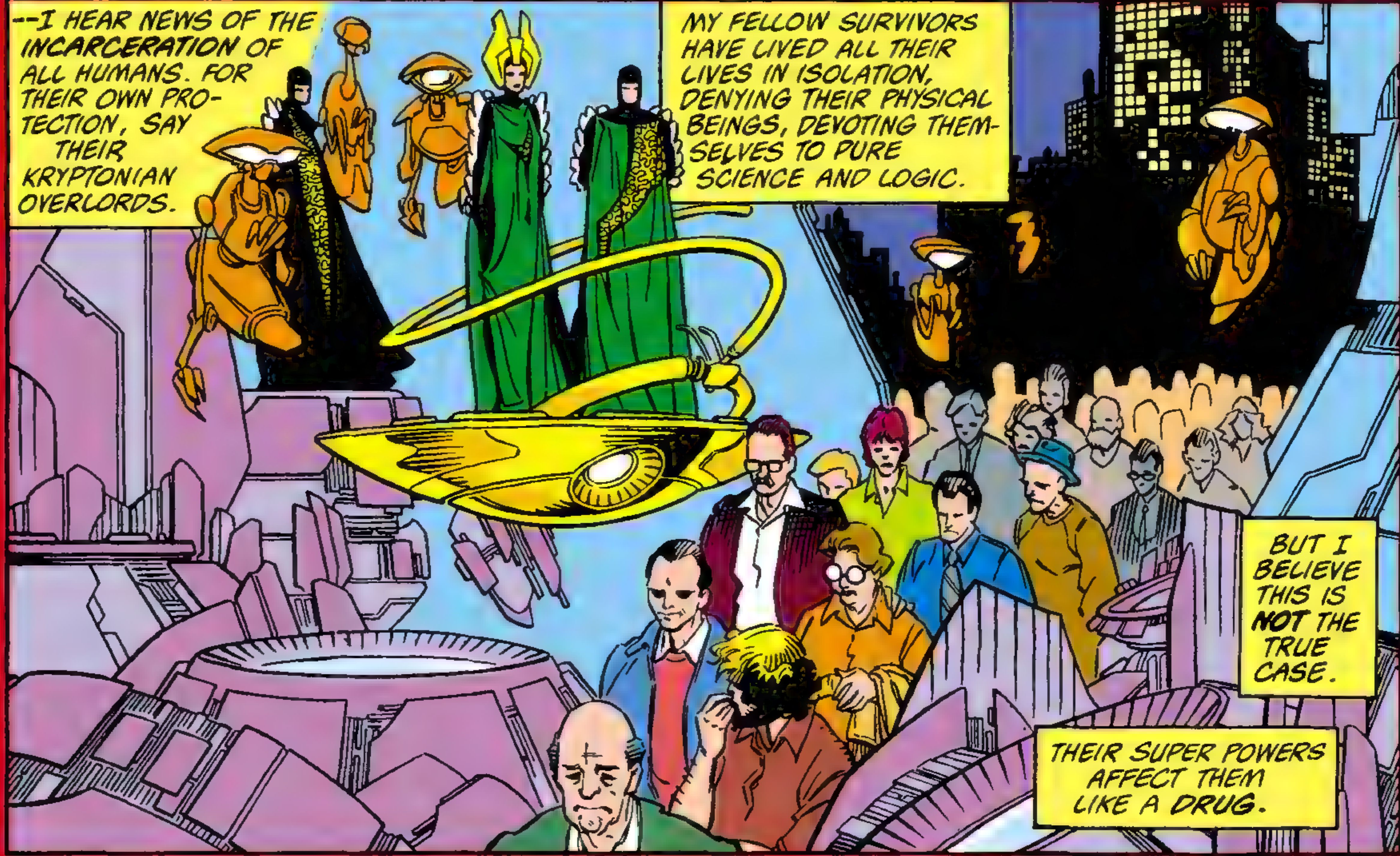


JOURNAL ENTRY #2005

MANY OF MY FELLOWS CHOOSE TO LIVE APART. TO KEEP THEMSELVES ALOOF FROM THE CITIZENRY OF OUR ADOPTED WORLD.

OR WORSE.

FROM THE HUMAN CITY OF METROPOLIS-- RENAMED NEW KANDOR BY THE KRYPTONIANS WHO LIVE THERE--



--I HEAR NEWS OF THE INCARCERATION OF ALL HUMANS. FOR THEIR OWN PROTECTION, SAY THEIR KRYPTONIAN OVERLORDS.

MY FELLOW SURVIVORS HAVE LIVED ALL THEIR LIVES IN ISOLATION, DENYING THEIR PHYSICAL BEINGS, DEVOTING THEMSELVES TO PURE SCIENCE AND LOGIC.

BUT I BELIEVE THIS IS NOT THE TRUE CASE.

THEIR SUPER POWERS AFFECT THEM LIKE A DRUG.

JOURNAL ENTRY 2751

I HAVE COME TO A CROSS-ROADS. THE FATE OF ALL THE EARTH HINGES ON WHAT I DO NEXT.

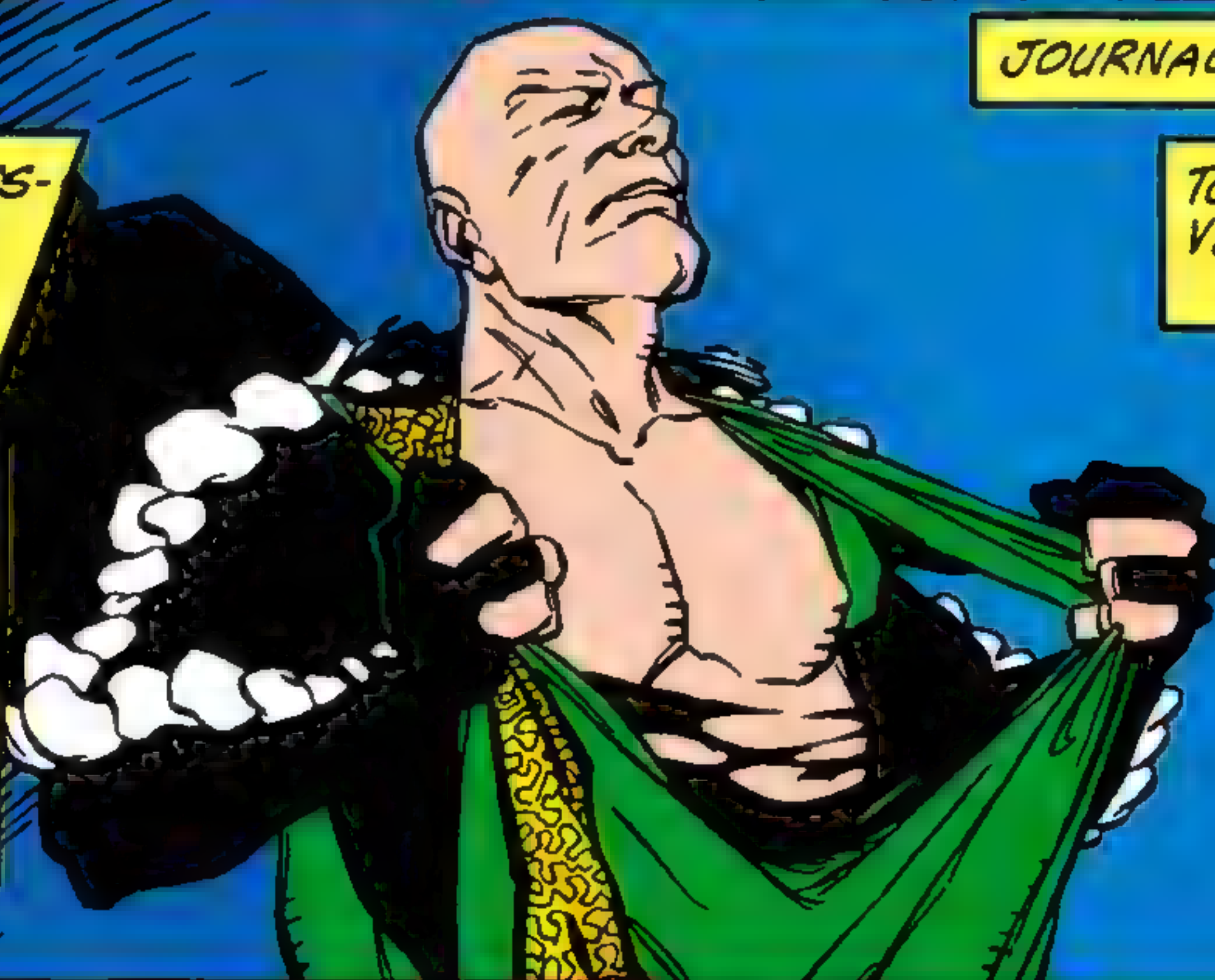
AND IT MUST BE MY ACTIONS THAT GUIDE THE COURSE OF HUMANITY'S FUTURE, FOR IT WAS MY ACTION, IN BRINGING MY FELLOW KRYPTONIANS TO EARTH, THAT HAS NEARLY **STOLEN** THAT FUTURE.

JOURNAL ENTRY 3032

TODAY I SHED THE LAST VESTIGE OF MY KRYPTONIAN HERITAGE.

TODAY, AND FOREVER, I PLACE MYSELF AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH, TO STAND AGAINST MY OWN RACE.

TO SAVE A WORLD...



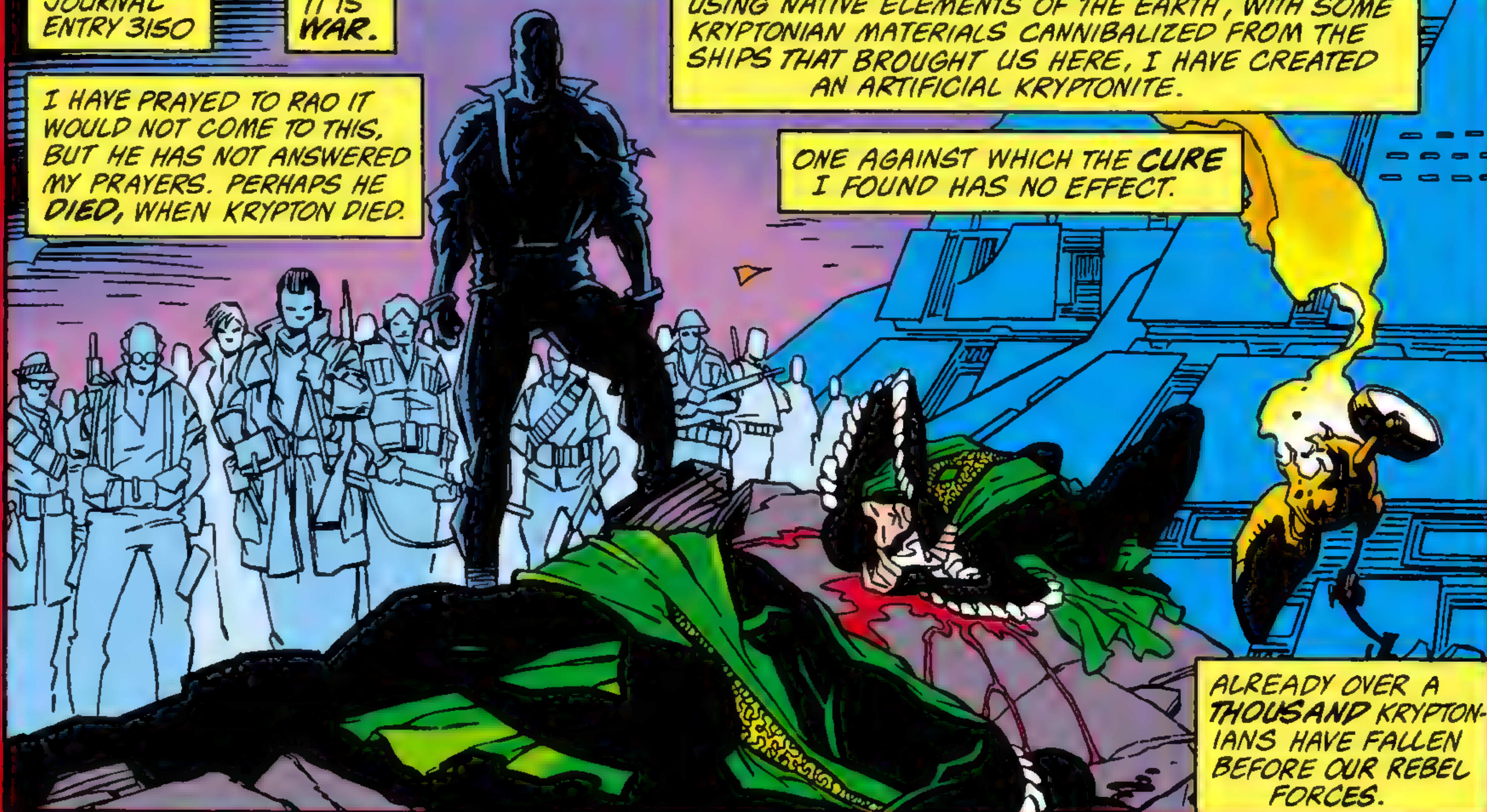
JOURNAL ENTRY 3150

IT IS WAR.

I HAVE PRAYED TO RAO IT WOULD NOT COME TO THIS, BUT HE HAS NOT ANSWERED MY PRAYERS. PERHAPS HE DIED, WHEN KRYPTON DIED.

USING NATIVE ELEMENTS OF THE EARTH, WITH SOME KRYPTONIAN MATERIALS CANNIBALIZED FROM THE SHIPS THAT BROUGHT US HERE, I HAVE CREATED AN ARTIFICIAL KRYPTONITE.

ONE AGAINST WHICH THE CURE I FOUND HAS NO EFFECT.



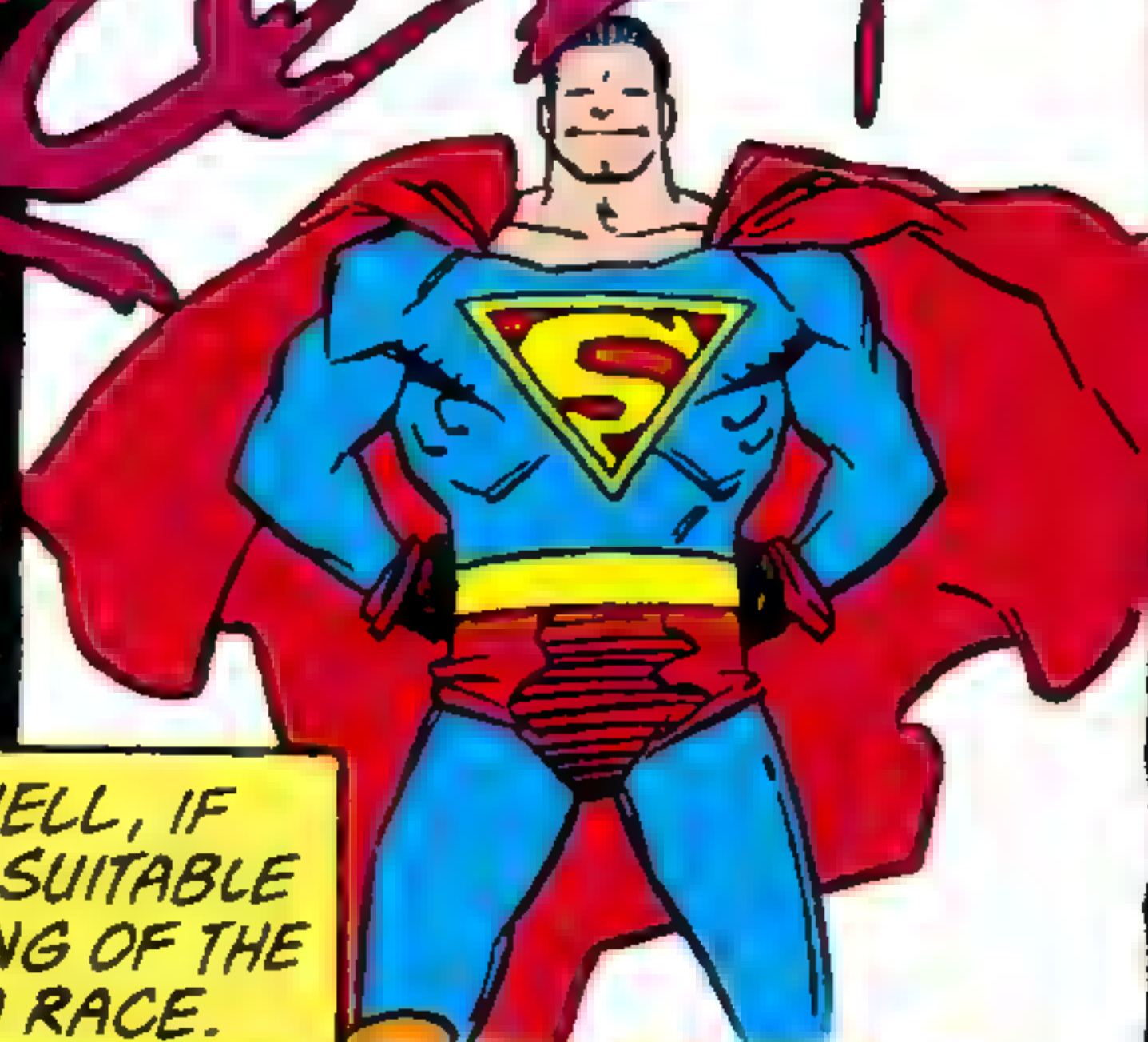
ALREADY OVER A THOUSAND KRYPTONIANS HAVE FALLEN BEFORE OUR REBEL FORCES.

JOURNAL ENTRY 4424



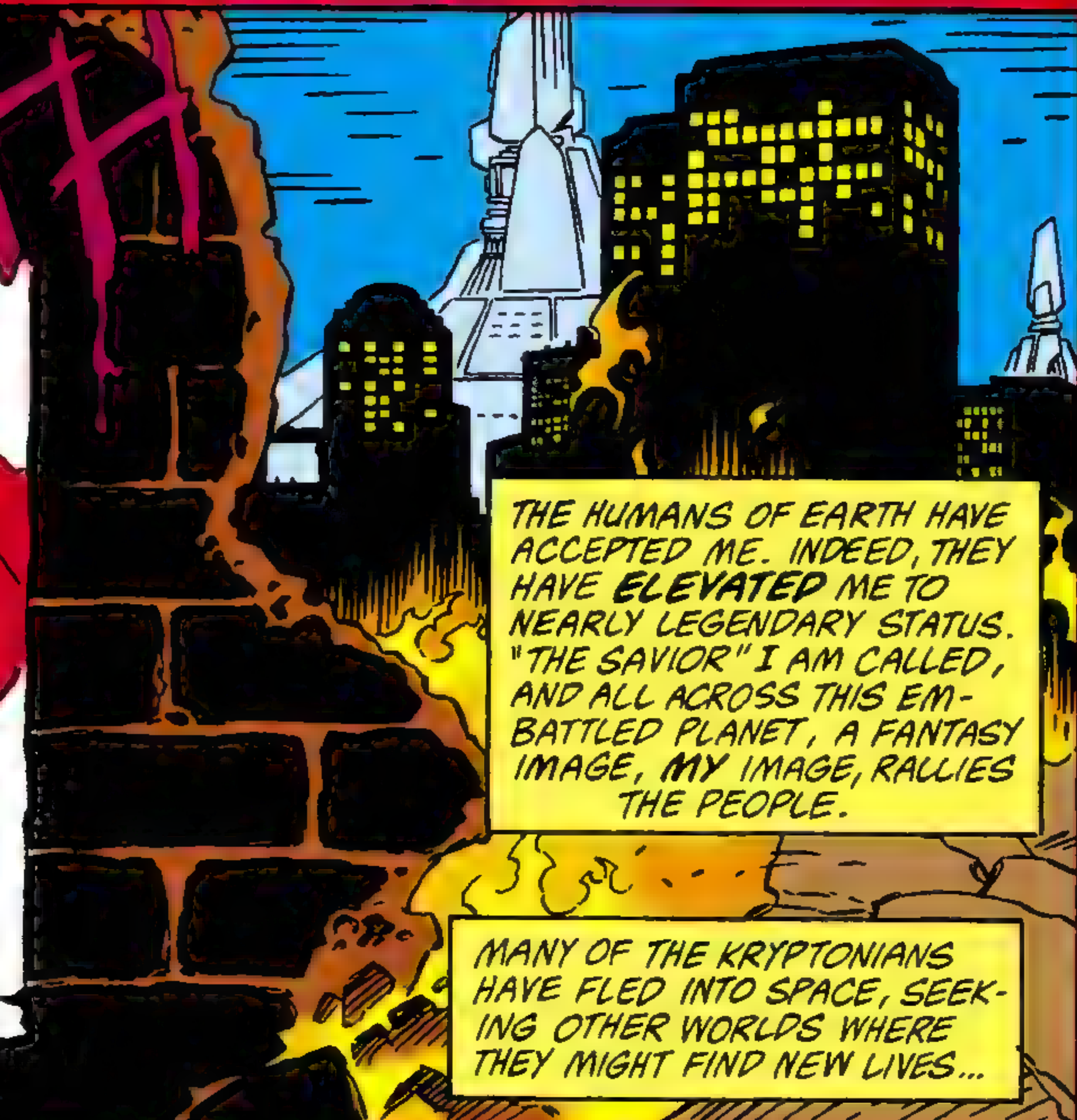
THE WAR GOES WELL, IF SUCH A WORD IS SUITABLE FOR USE IN TELLING OF THE SLAUGHTER OF A RACE.

THE SAVIOR



THE HUMANS OF EARTH HAVE ACCEPTED ME. INDEED, THEY HAVE **ELEVATED** ME TO NEARLY LEGENDARY STATUS. "THE SAVIOR" I AM CALLED, AND ALL ACROSS THIS EMBATTLED PLANET, A FANTASY IMAGE, MY IMAGE, RALLIES THE PEOPLE.

MANY OF THE KRYPTONIANS HAVE FLED INTO SPACE, SEEKING OTHER WORLDS WHERE THEY MIGHT FIND NEW LIVES...



JOURNAL ENTRY 5078

THE WAR IS NEARLY WON.

SIX LONG YEARS IT HAS RAGED. NOW ONLY ONE KRYPTONIAN REMAINS: THE CRUEL MISTRESS OF NEW KANDOR.

TODAY I CONFRONT HER, AND ONE OF US, I KNOW, WILL NOT SURVIVE...

SURRENDER, LADY.

YOU ARE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN THE EARTH AND ITS RIGHTFUL FREEDOM.

AND YOU HAVE COME TO SEE THAT FREEDOM PROPERLY RESTORED, JOR-EL?

TO SEE ANARCHY RESTORED...

THAT VOICE! IT CANNOT BE...

LARA!!

YES, LARA.

THE SAME LARA YOU ONCE CLAIMED TO LOVE, JOR-EL...

AND NOW, IT SEEMS THE ONLY ONE TO STAND BETWEEN YOU AND INSANITY.

YOU SPEAK TO ME OF INSANITY?

YOU, WHO HAVE SOUGHT TO CRUSH THE HUMAN SPIRIT? SOUGHT TO TURN THIS FREE AND VITAL WORLD INTO AN EMPTY CARICATURE OF ALL THAT MADE KRYPTON COLD AND HEARTLESS?

THIS IS NOT RIGHT, LARA. AND THOUGH IT'S TRUE I LOVED YOU ONCE...

I WILL NOT LET SUCH FEELINGS STAND BEFORE WHAT I MUST DO TO SAVE THIS PLANET...

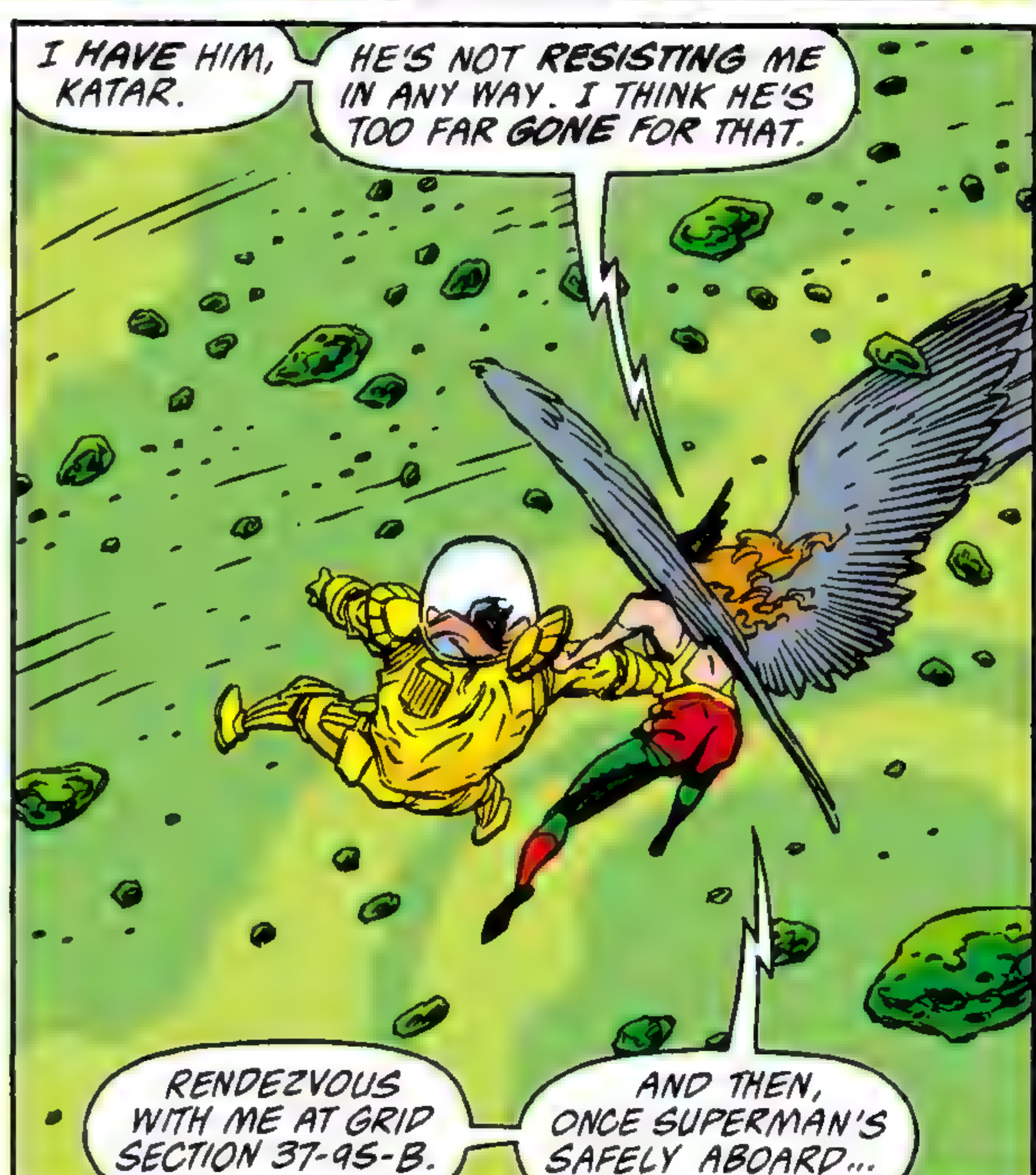
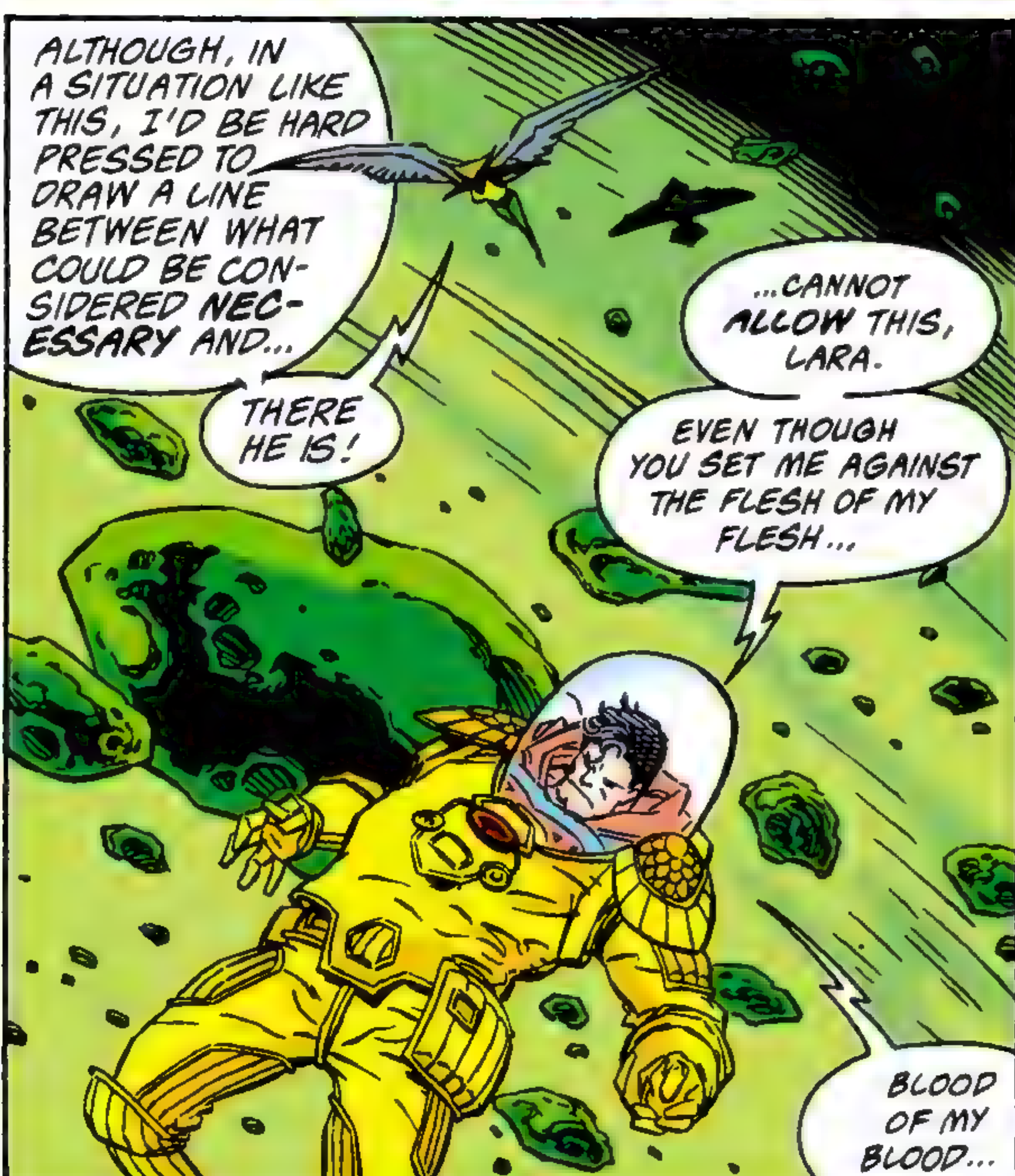
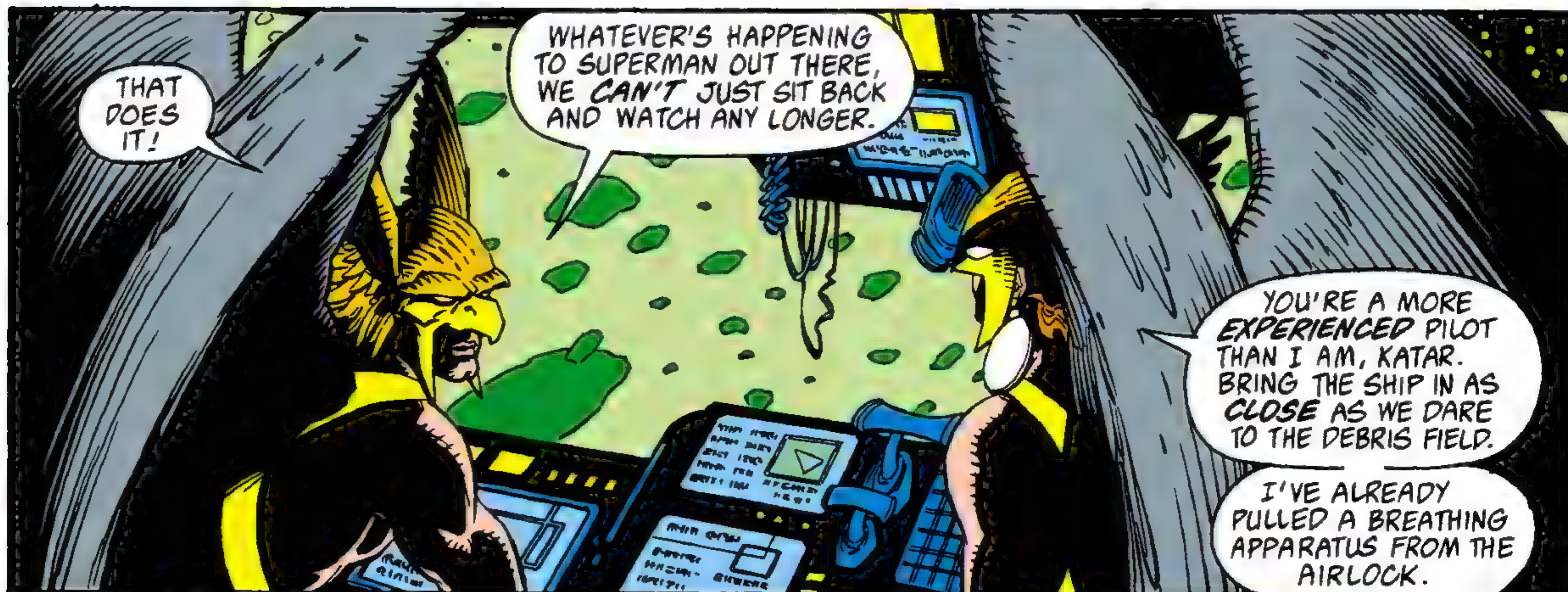
THEN DO WHAT YOU SEE FIT, JOR-EL.

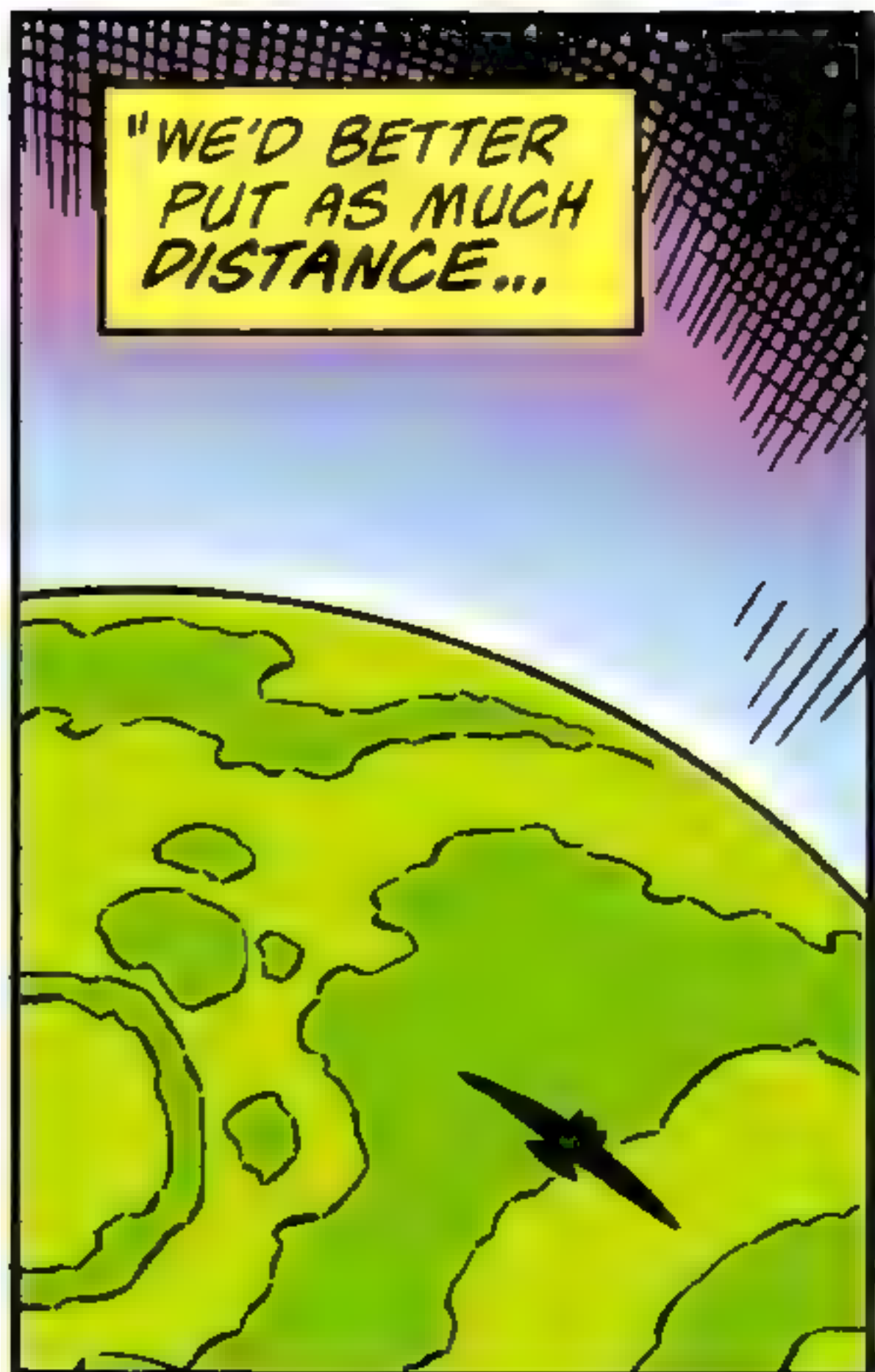
SLAY ME, IF YOU CAN. SLAY ME, AS YOU HAVE SO MANY THOUSANDS OF OUR PEOPLE.

BUT KNOW BEFORE YOU ACT THAT IT WILL NOT END WITH MY DEATH.

ANOTHER GENERATION WAITS TO TAKE ITS PLACE UPON THE BATTLE-FRONT.

TO FIGHT FOR KRYPTON.





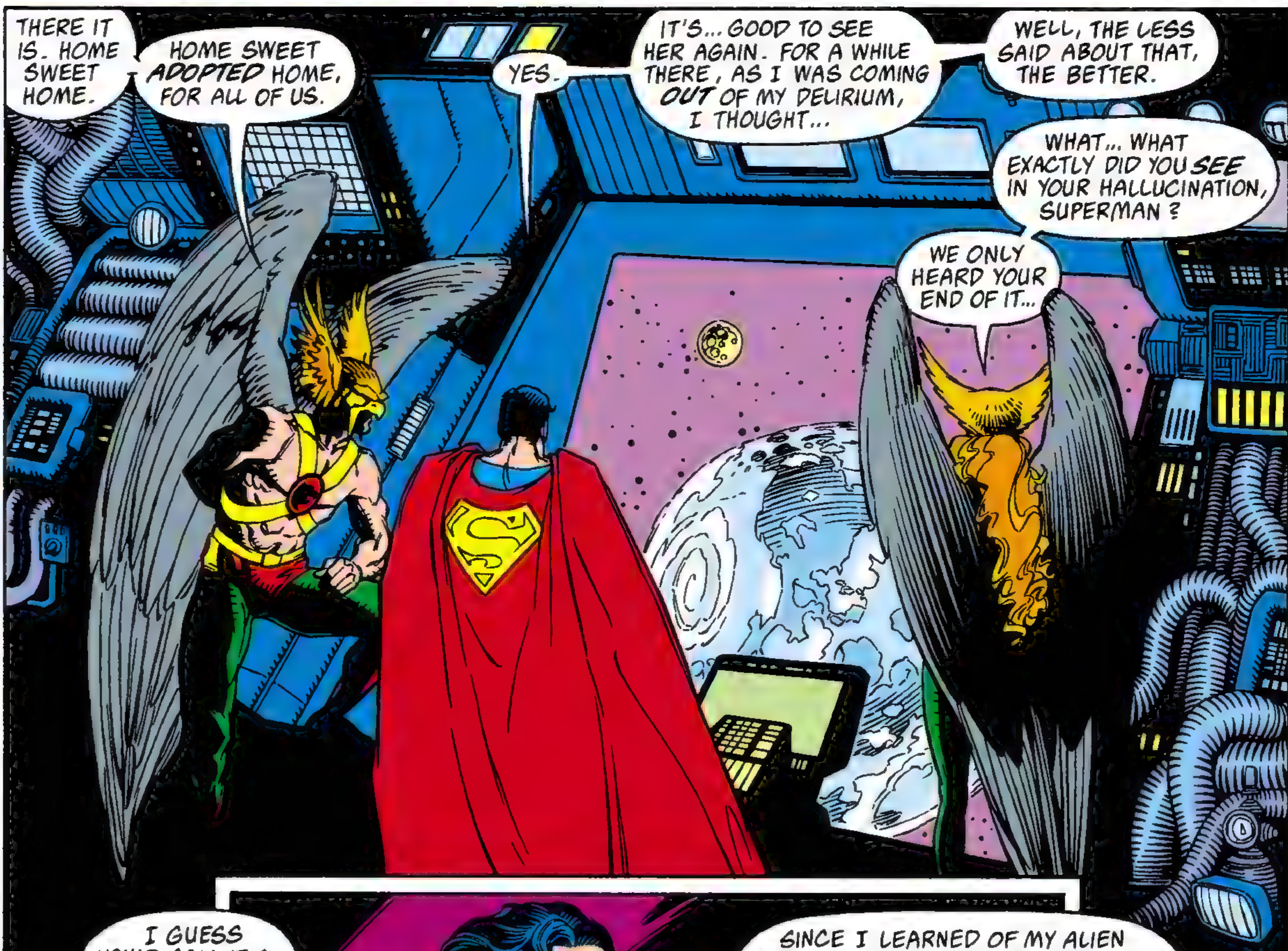
"WE'D BETTER
PUT AS MUCH
DISTANCE..."



"...BETWEEN US
AND KRYPTON..."



"...AS WE
POSSIBLY
CAN!"



THERE IT
IS. HOME
SWEET
HOME.

HOME SWEET
ADOPTED HOME,
FOR ALL OF US.

YES.

IT'S... GOOD TO SEE
HER AGAIN. FOR A WHILE
THERE, AS I WAS COMING
OUT OF MY DELIRIUM,
I THOUGHT...

WELL, THE LESS
SAID ABOUT THAT,
THE BETTER.

WHAT... WHAT
EXACTLY DID YOU SEE
IN YOUR HALLUCINATION,
SUPERMAN?

WE ONLY
HEARD YOUR
END OF IT...

I GUESS
YOU'D CALL IT A
MORALITY PLAY,
HAWKWOMAN.

A LESSON
IN HUMAN NATURE.
A LESSON IN THE
HARSH TRUTHS OF
ABUSE OF
POWER.

SINCE I LEARNED OF MY ALIEN
ORIGINS, I'VE CHERISHED THE NOTION
-- THE CONCEIT, REALLY -- THAT THE
RACE OF KRYPTON WERE SOMEHOW
ABOVE THE PETTINESS THAT'S
PLAGUED HUMANKIND ALL THESE
YEARS.

NOW I'VE BEEN SHOWN A
VERSION OF WHAT *MIGHT HAVE BEEN*.
HAD I *NOT* BEEN THE *SOLE SUR-
VIVOR* OF THAT DOOMED WORLD.

AND, MUCH AS I'M LOATH
TO ADMIT IT, I'M AFRAID MY
VISION WAS *ACCURATE*. A RACE
OF SUPERMEN CANNOT *HELP* BUT
BE A RACE OF *CONQUERORS*,
EVEN IF THEY *BEGIN* WITH THE
VERY *BEST* INTENTIONS...

I LEAVE THE HAWKS TO RETURN TO THEIR OWN LIVES. I'VE LEARNED A BITTER LESSON THIS DAY.

BUT IF FATE IS WITH ME, PERHAPS I'VE ALSO LEARNED SOMETHING ELSE...

WHAT'S HE ADDING NOW? I'VE NEVER SEEN THOSE CHEMICALS IN *THAT* COMBINATION.

ME NEITHER. BUT HE SURE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING! THE *SPEED* HE'S WORKING!

IT'S ALMOST FASTER THAN THE CHEMICALS CAN INTERACT.

IN MY FANTASY, I-- OR JOR-EL --CREATED A CURE FOR KRYPTONITE POISONING.

I REMEMBER THE COMBINATION OF CHEMICALS HE USED TO ACHIEVE THAT SERUM.

AND NOW, IF I'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL, MY MICROSCOPIC VISION SHOULD REVEAL...

...NOTHING.

THE FORMULA...

...USE-LESS...

THE COMBINATION IS INERT...

JUST AS WELL, PERHAPS.

I FLATTER MYSELF THAT IT'S MY OWN STRENGTH OF SPIRIT THAT PREVENTS ME FROM ABUSING MY POWERS, BUT WHO CAN TELL?

PERHAPS I NEED KRYPTONITE, AS A CONSTANT REMINDER OF MY OWN MORTALITY.

A CONSTANT REMINDER THAT BEING A MAN IS ALWAYS MORE IMPORTANT THAN BEING A SUPERMAN...

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

ENRYB · YANDRO
NHOJ · YRREJ
SCRIPTER/PENCILLER
CO-PLOTTERS

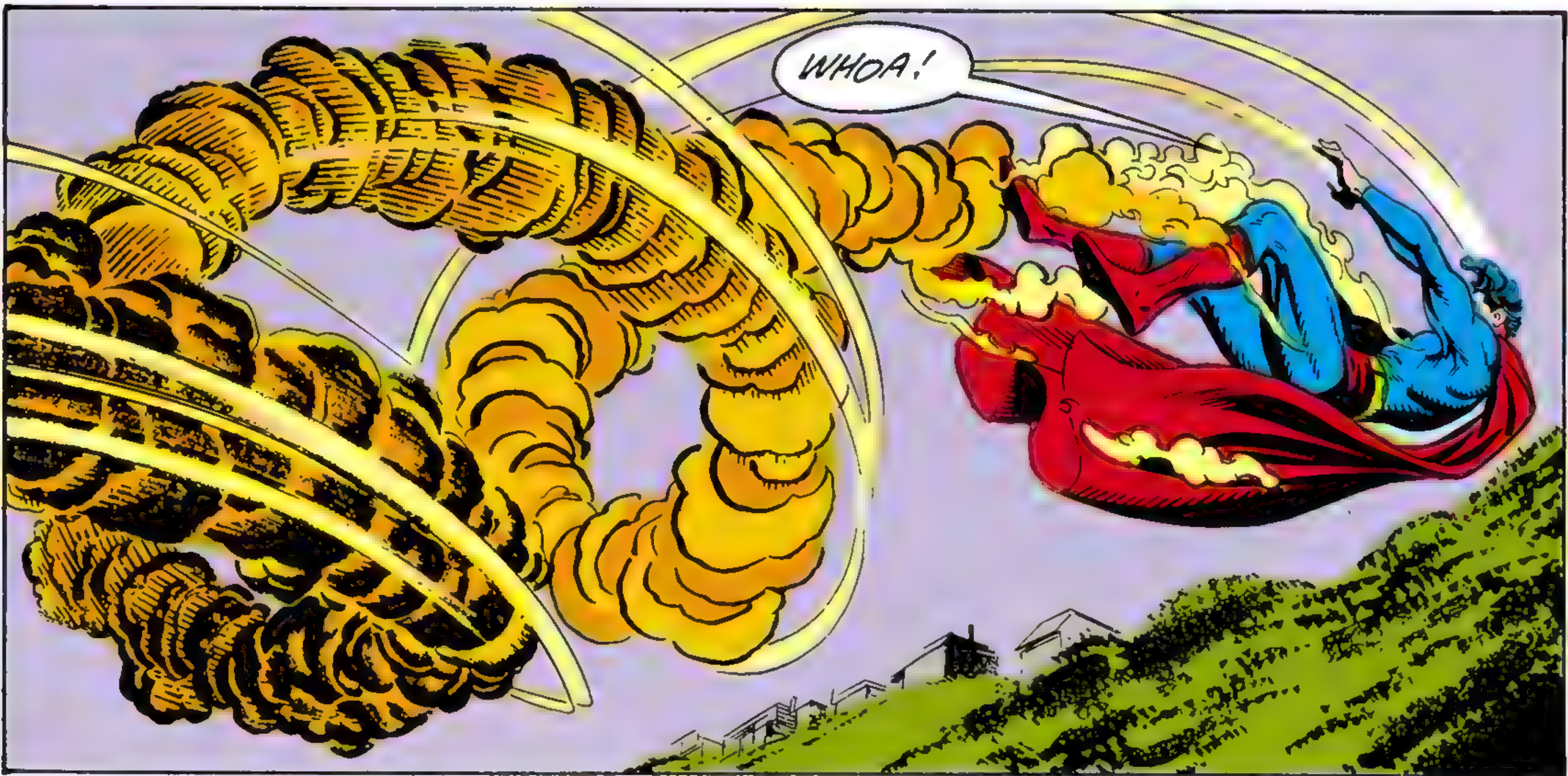
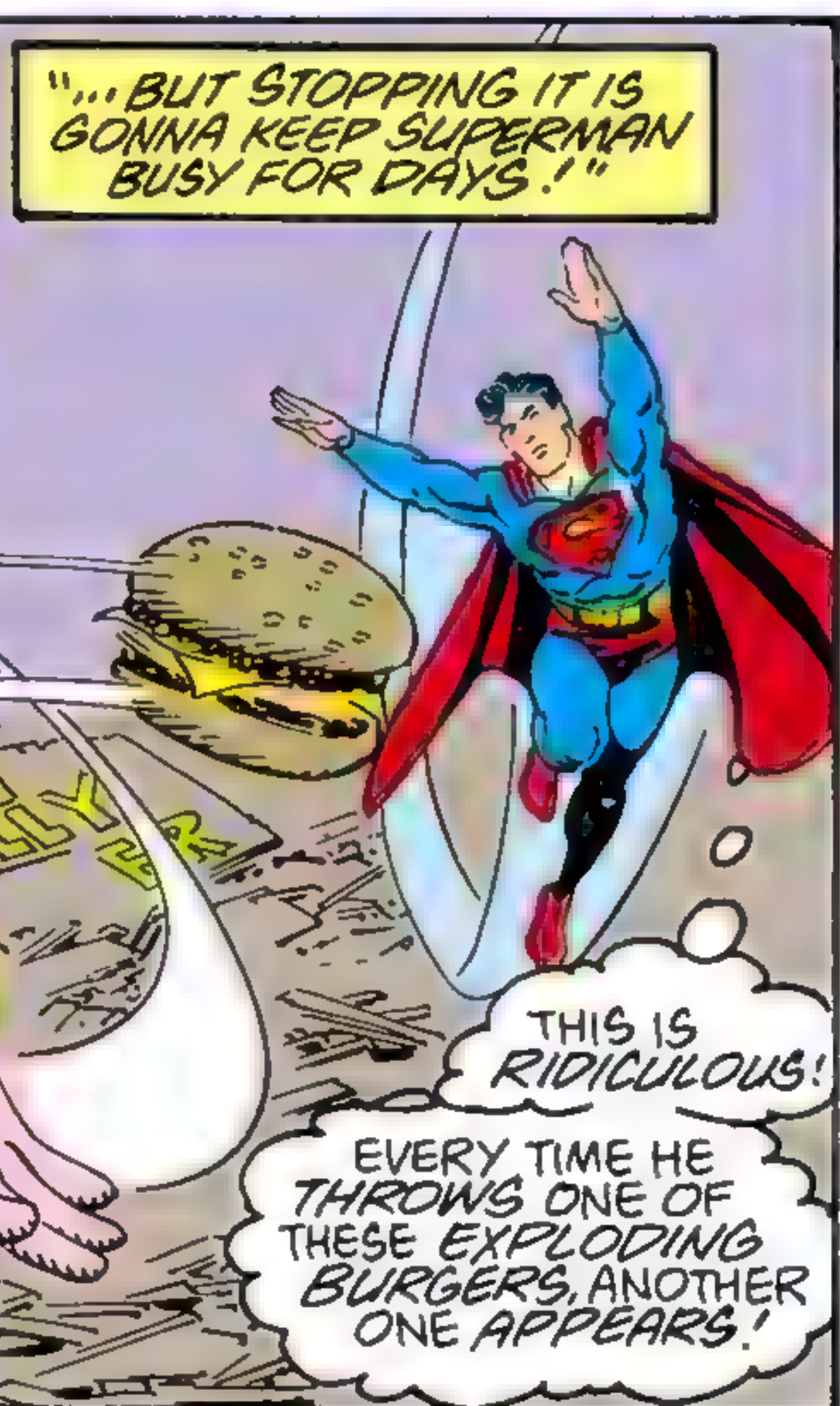
EKNALJ SINNED
INKER
NILLLOT YNOHTNA
COLORIST
NAMZUGED TREBLA
LETTERER

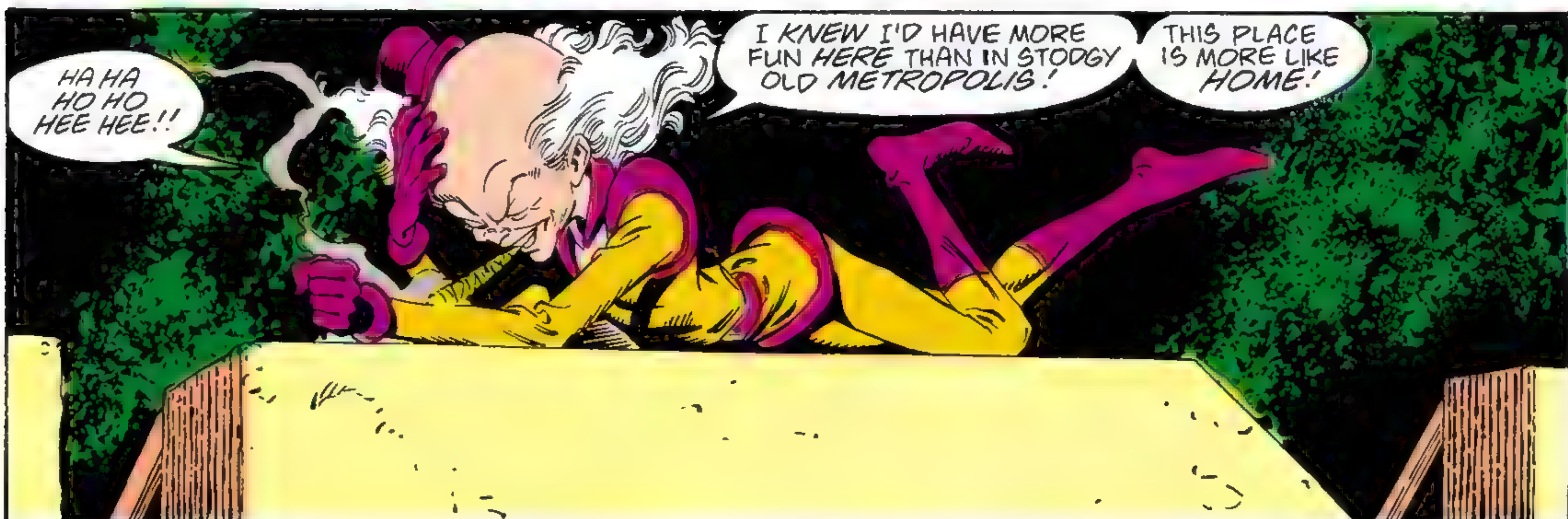
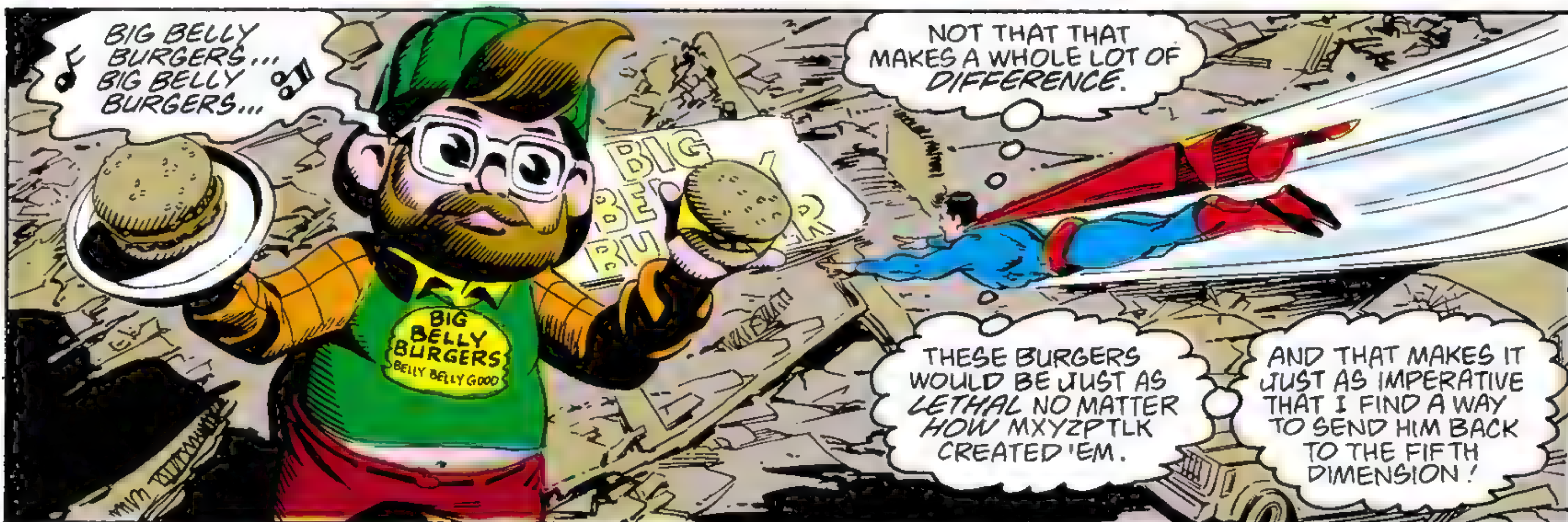
RETTEATGRETTIW EENER - ASSISTANT EDITOR · NILRAC EKIM - EDITOR

THE TINY TERROR OF TINSELTOWN

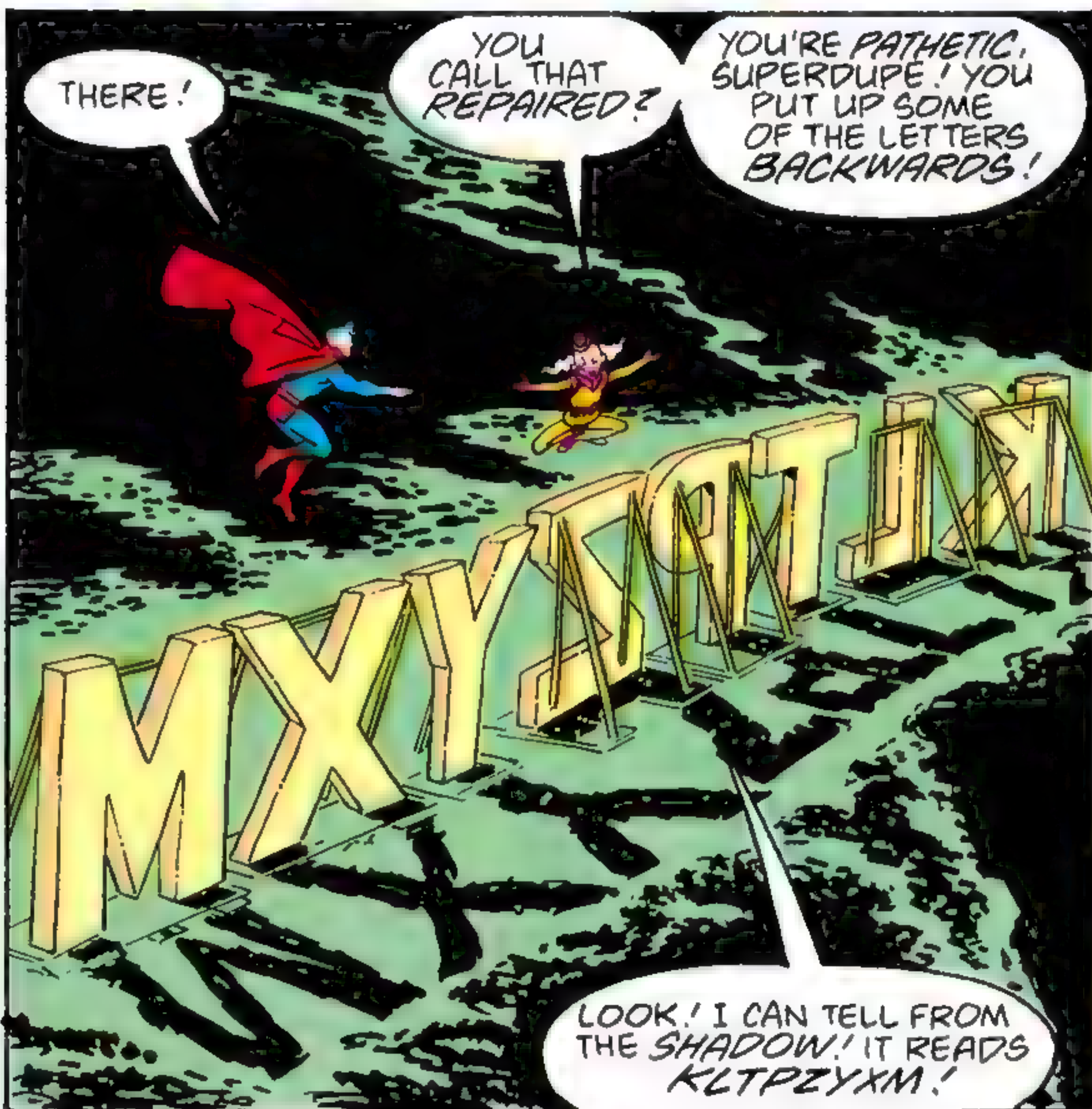
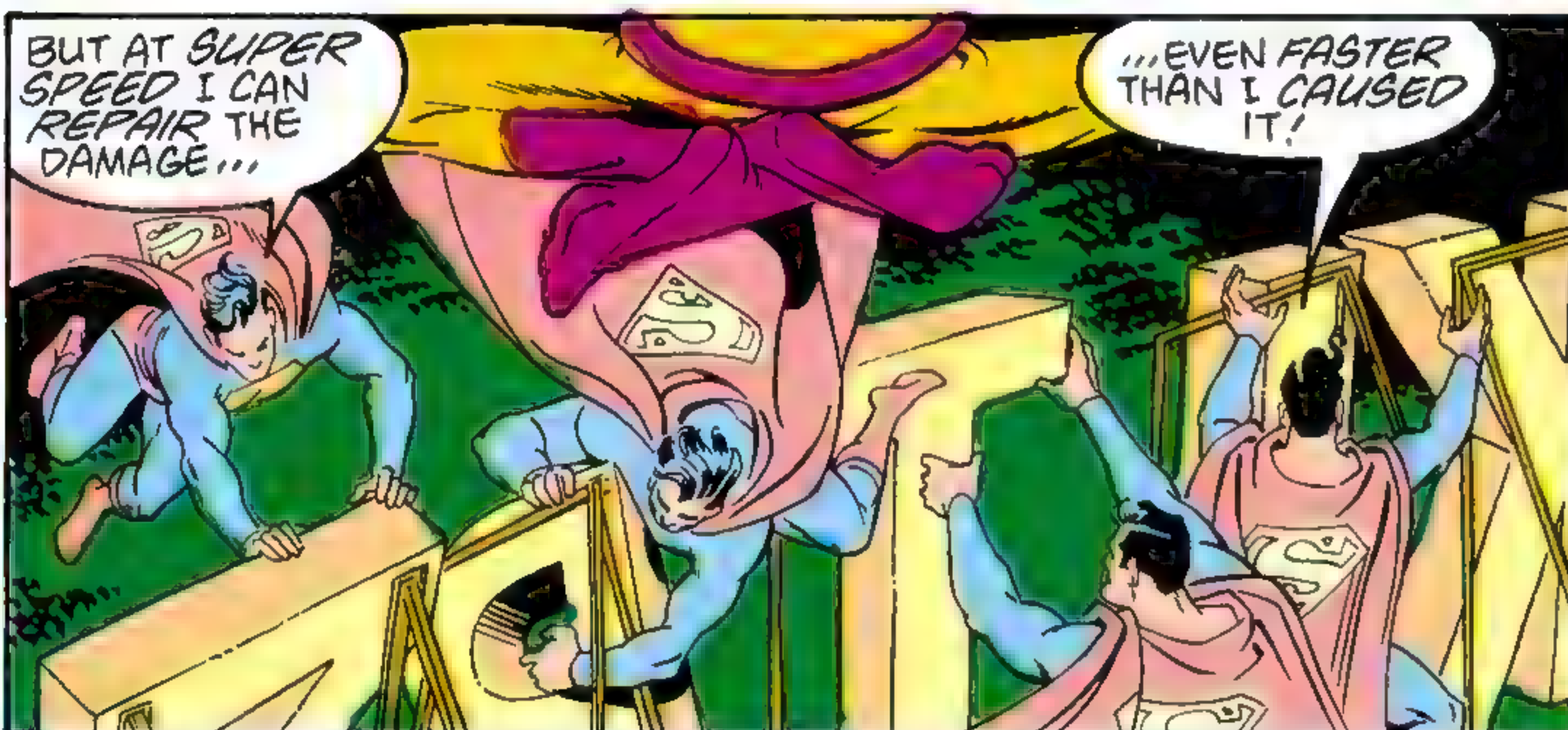
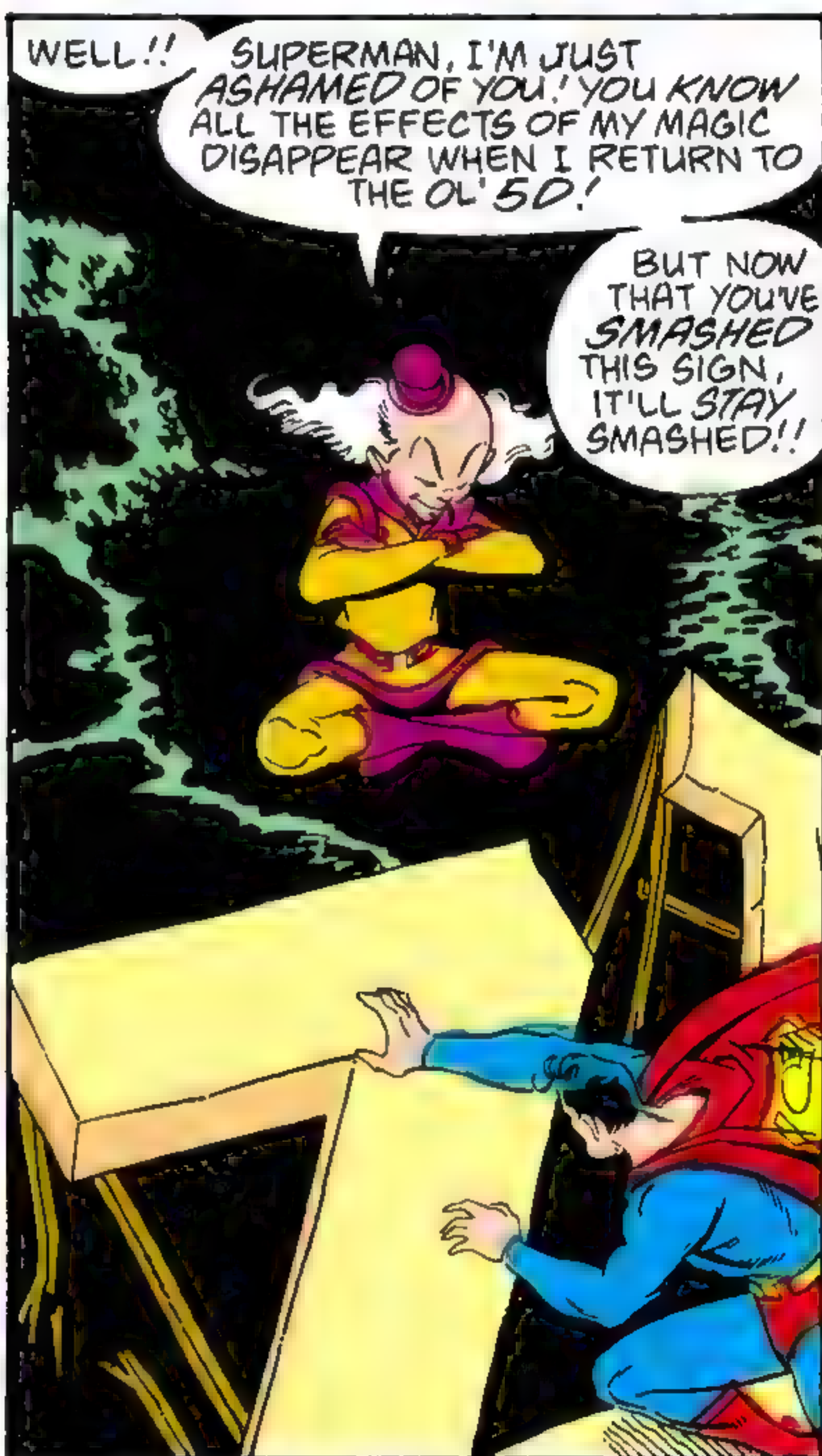
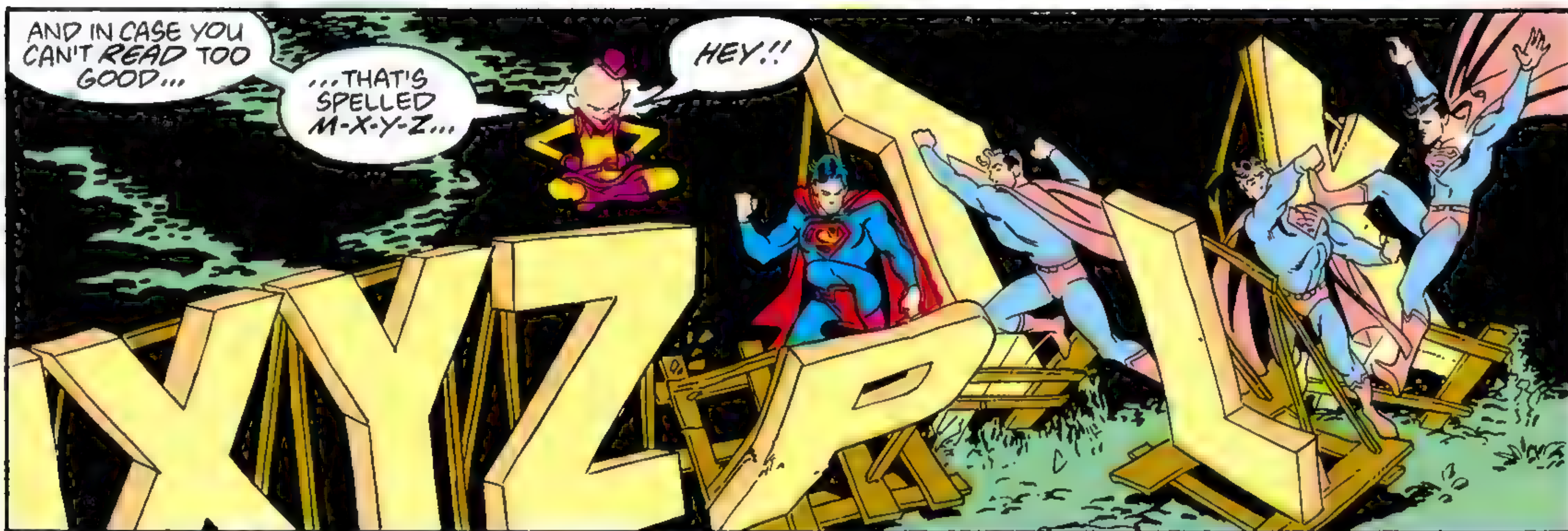


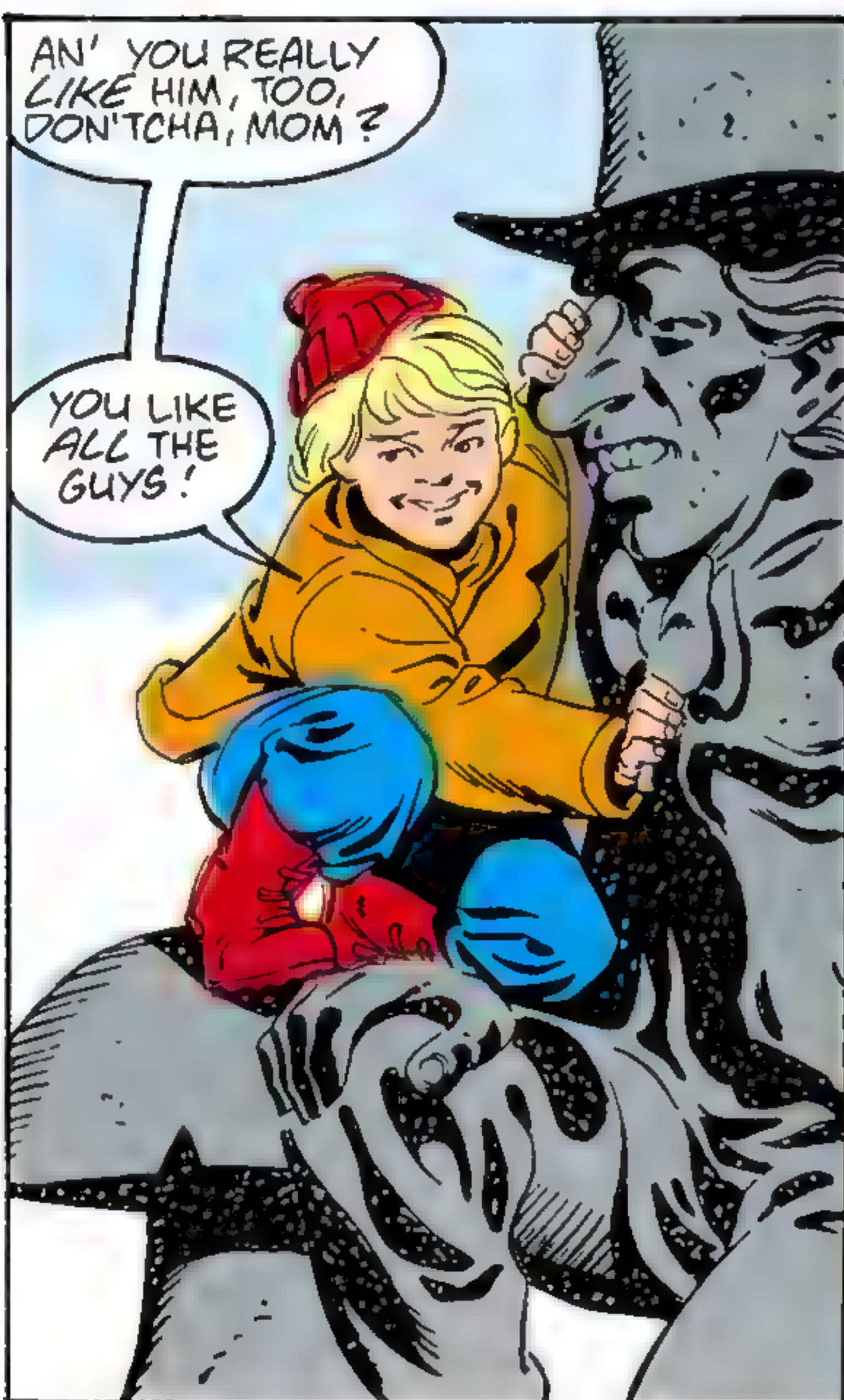
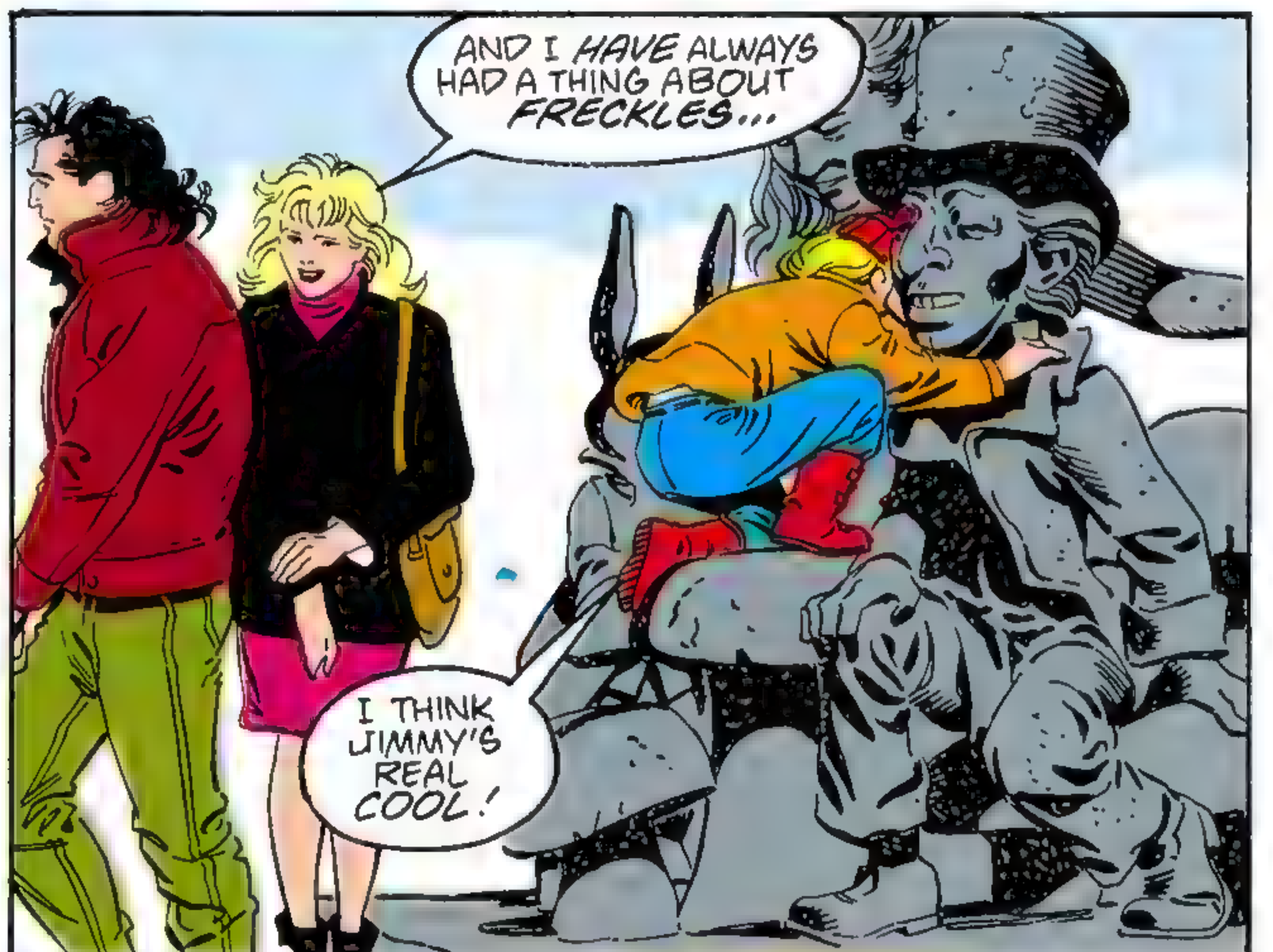
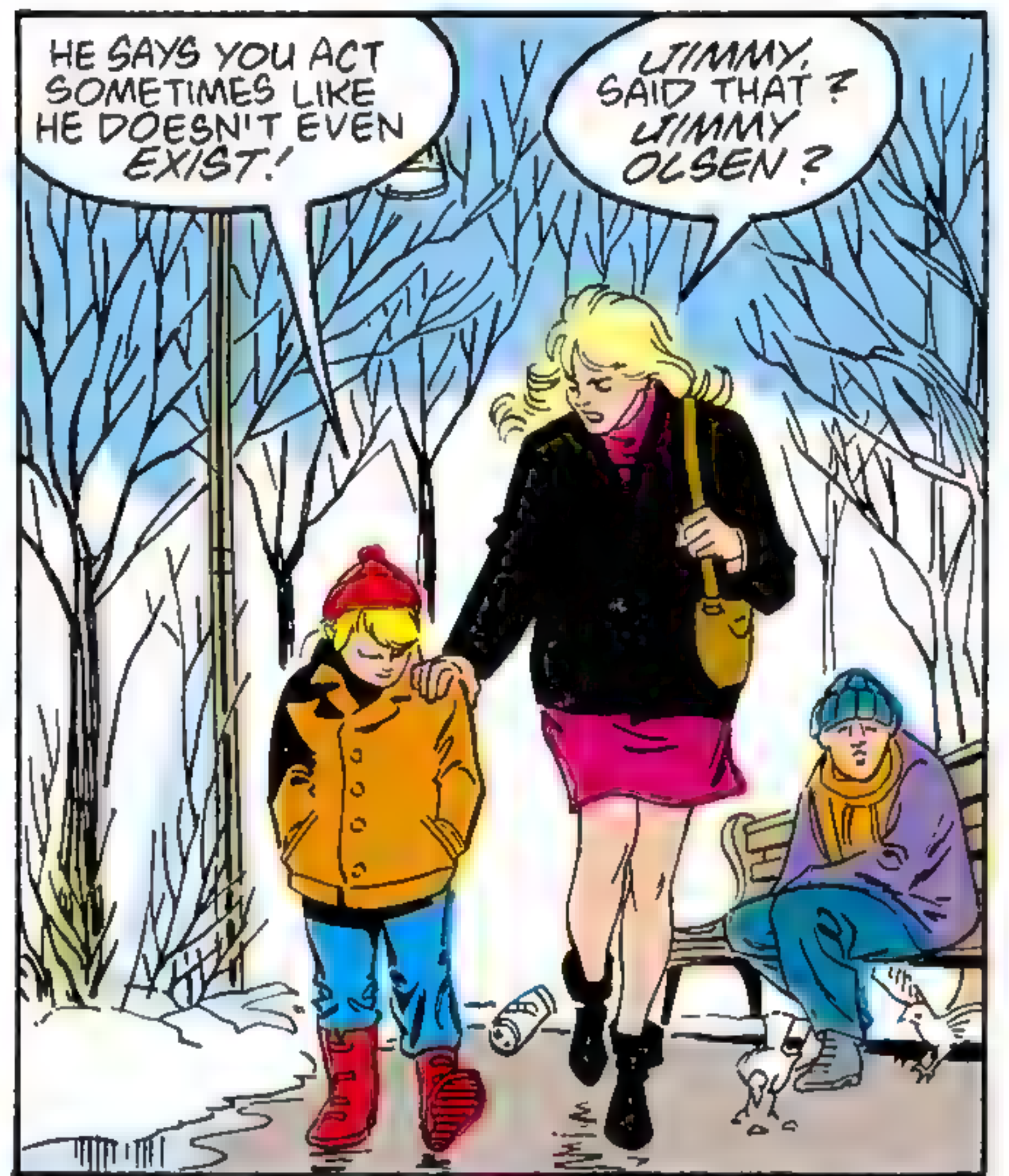
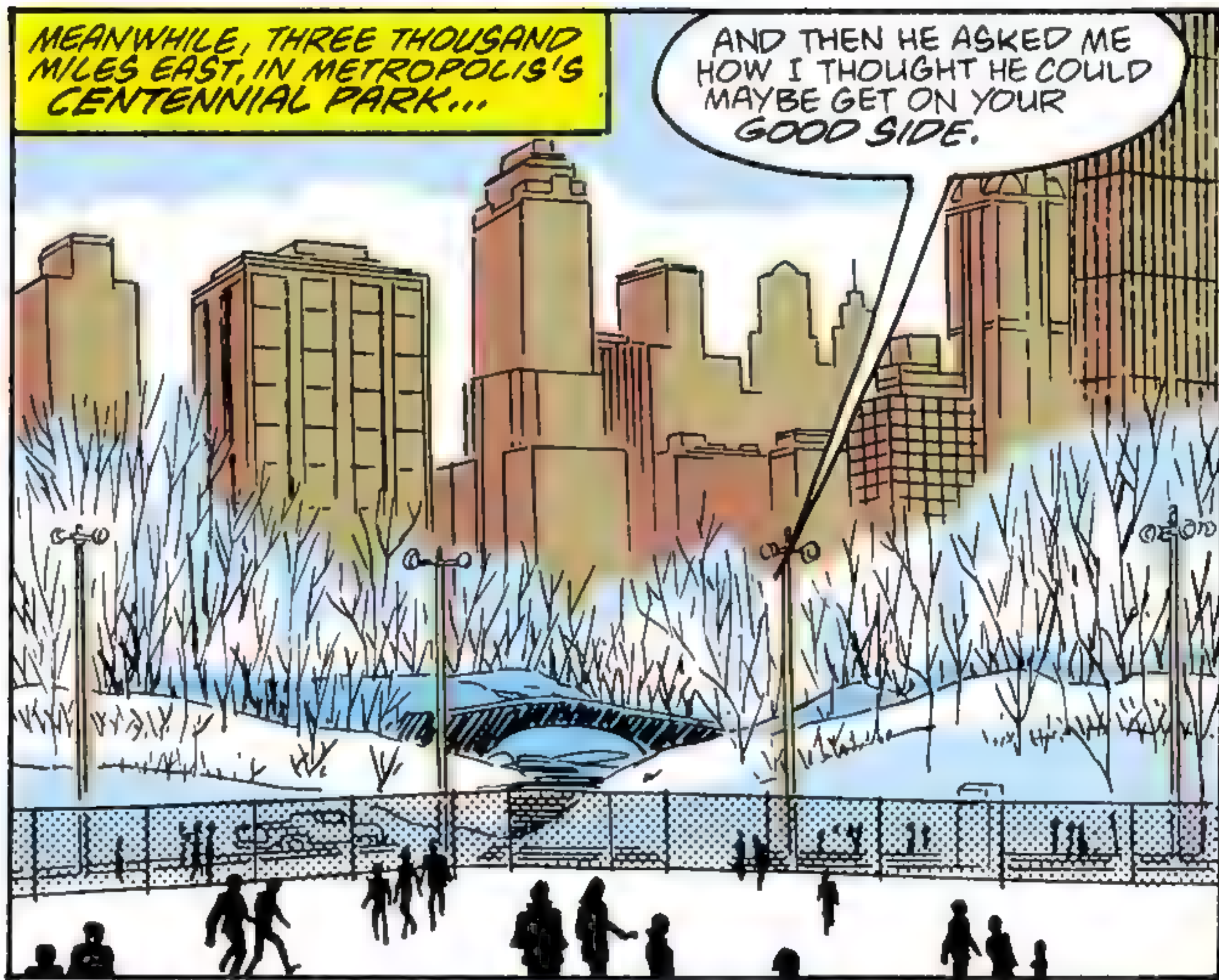
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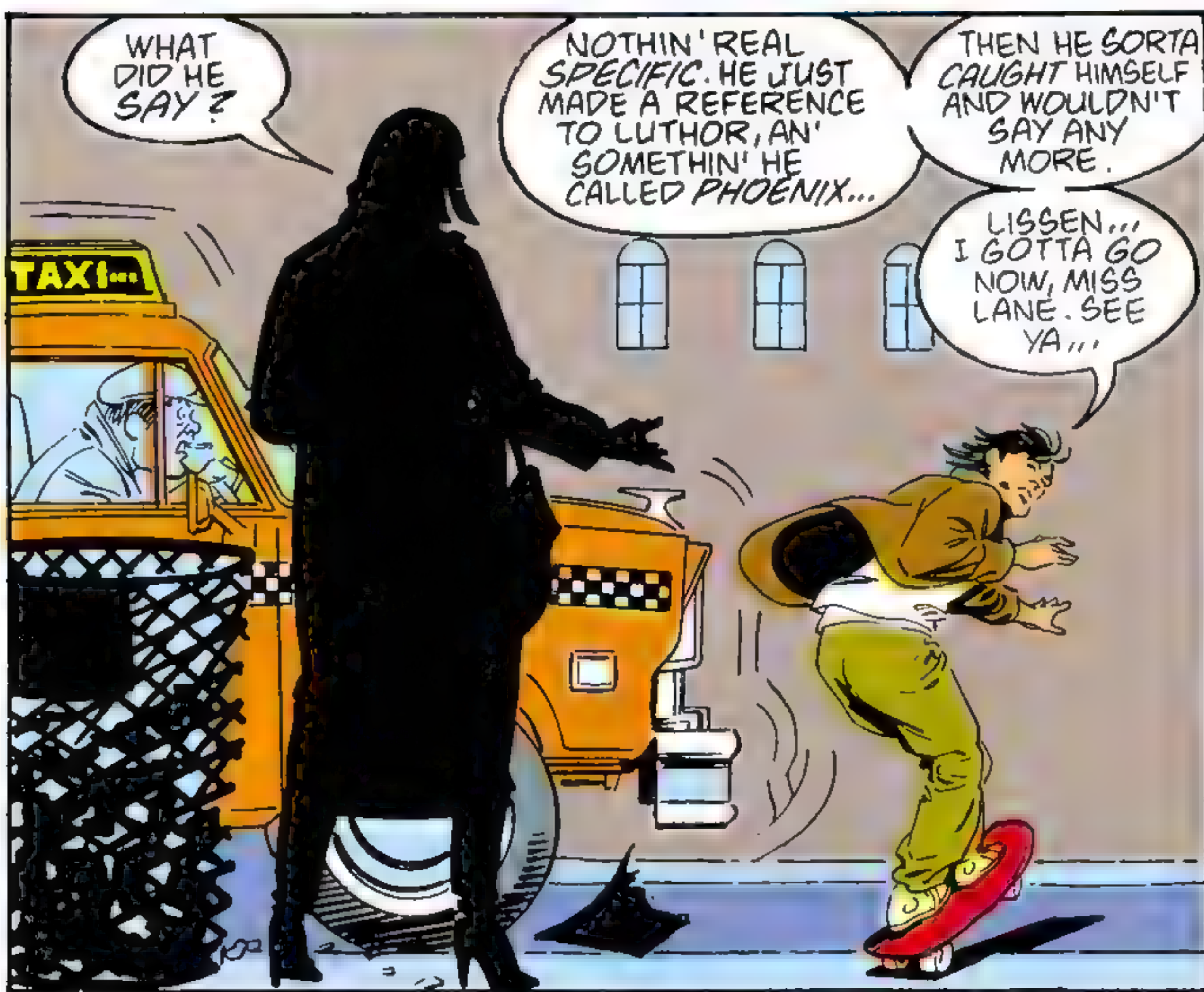
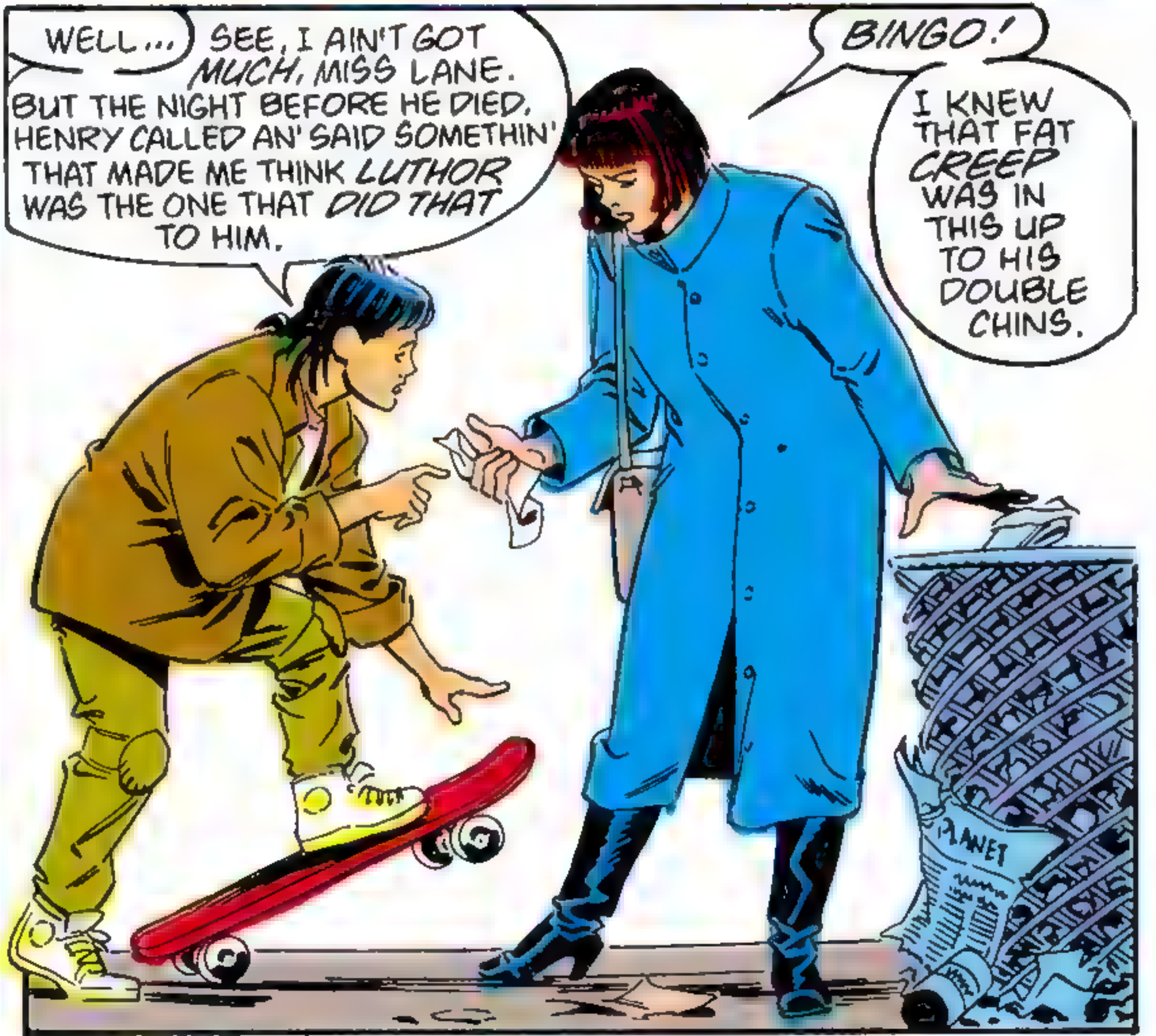
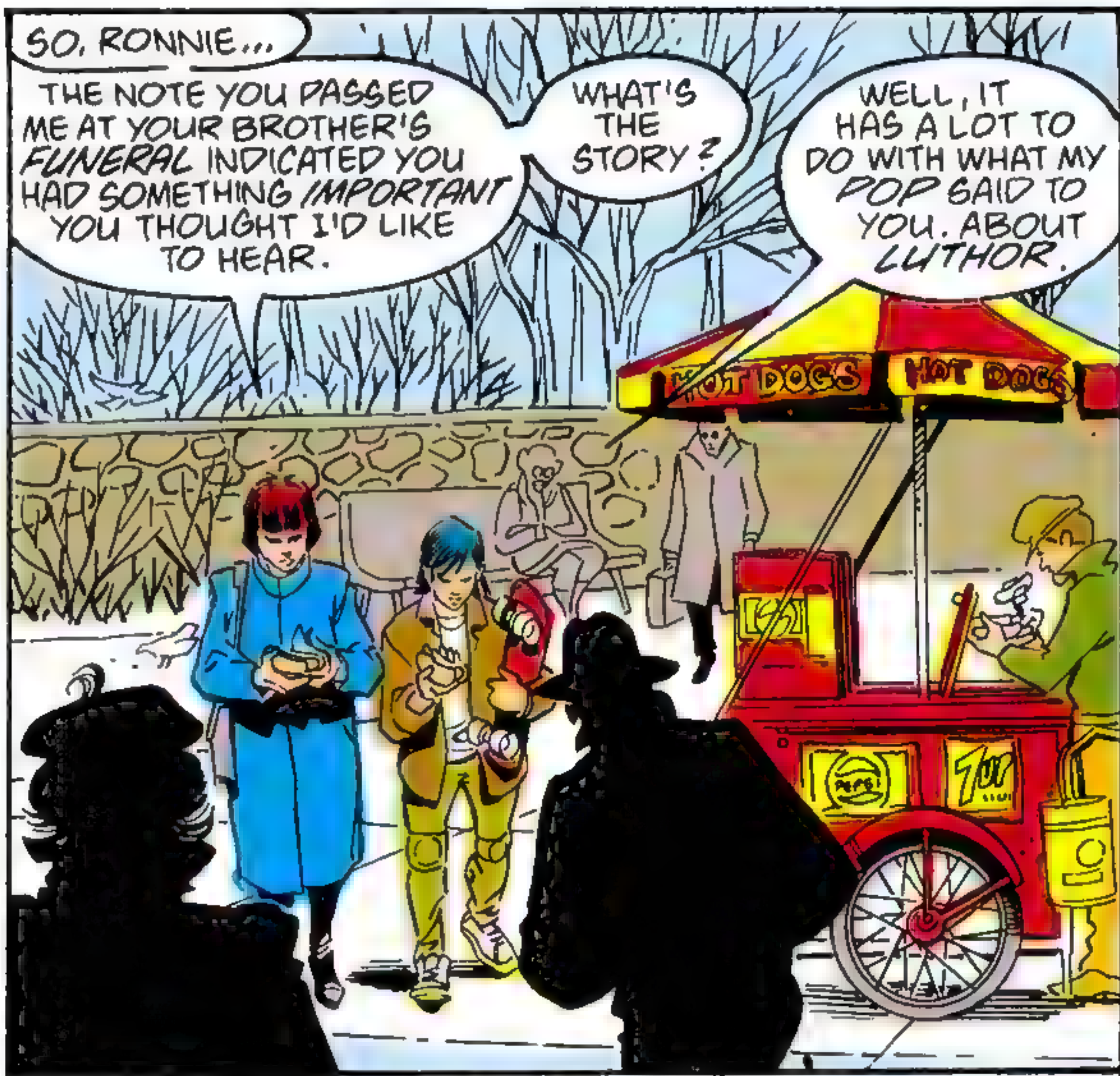


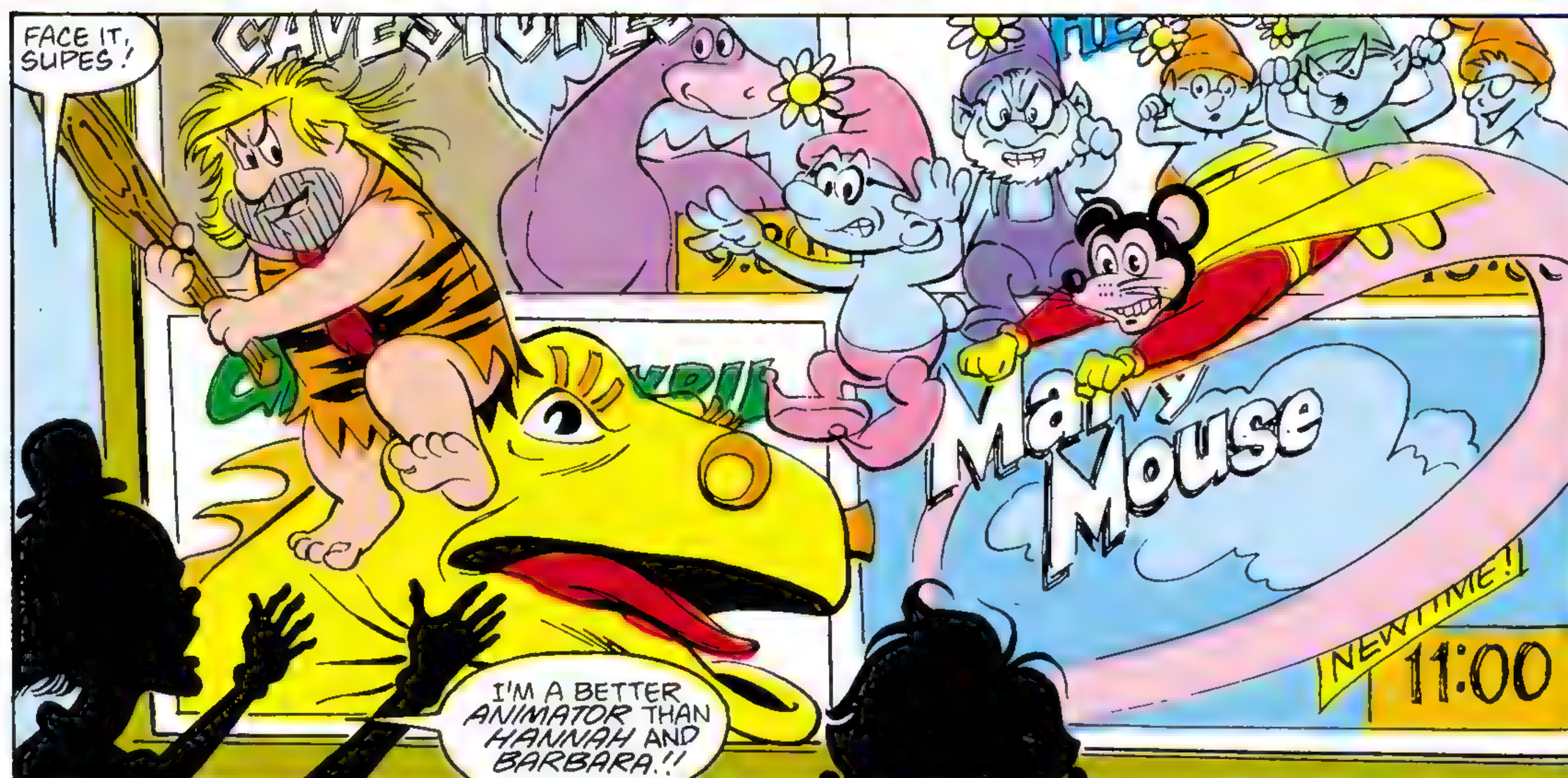
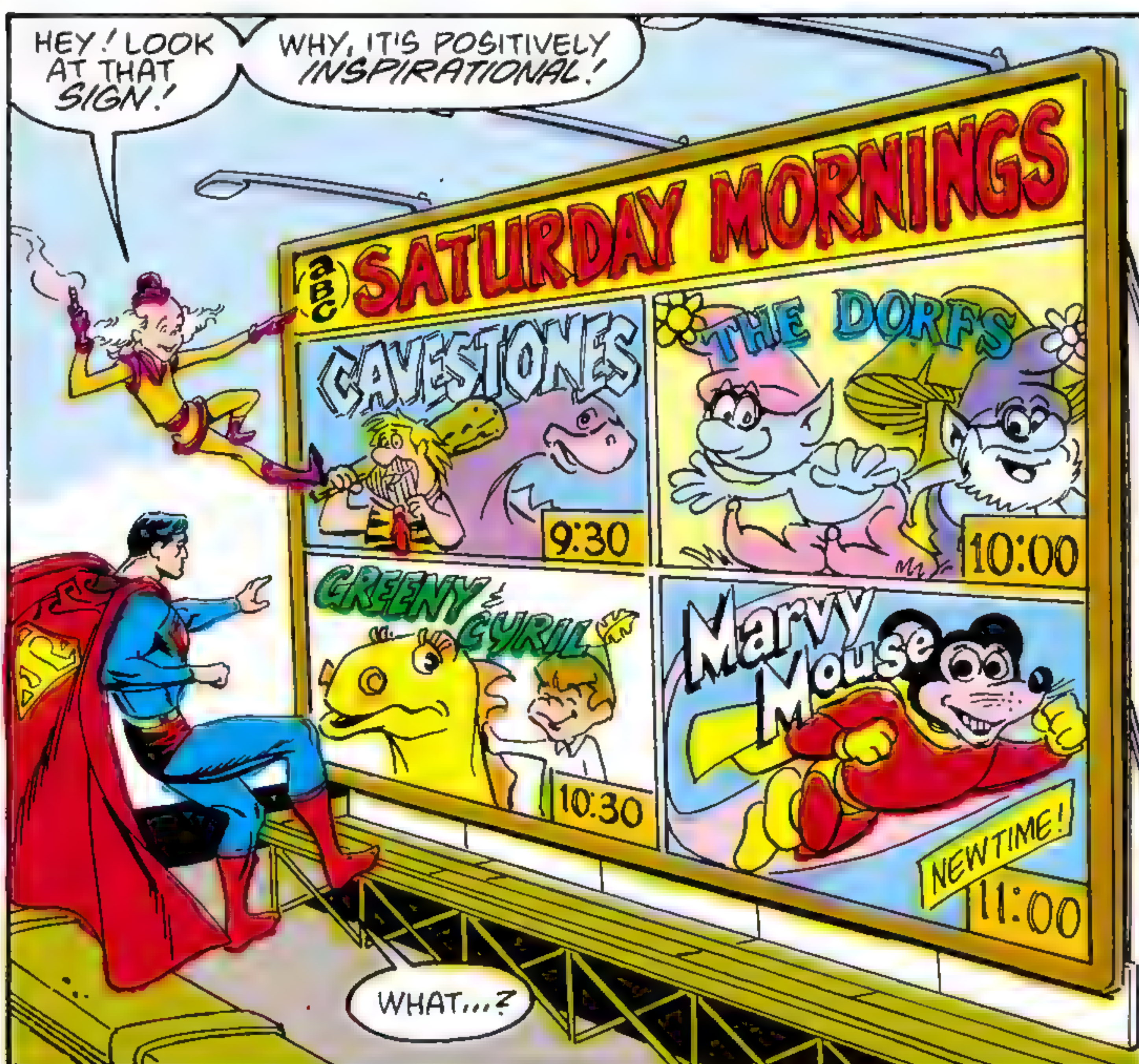
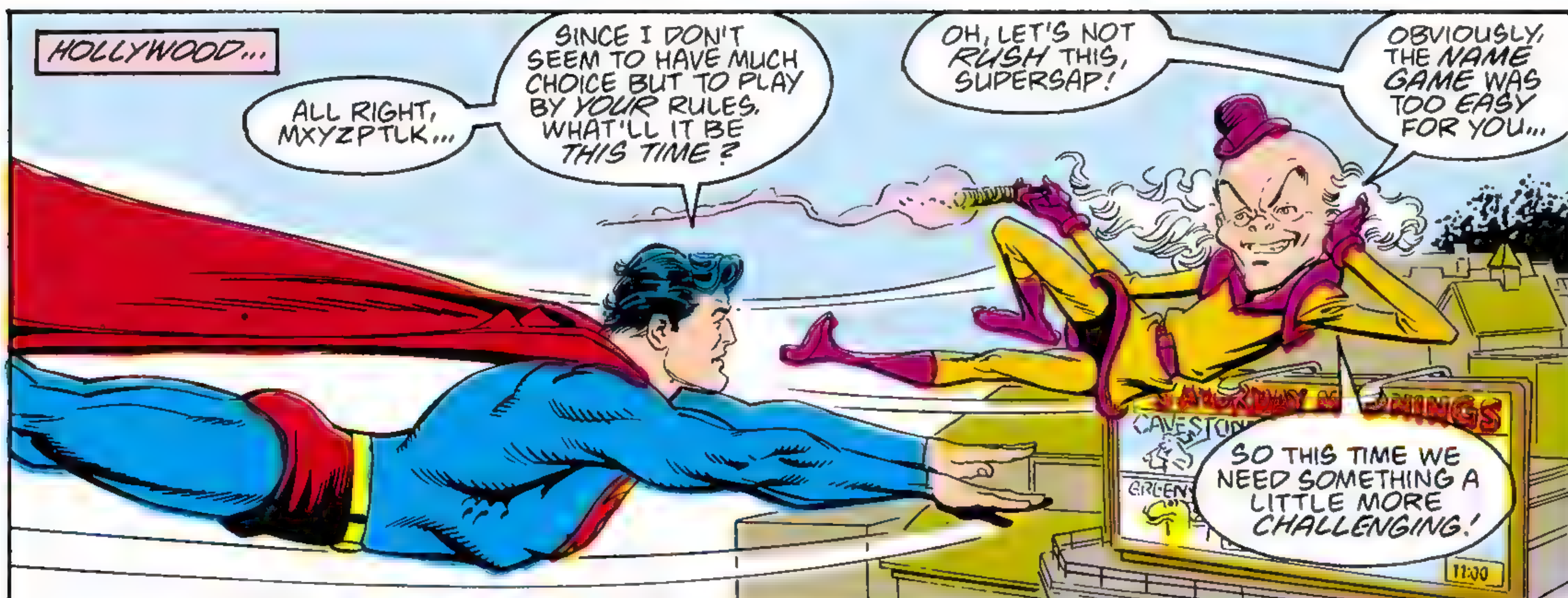


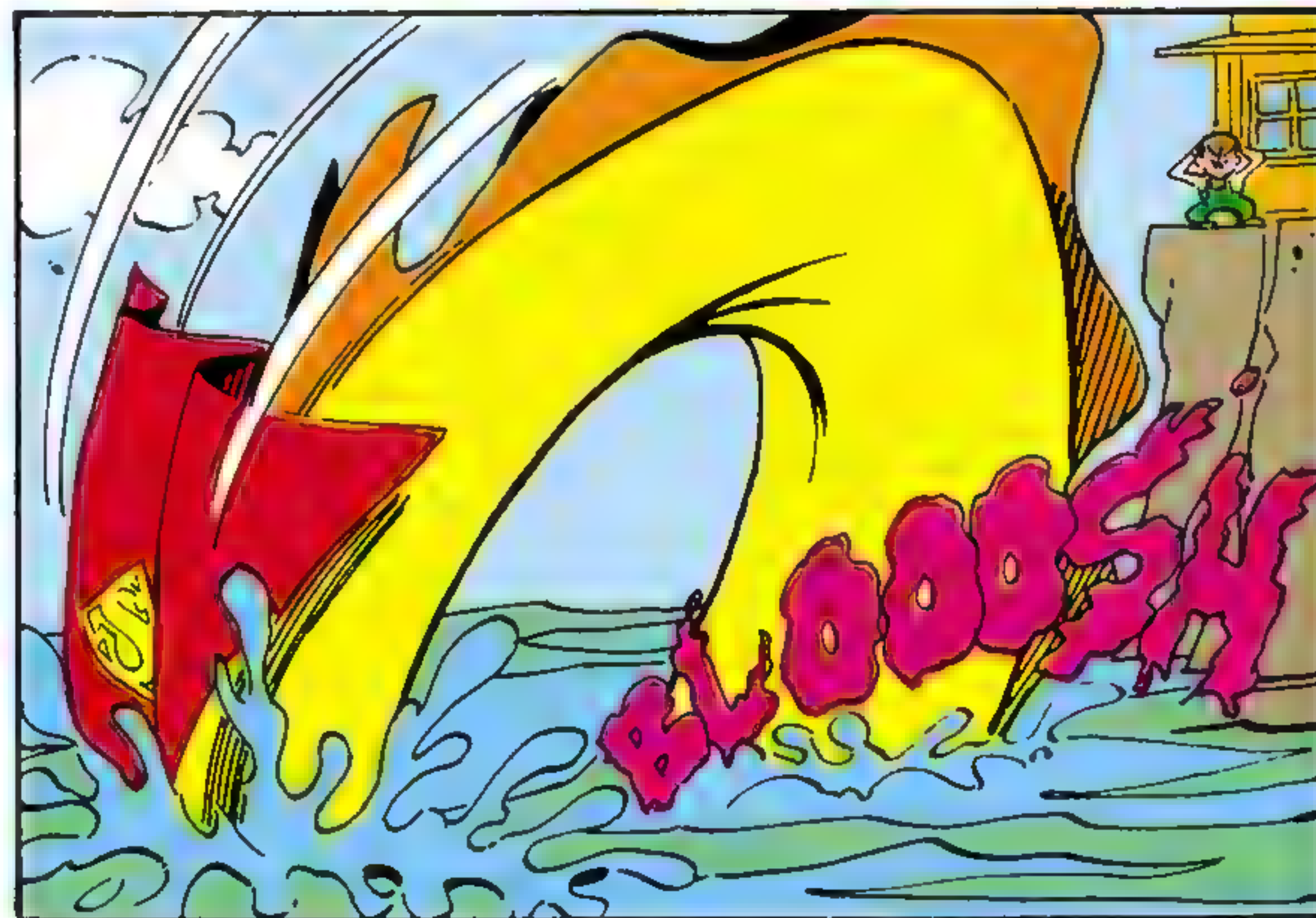
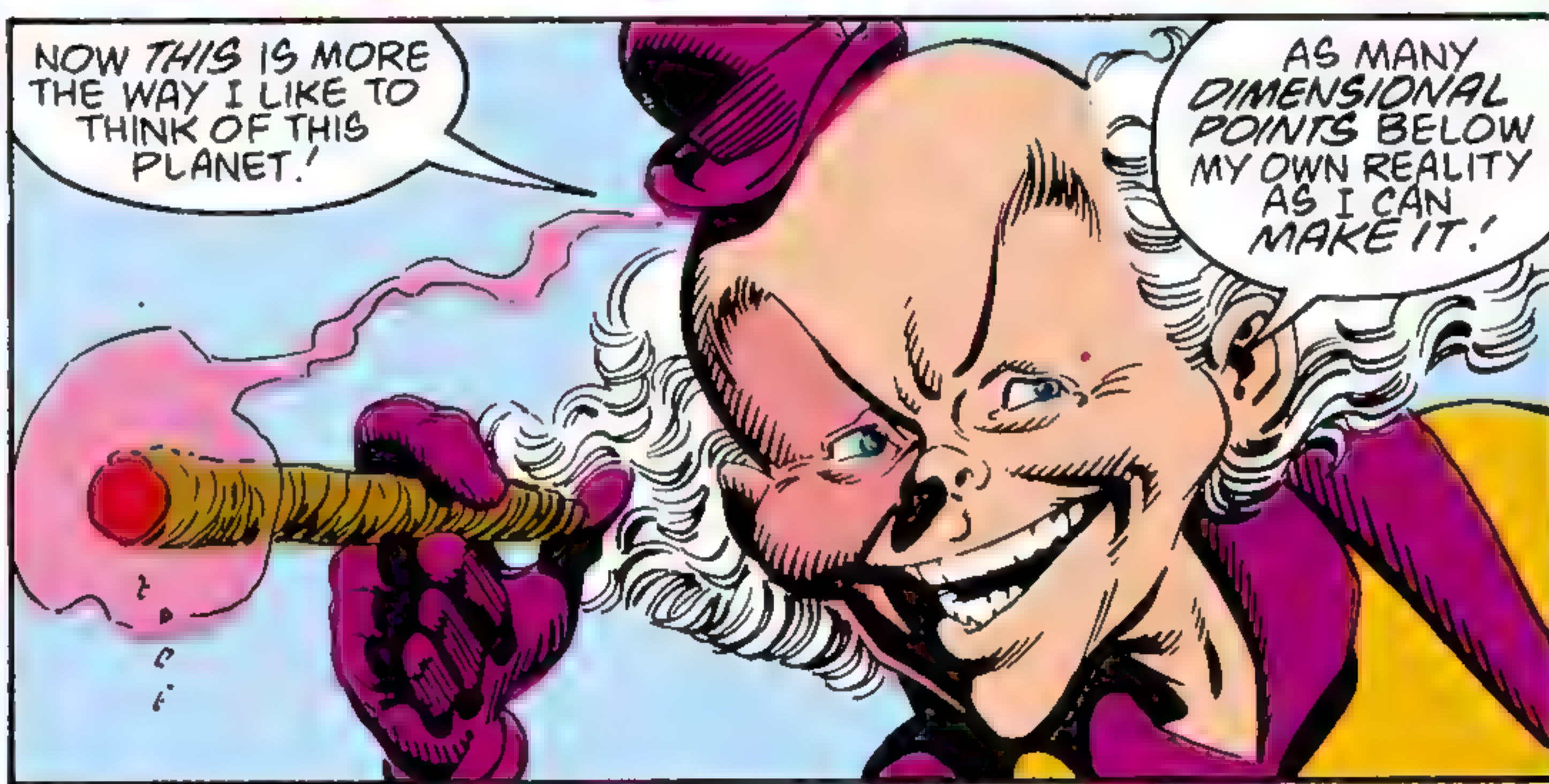


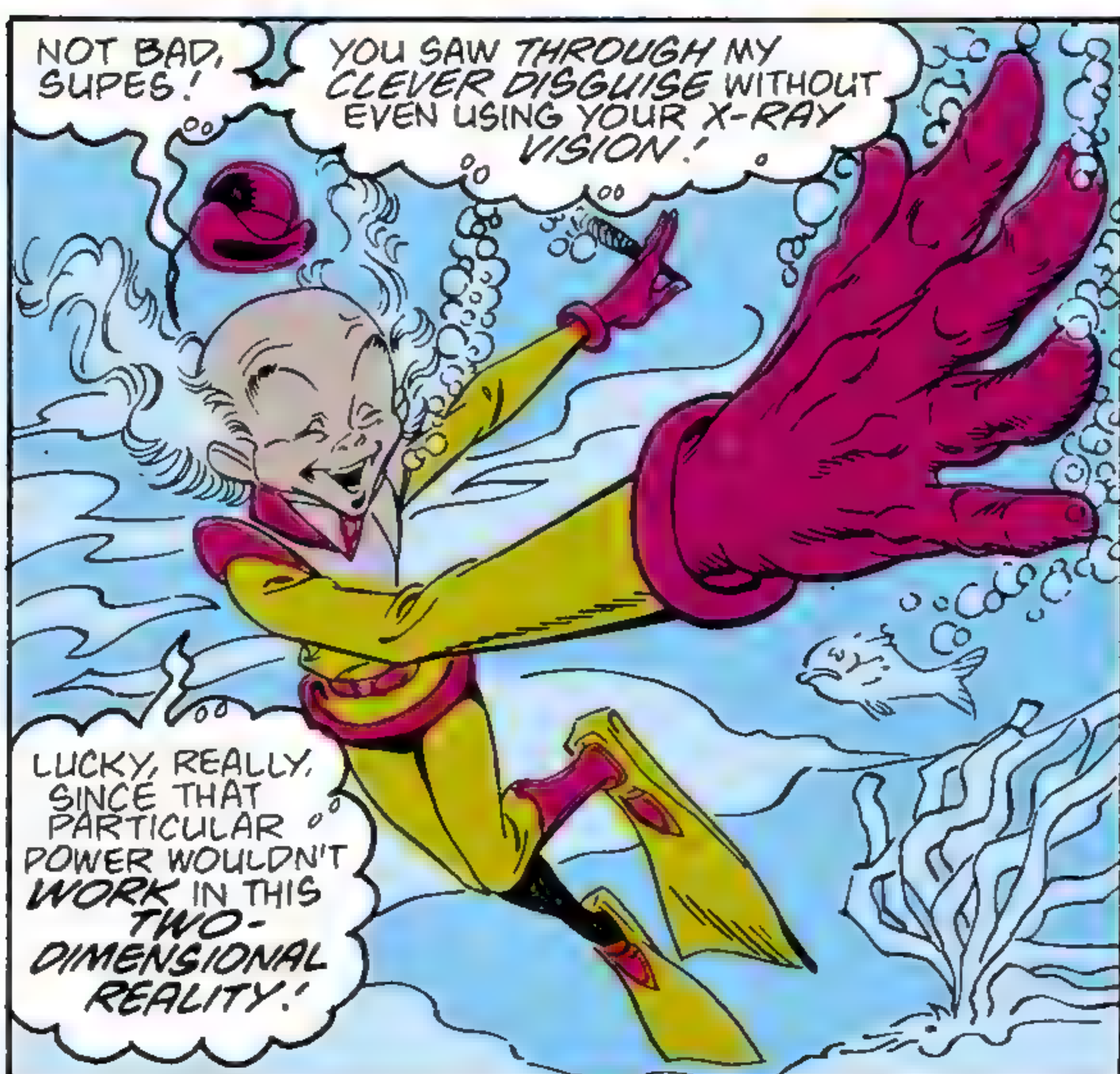
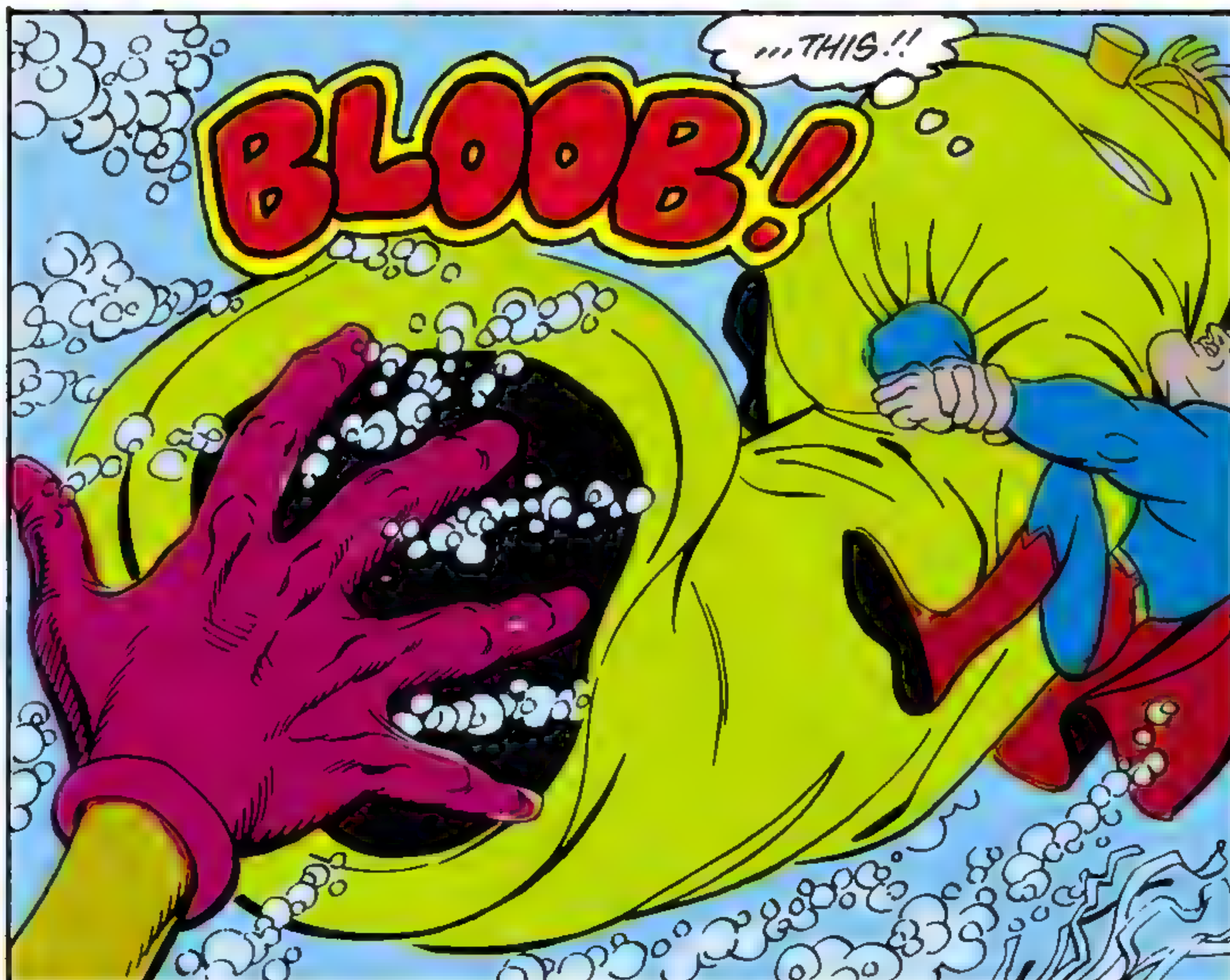
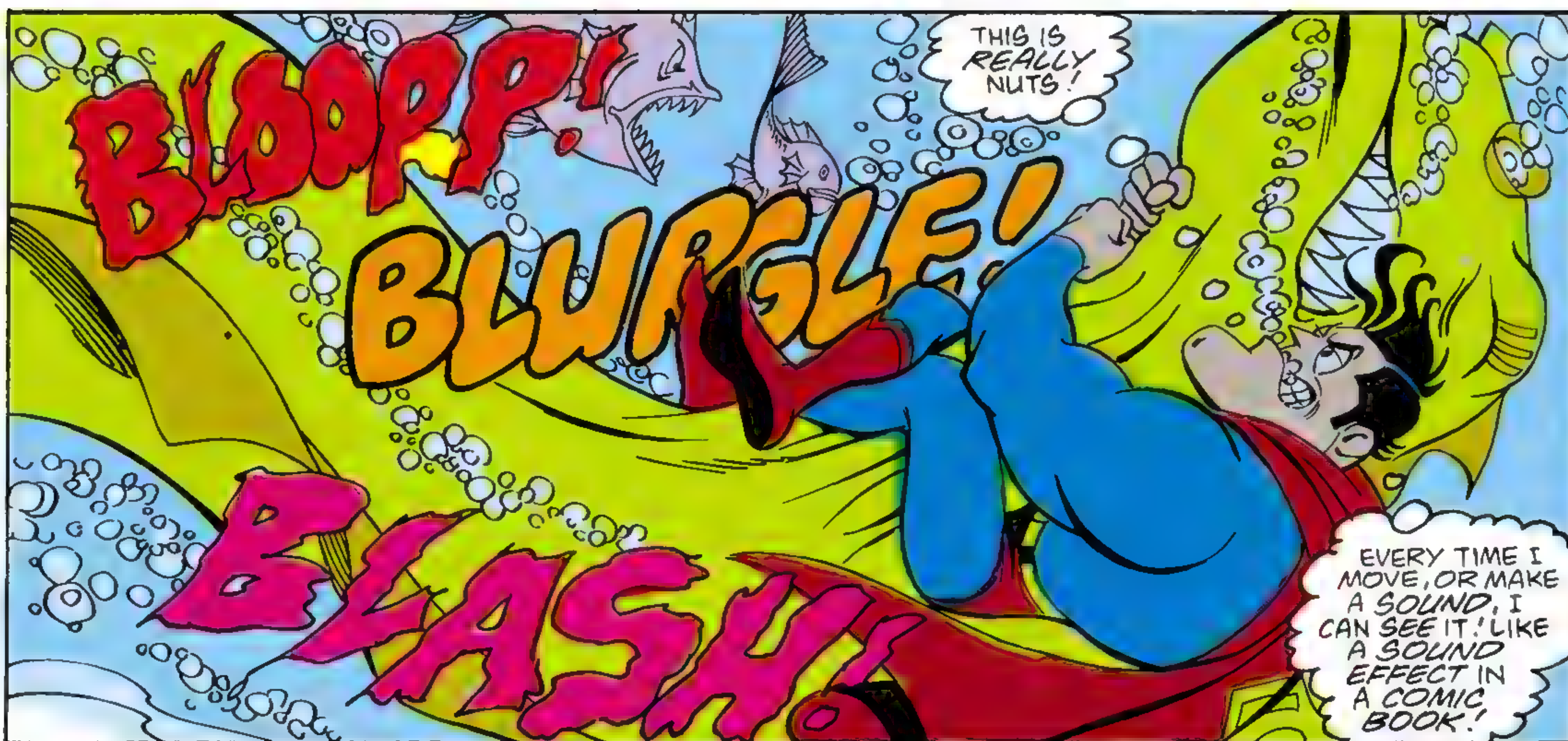


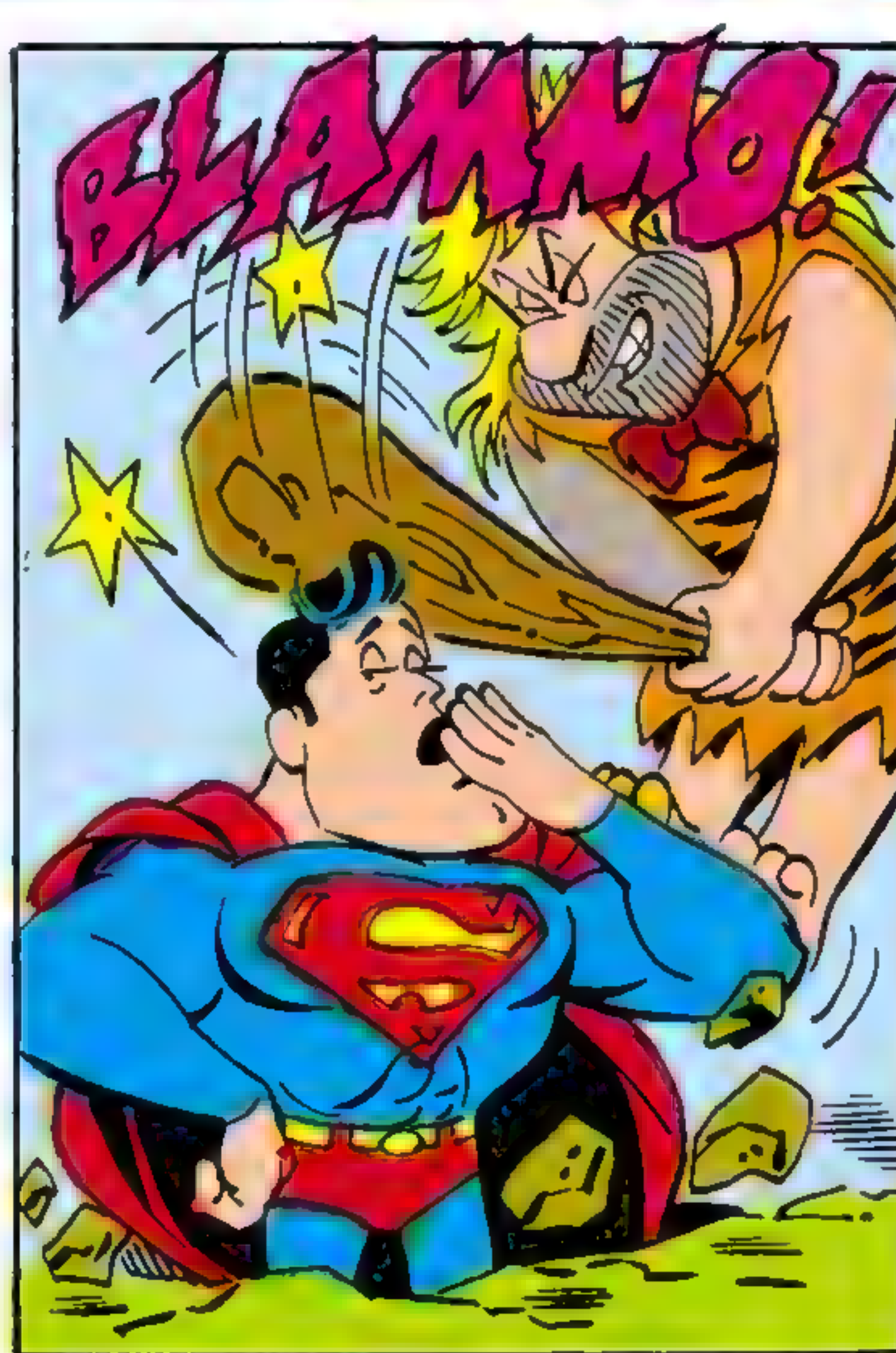
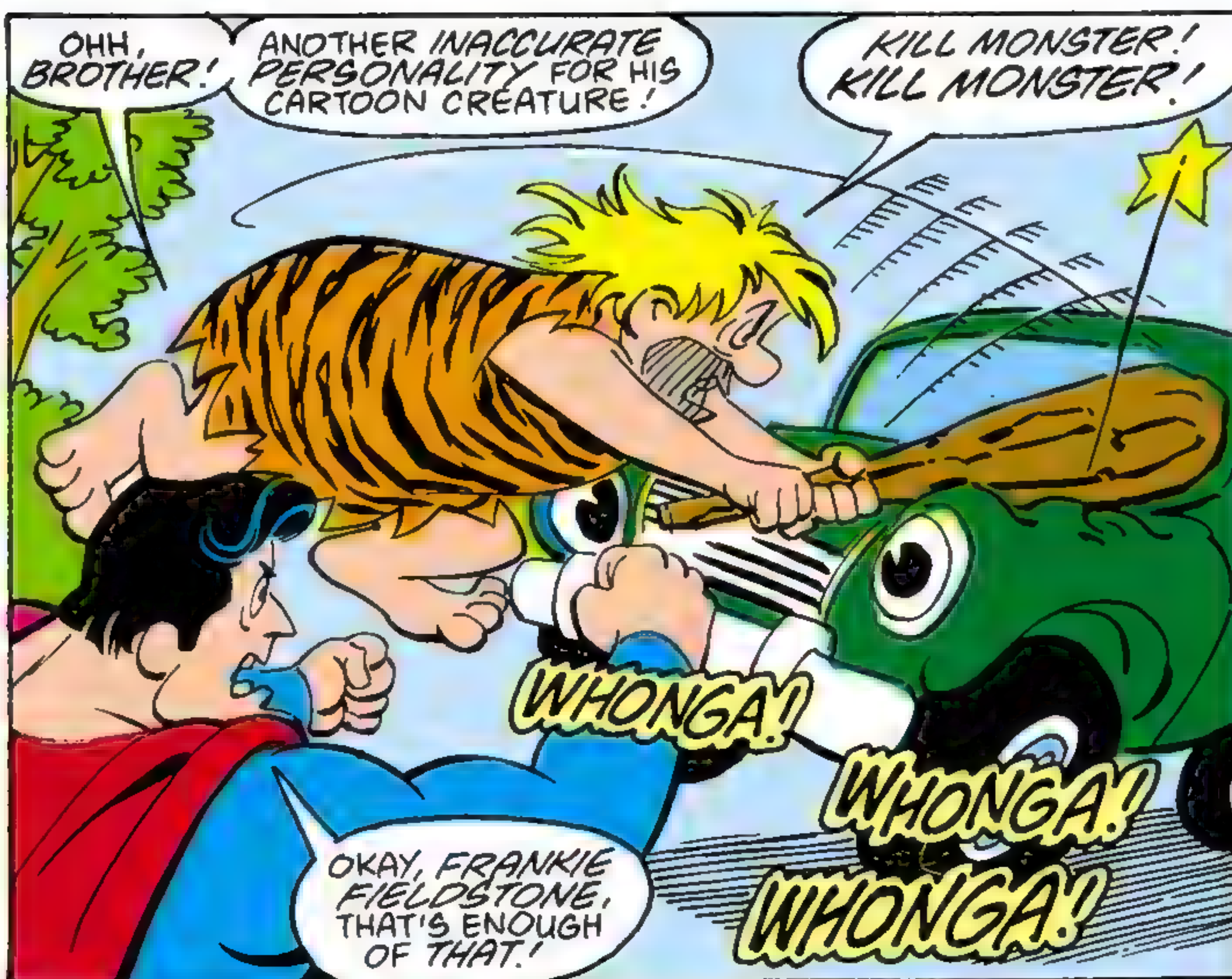


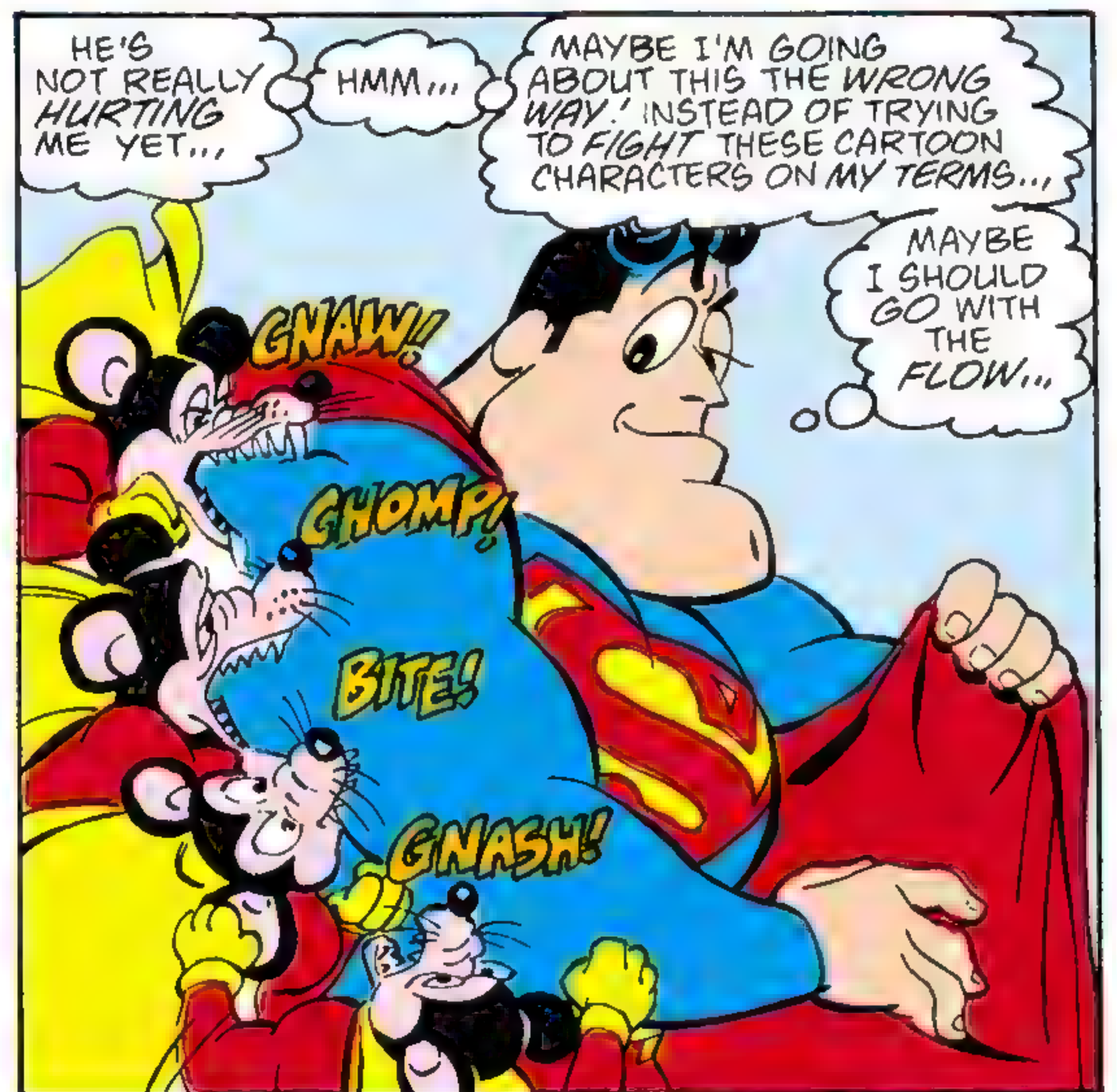
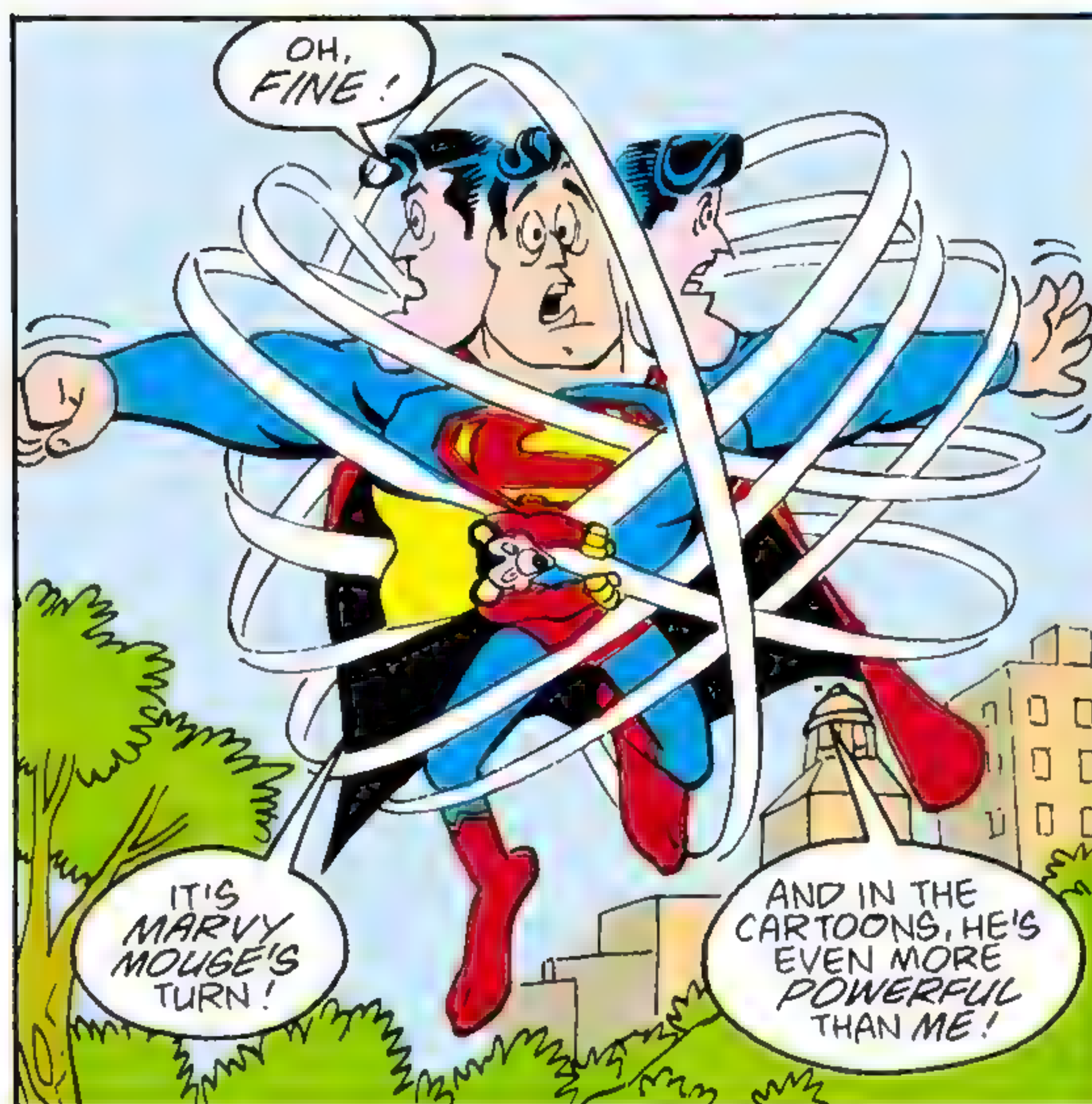
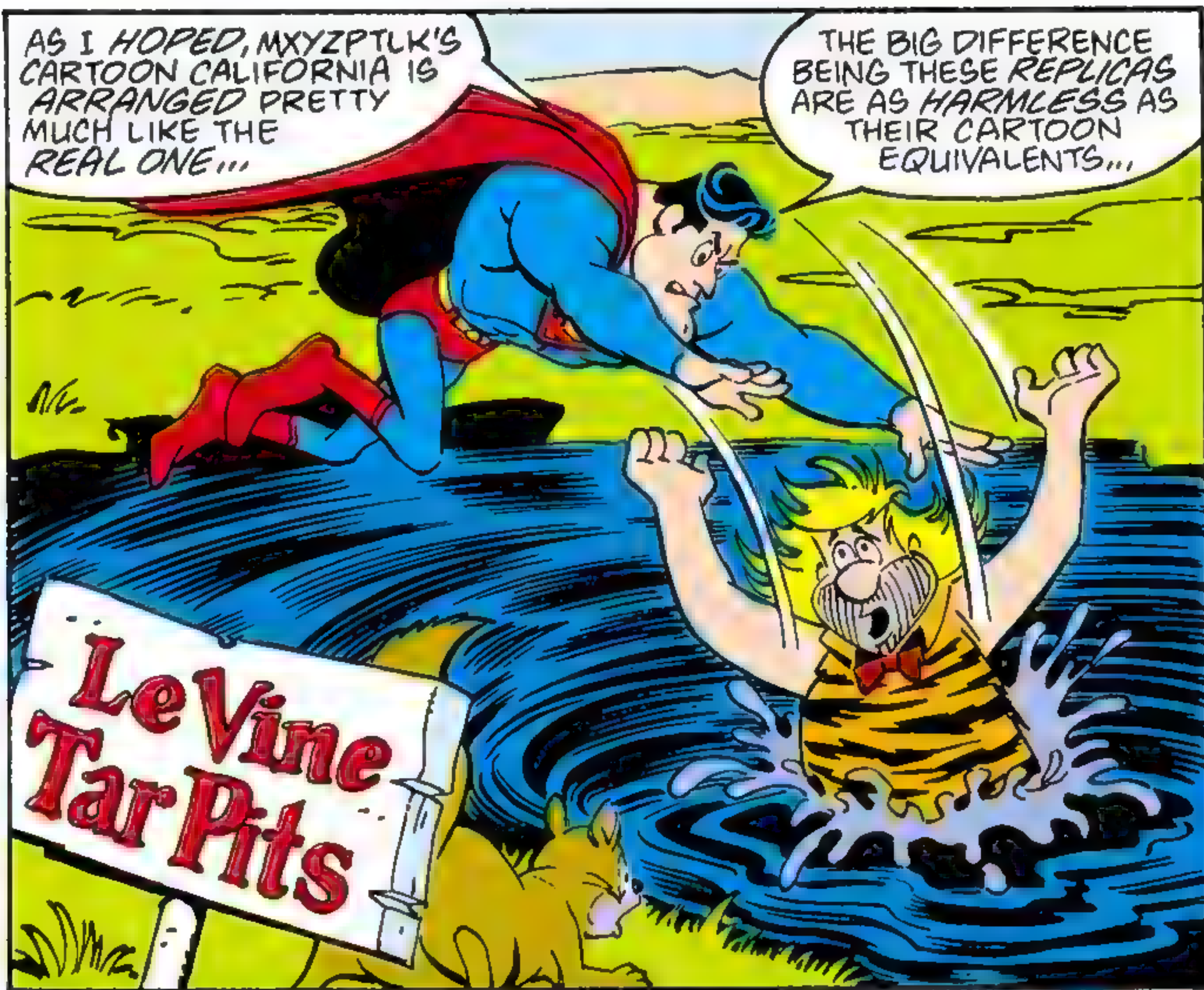


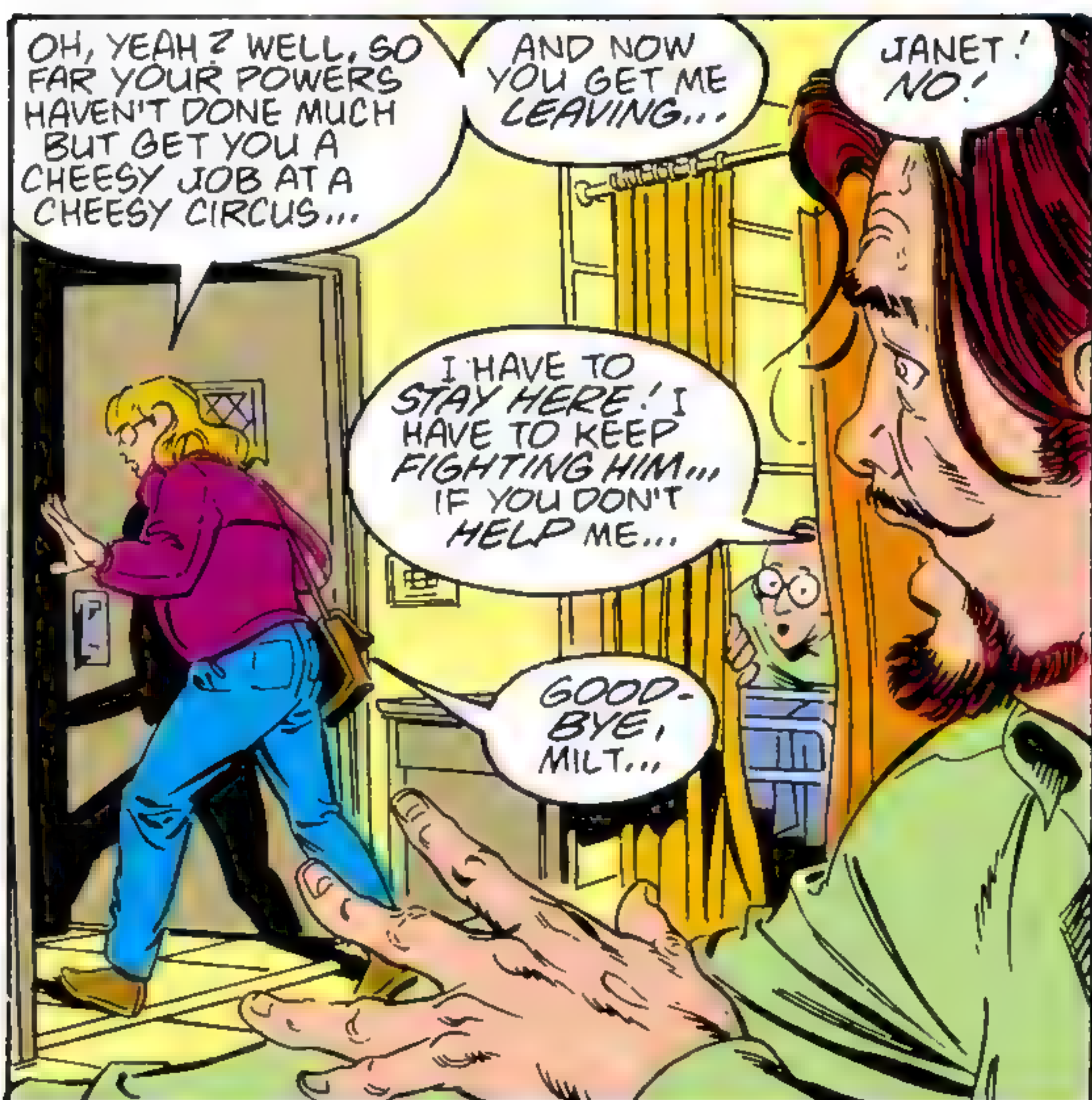
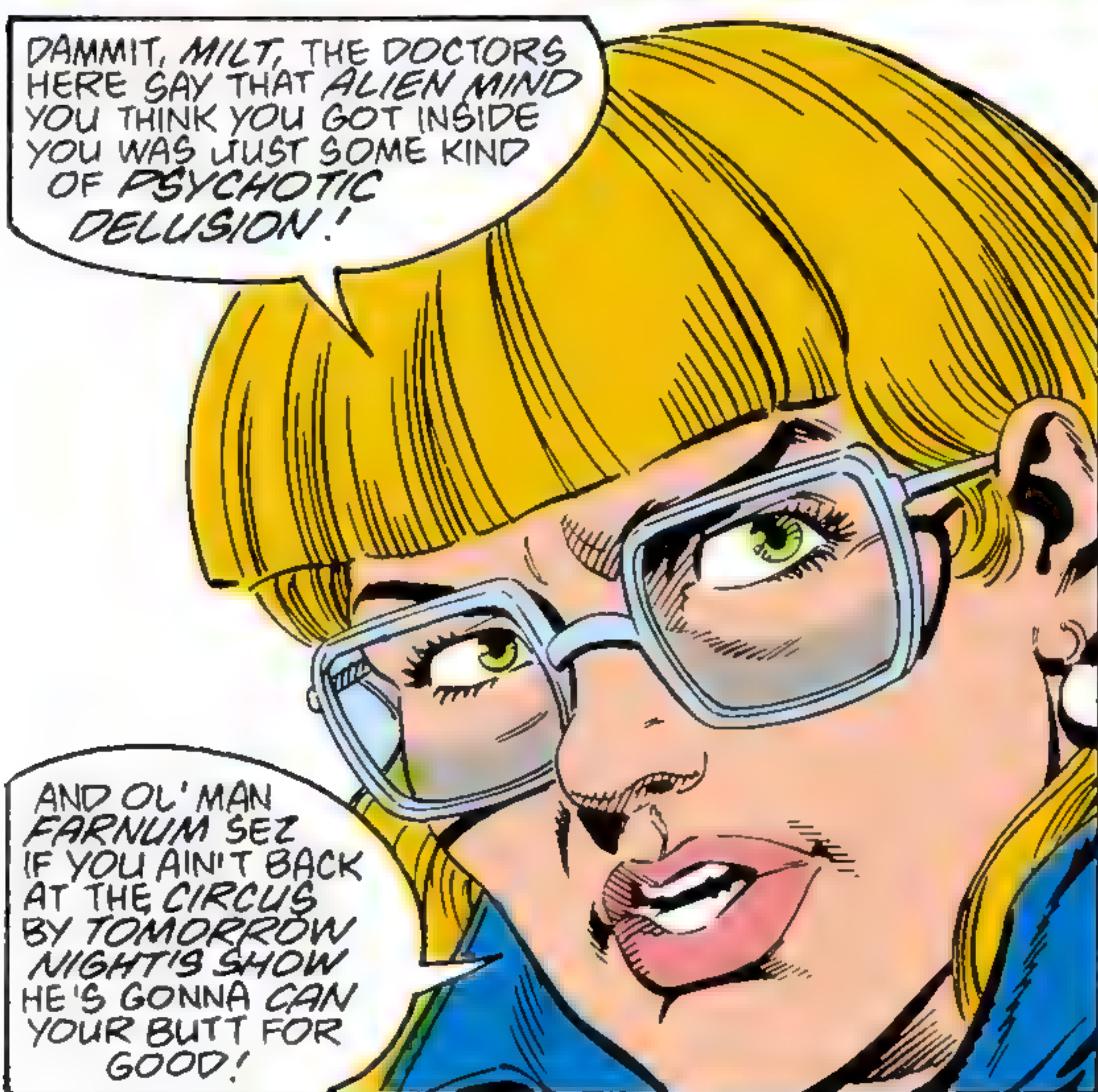
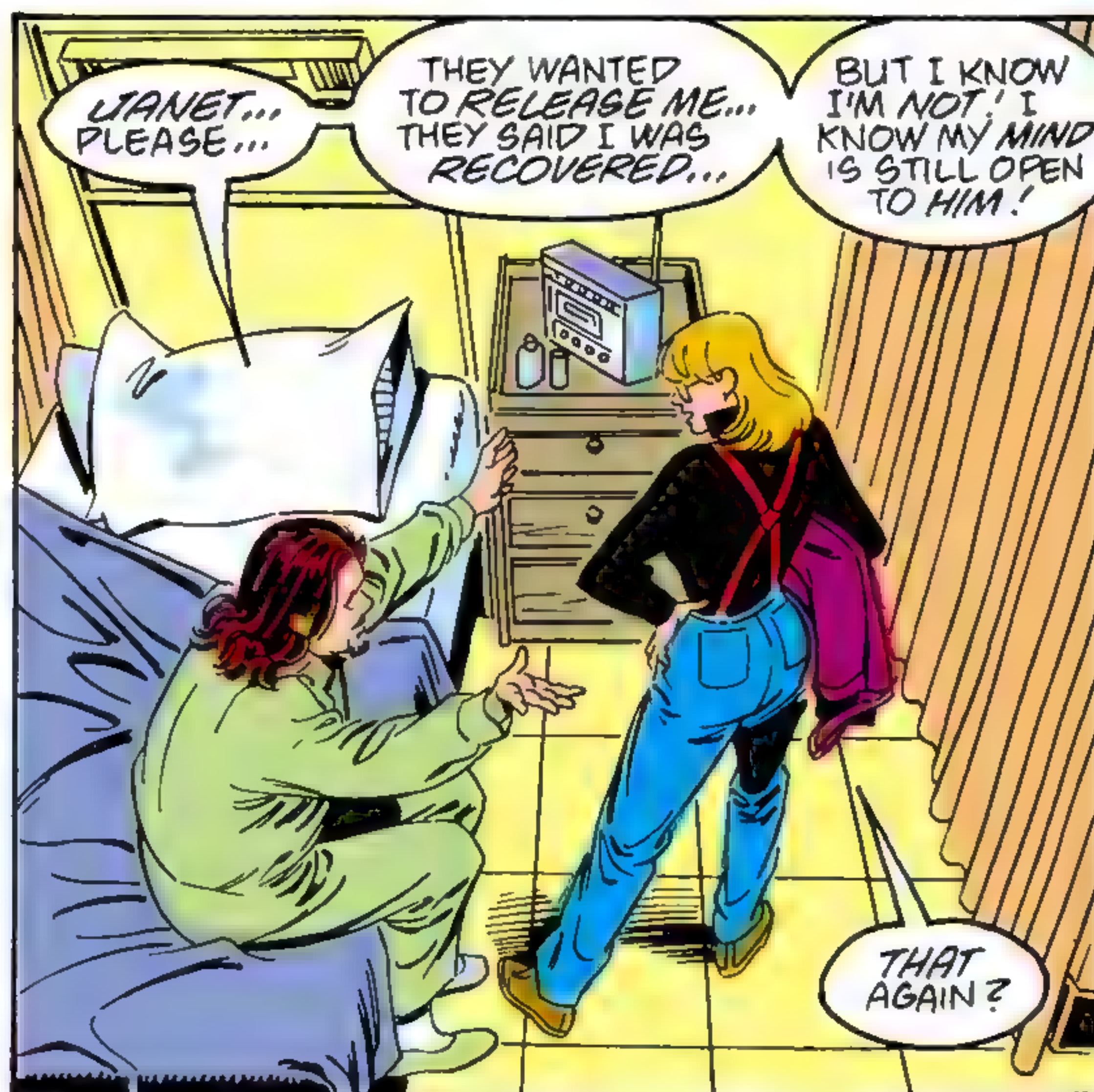
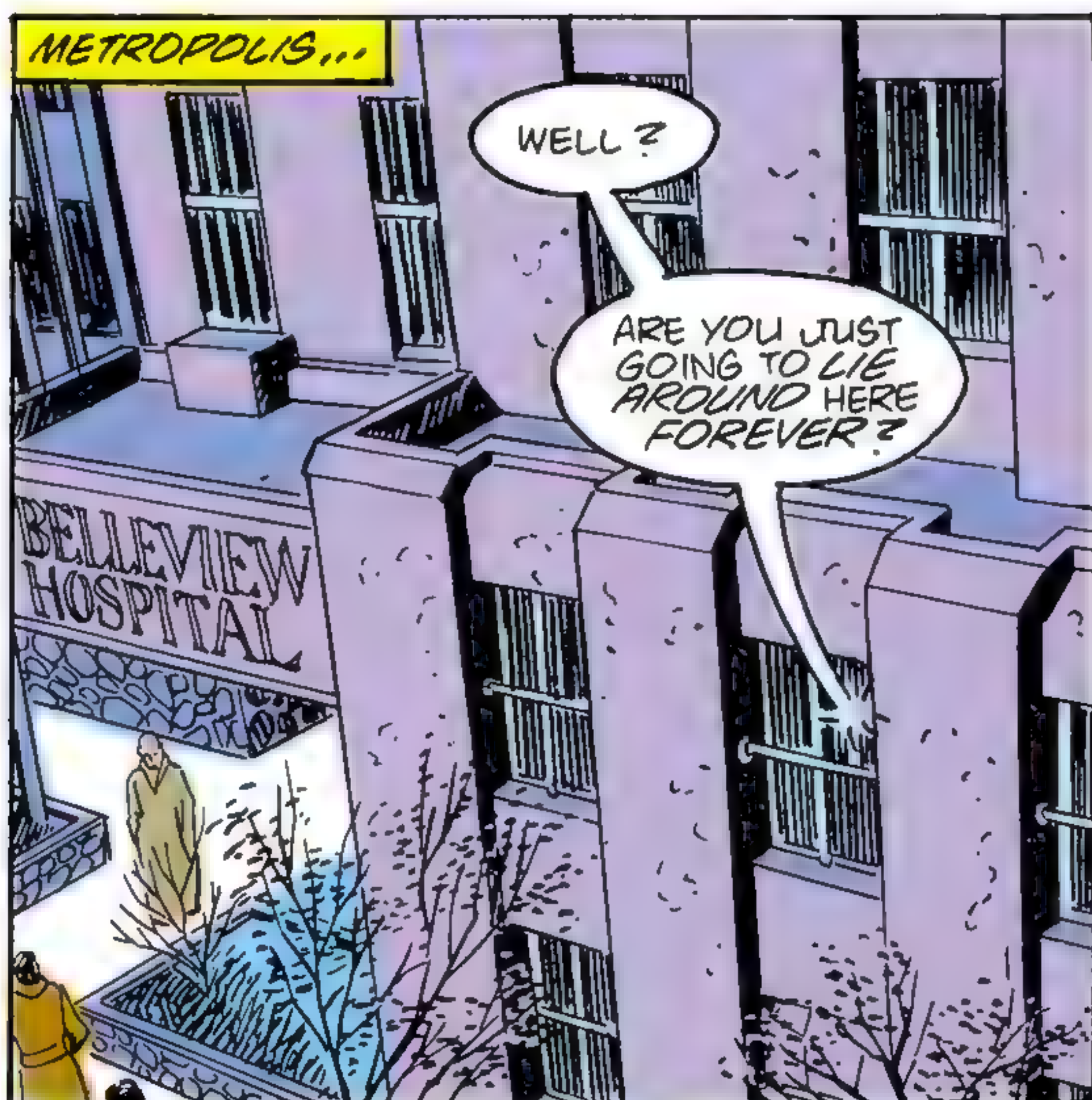


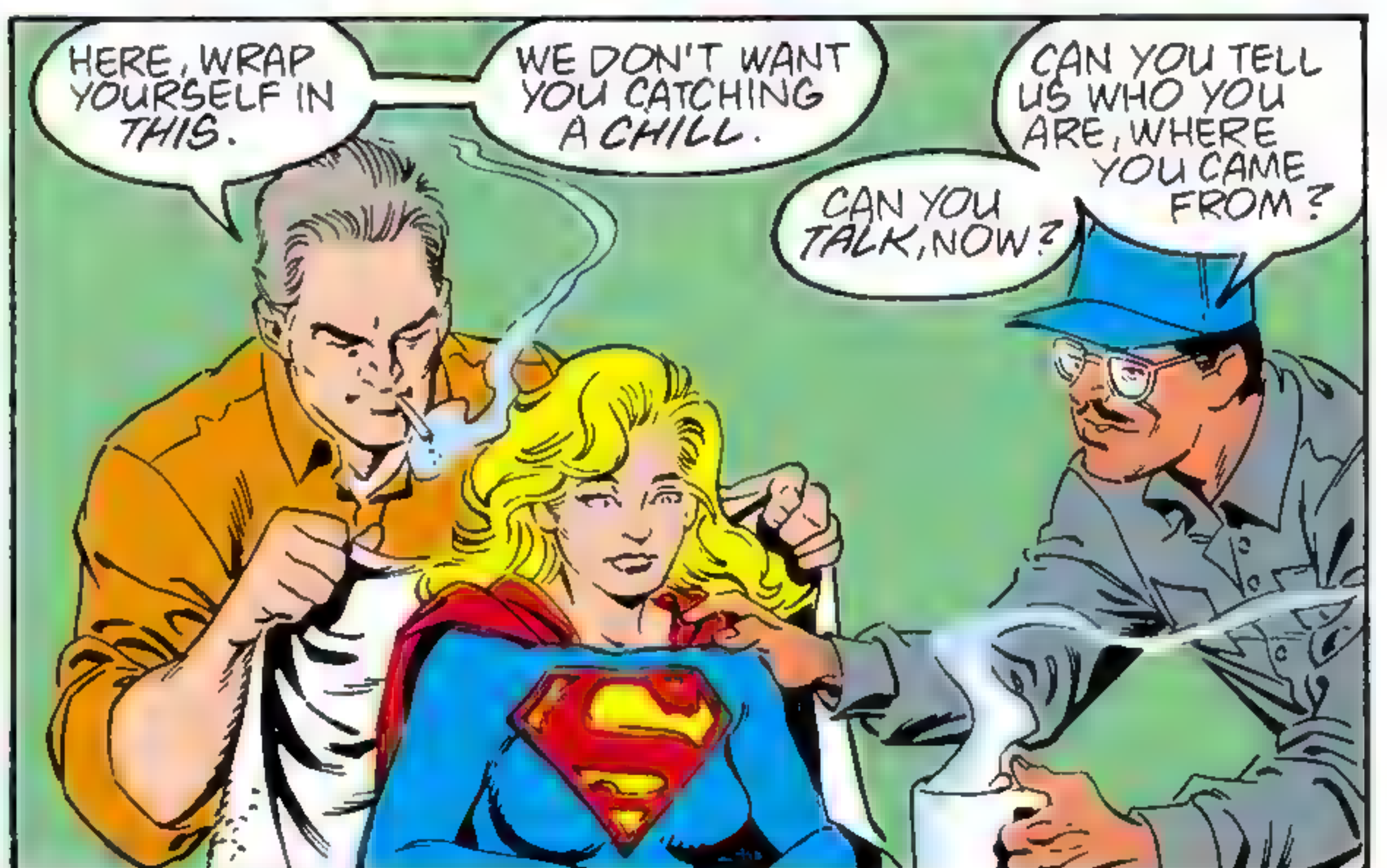
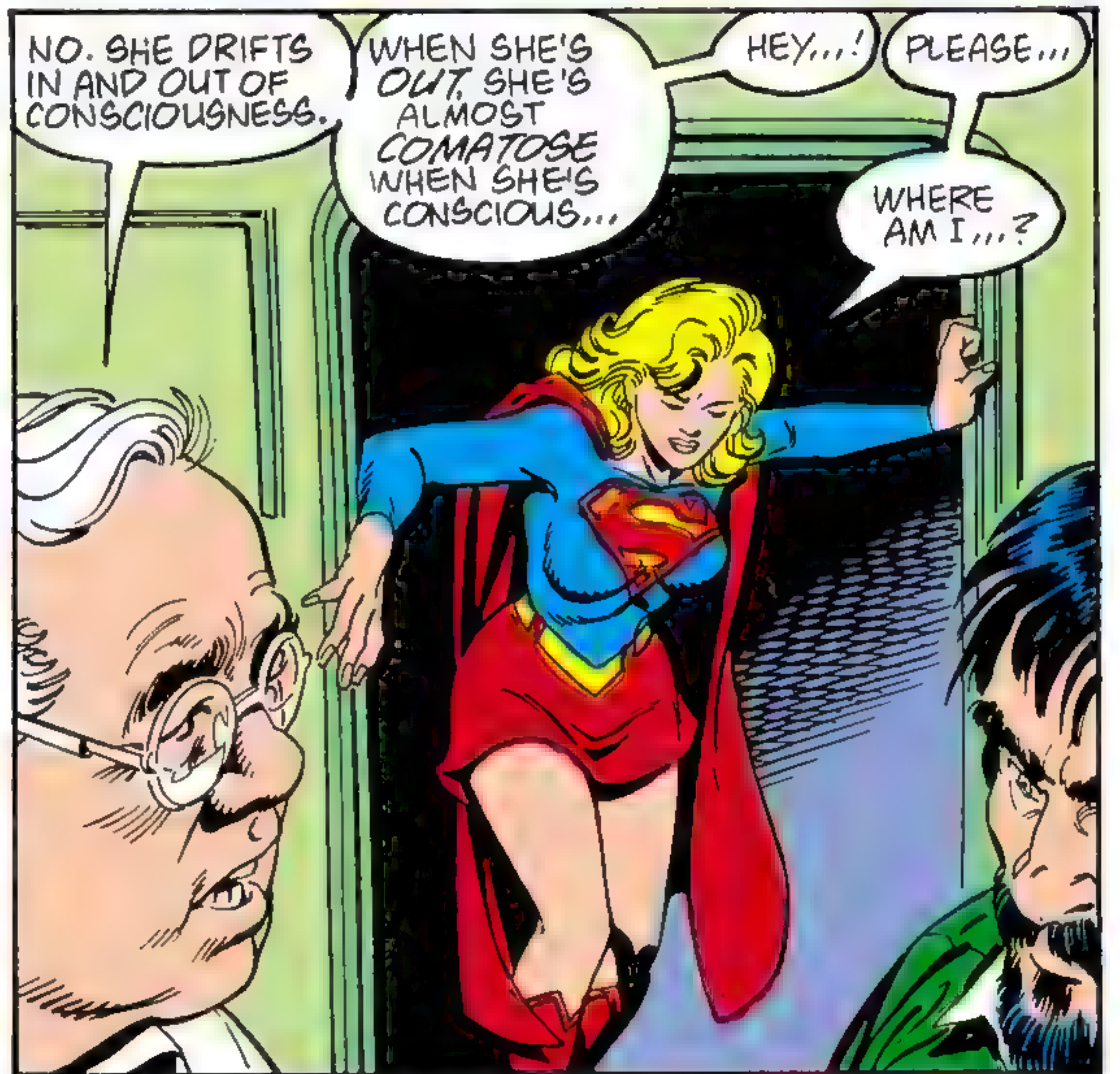
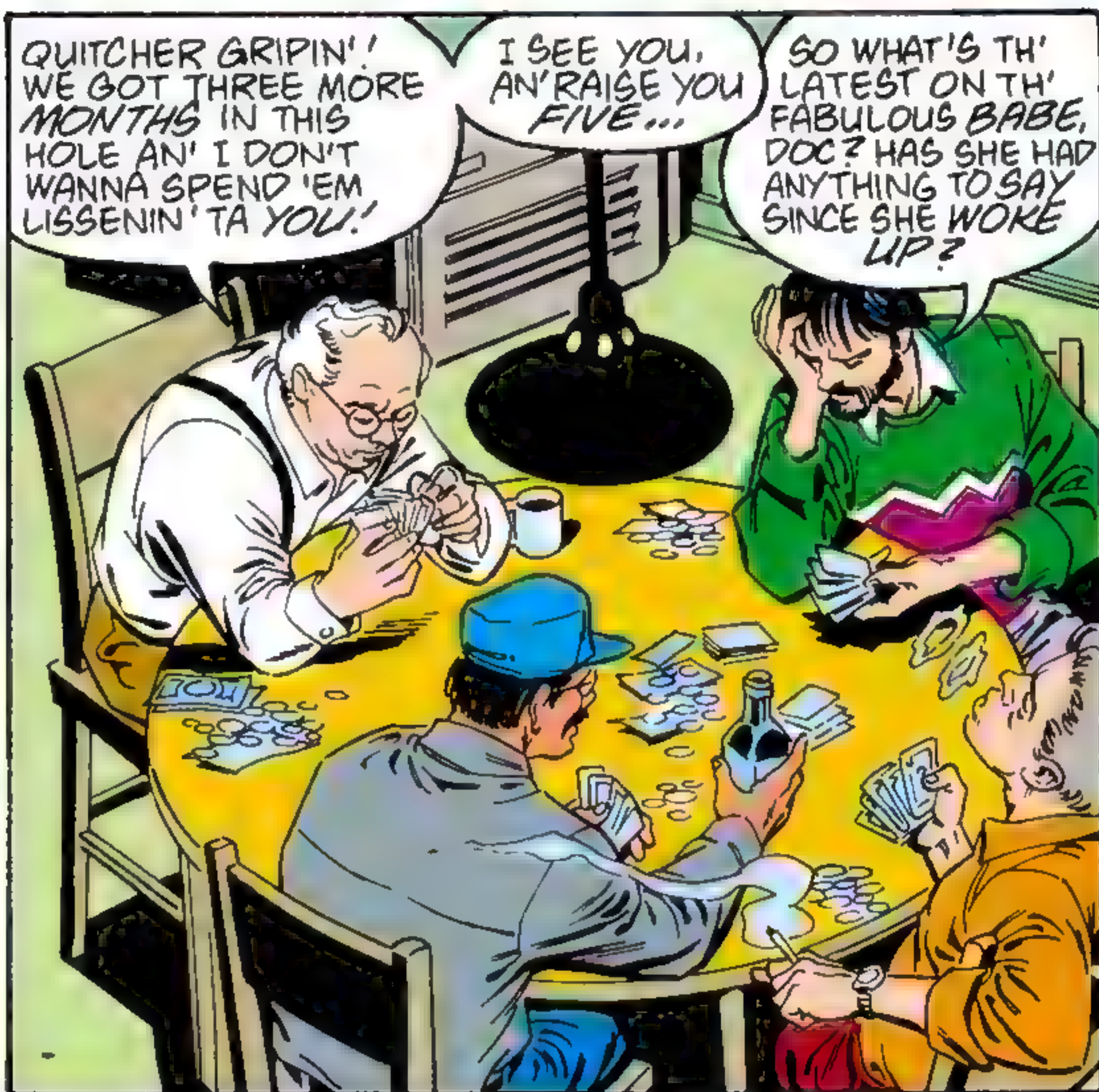


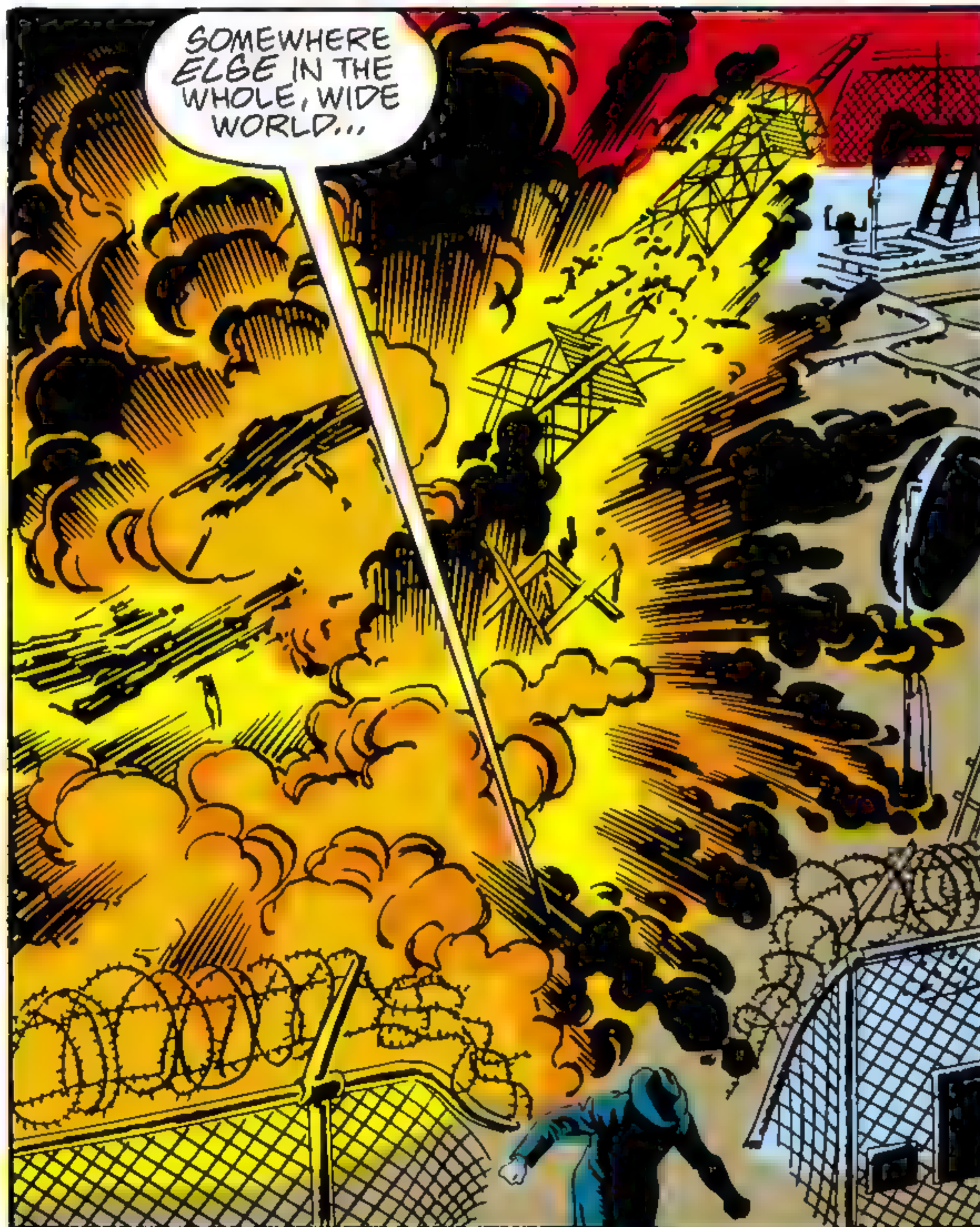


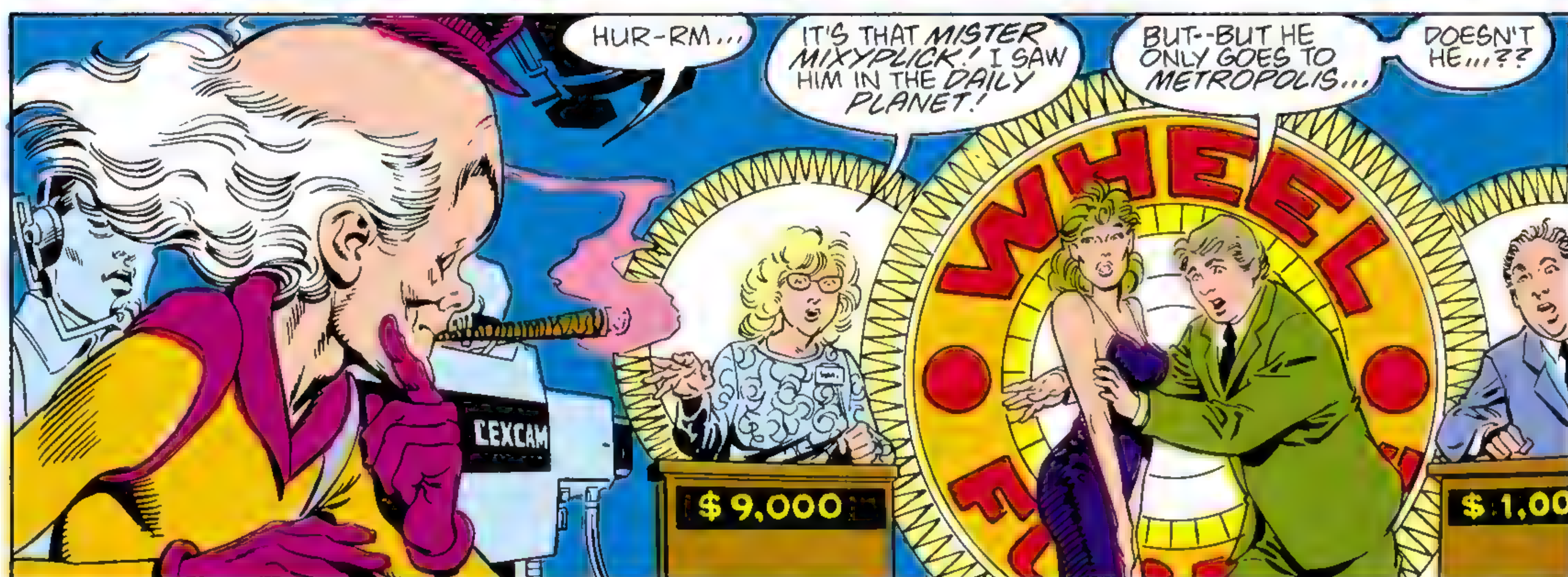
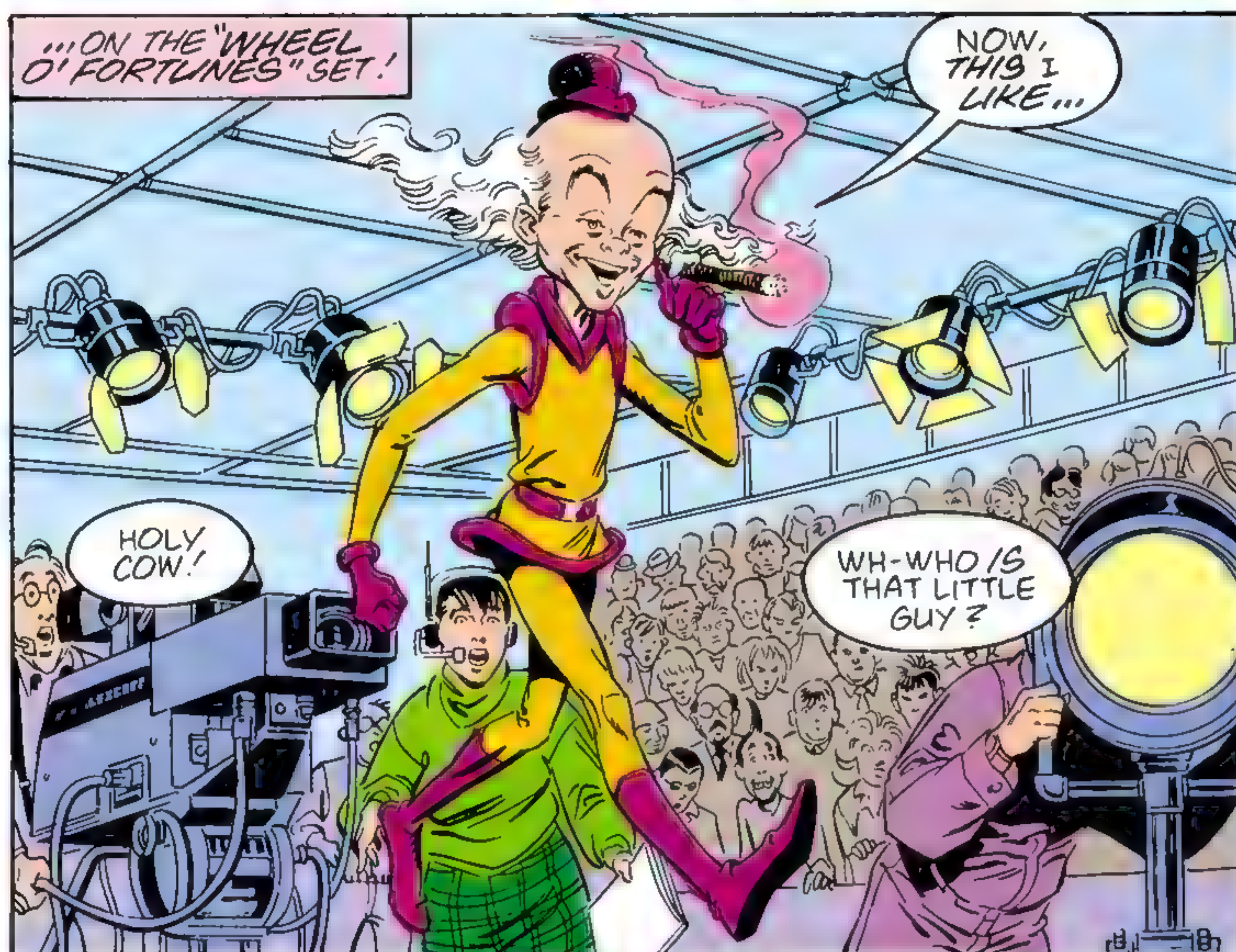
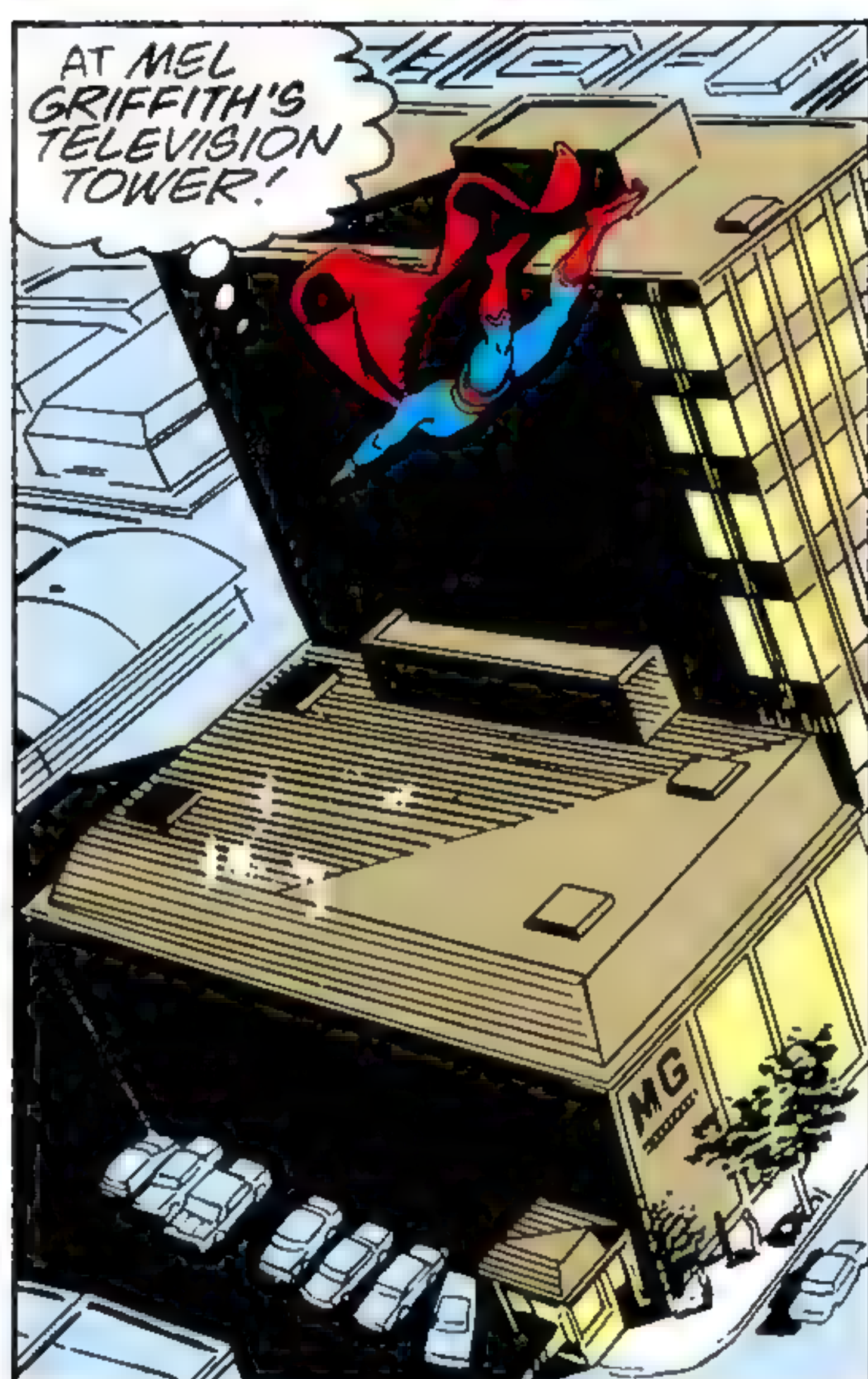
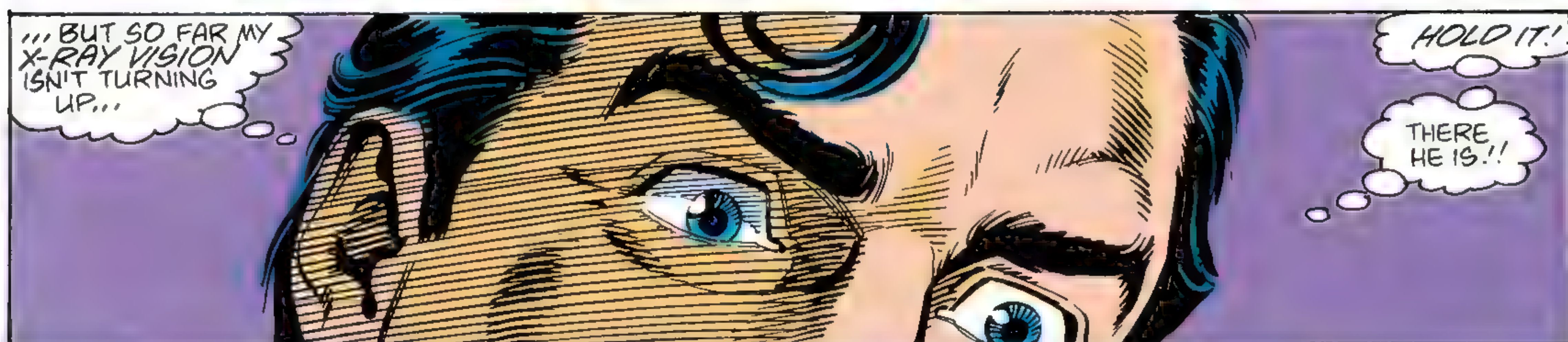


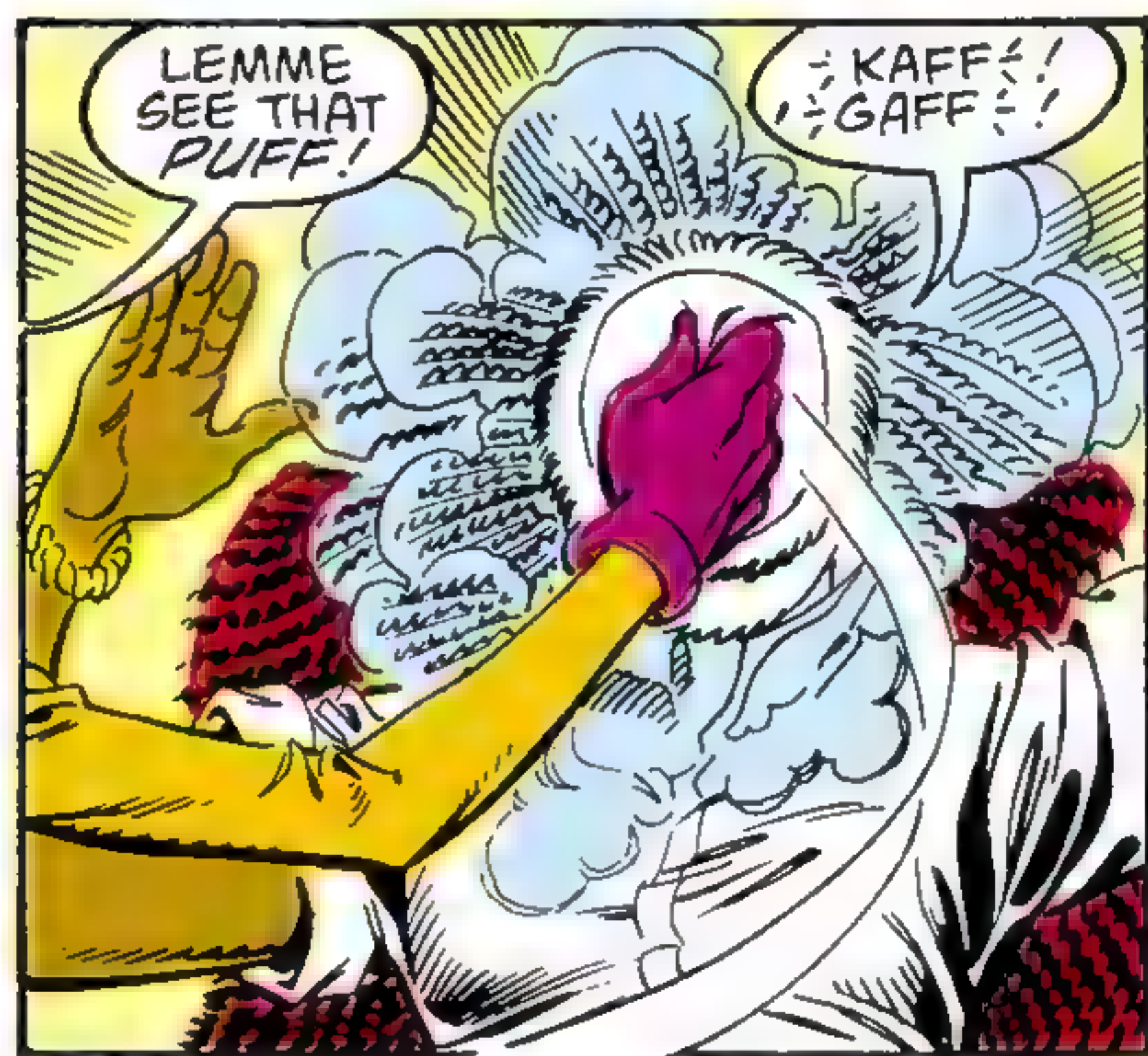
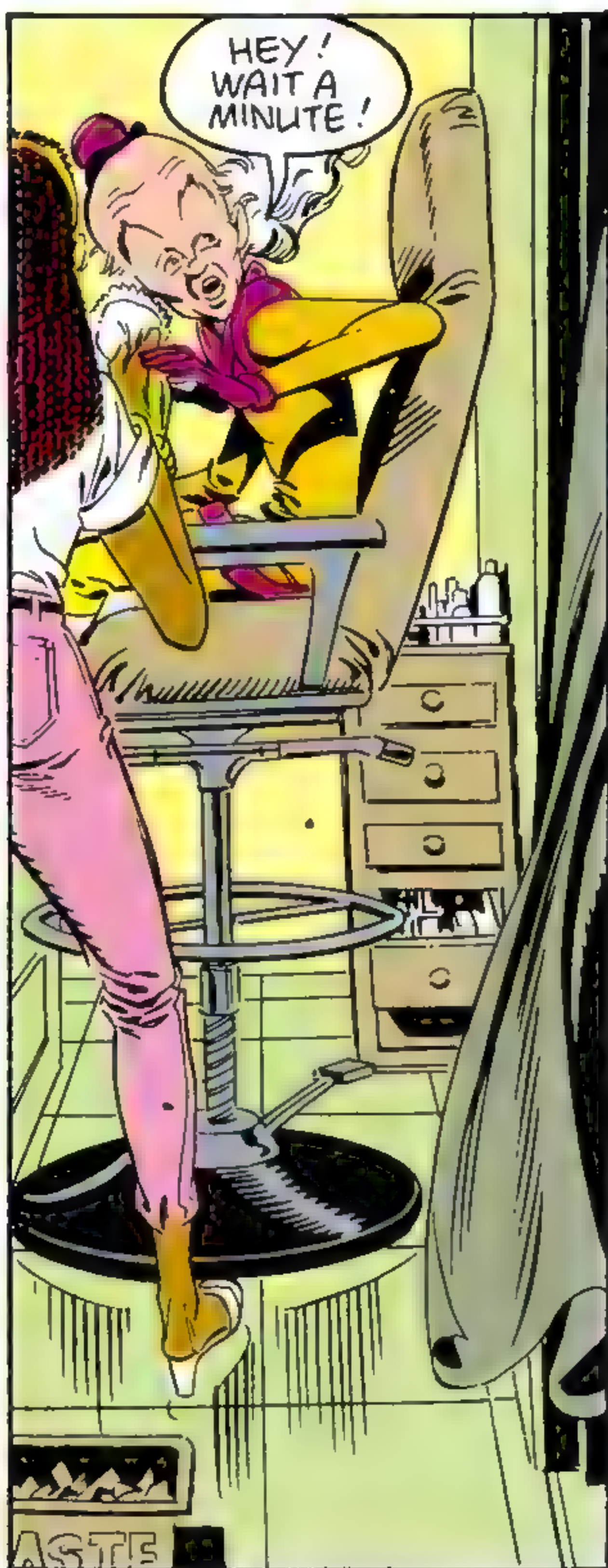
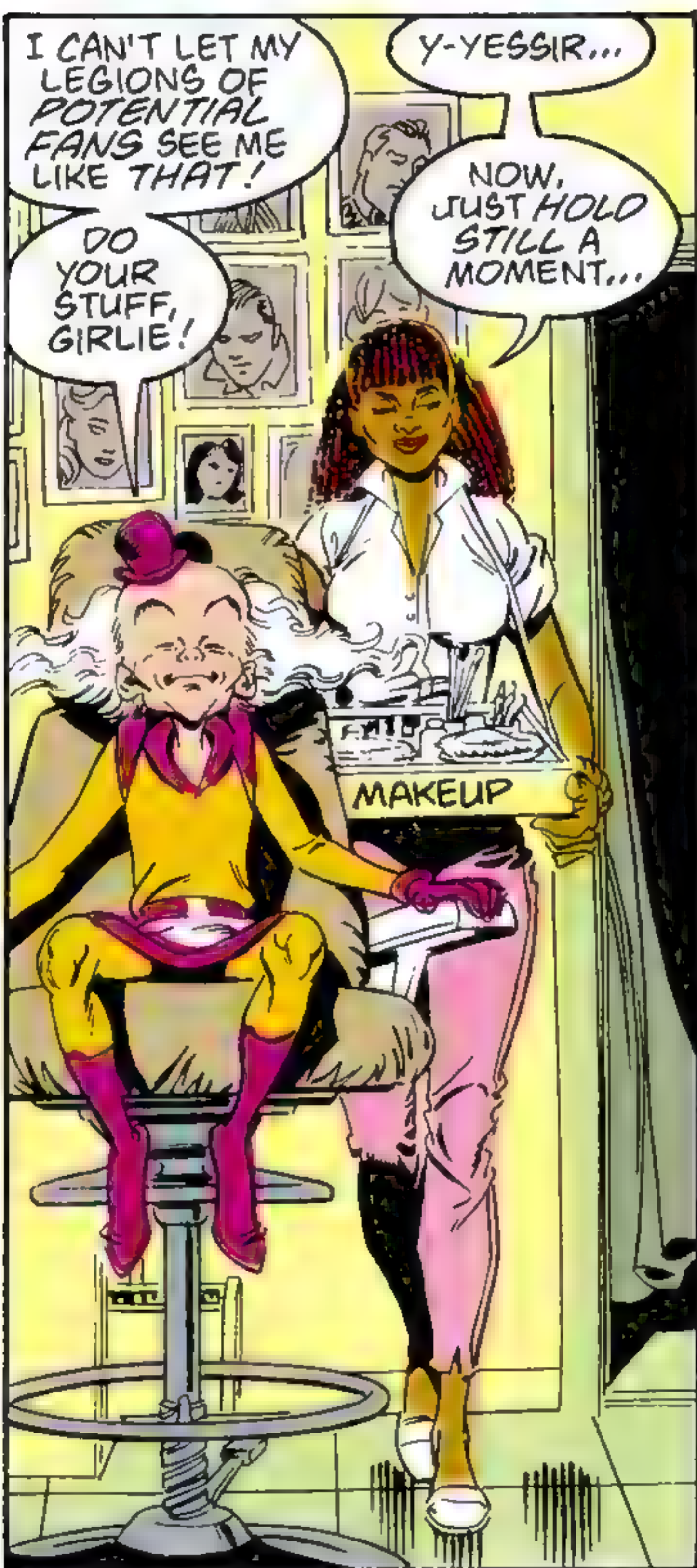
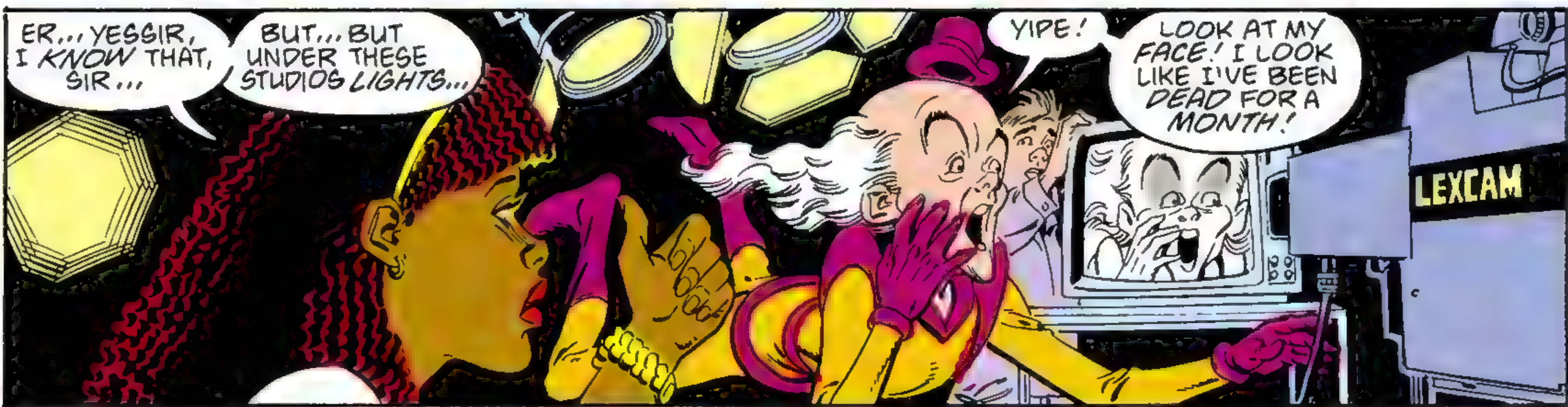


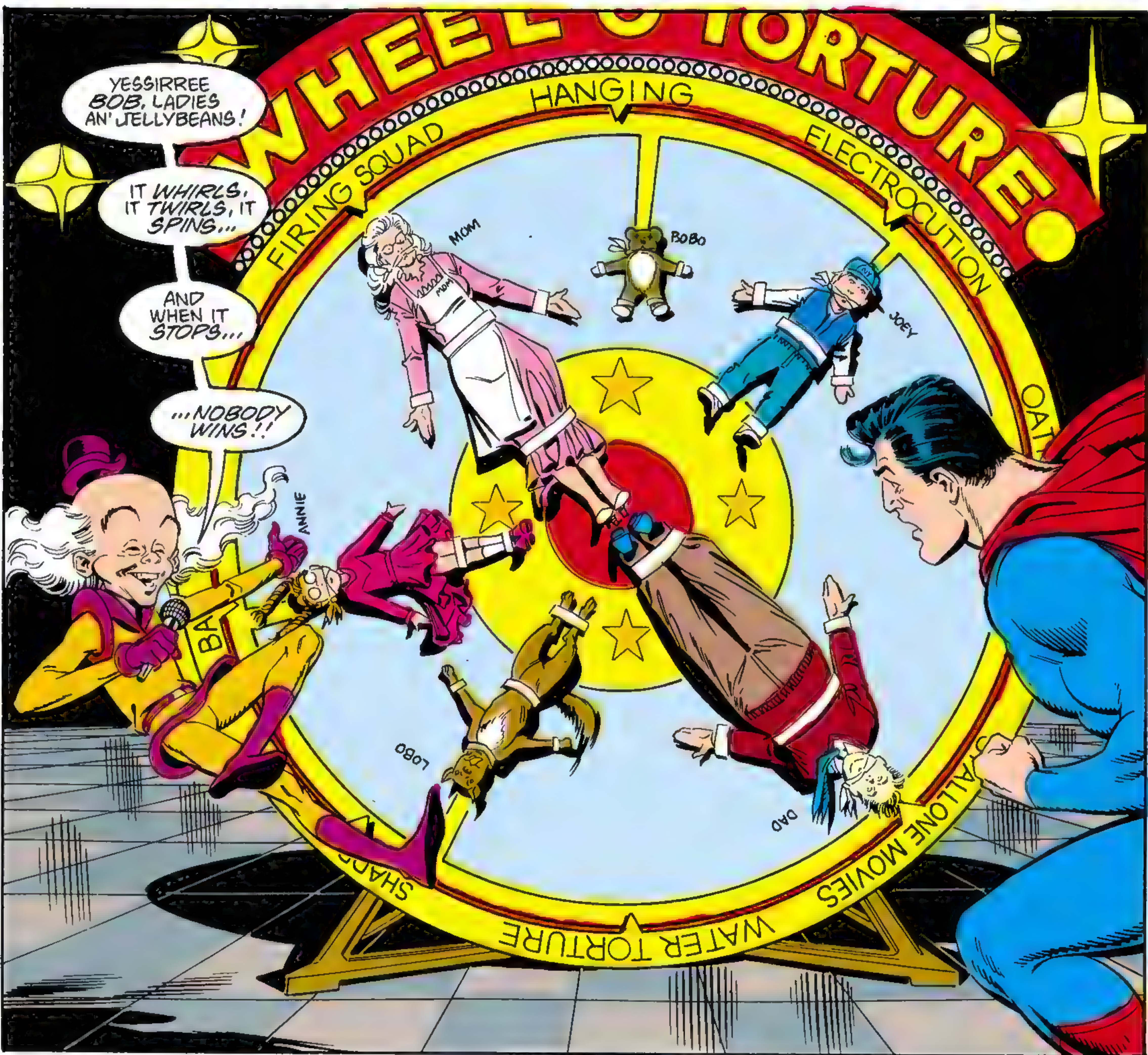
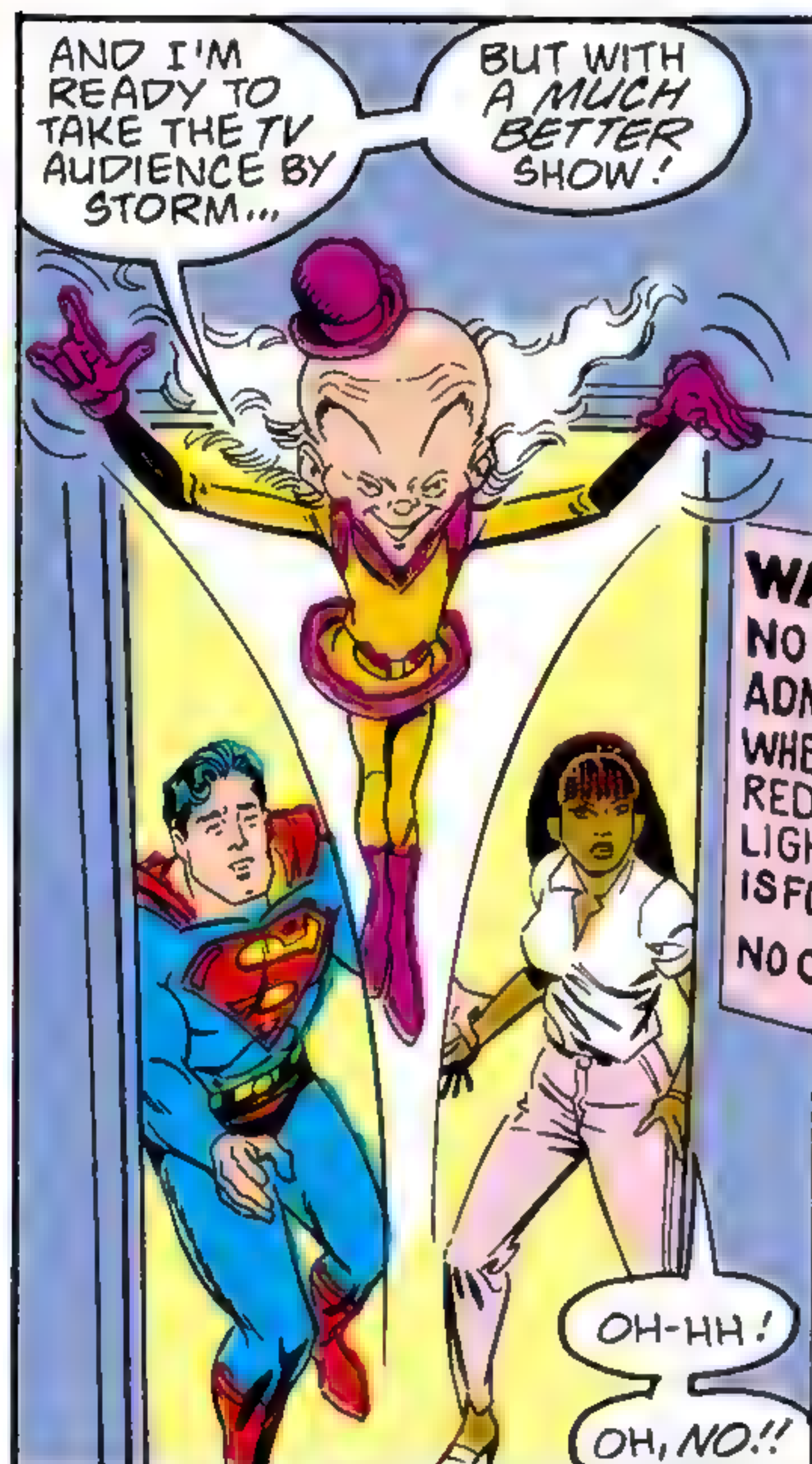


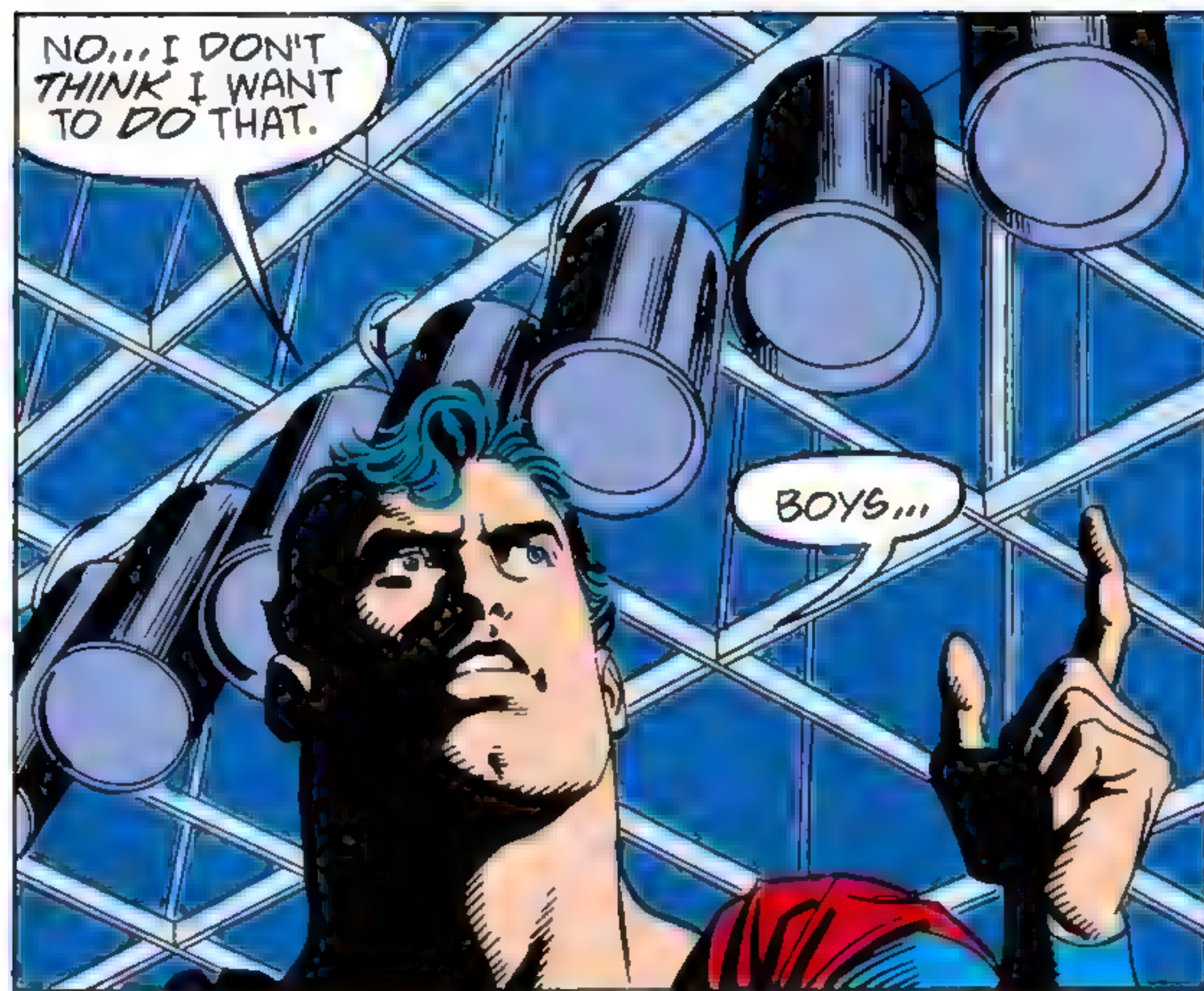


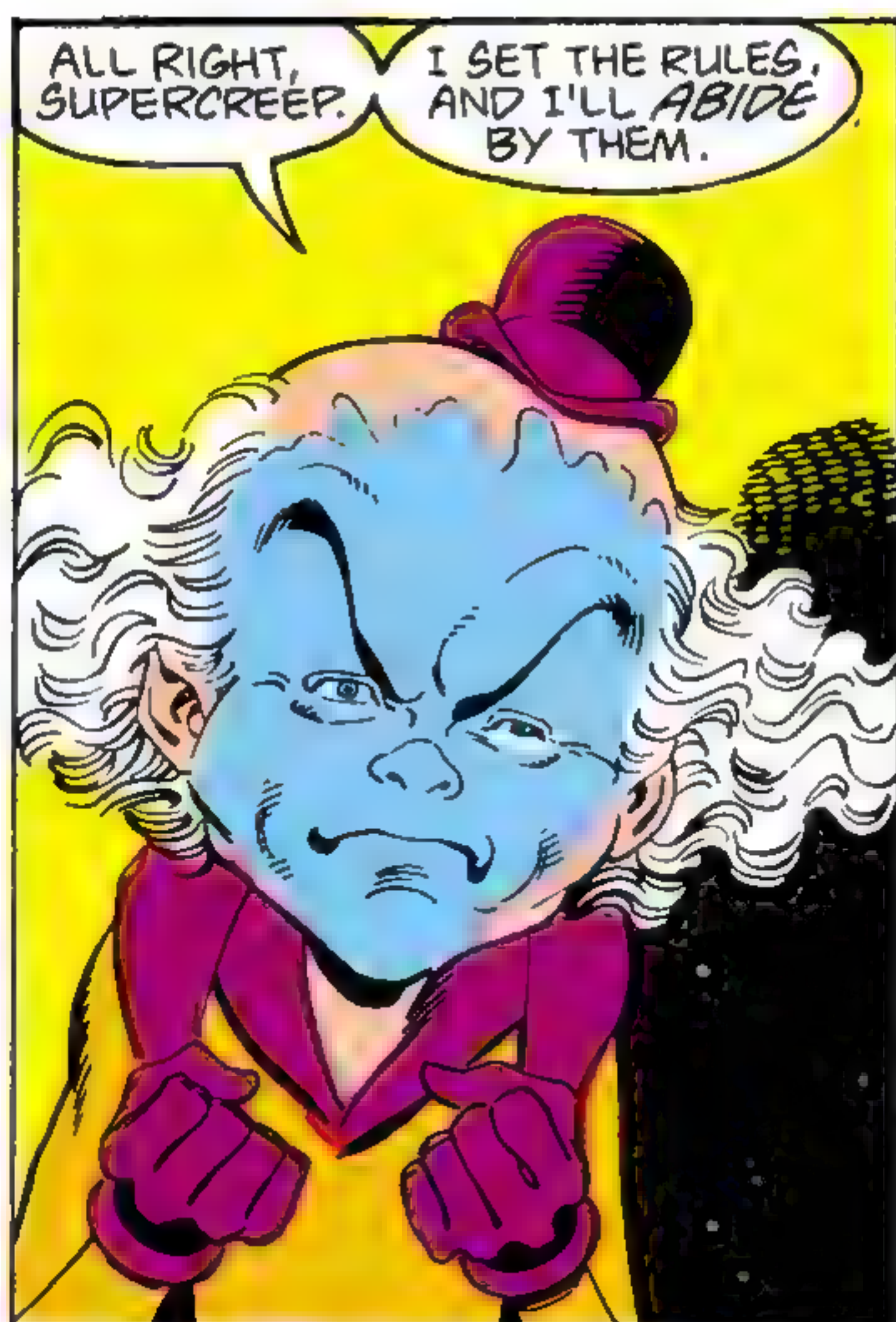












ALL RIGHT, SUPERCREEP.

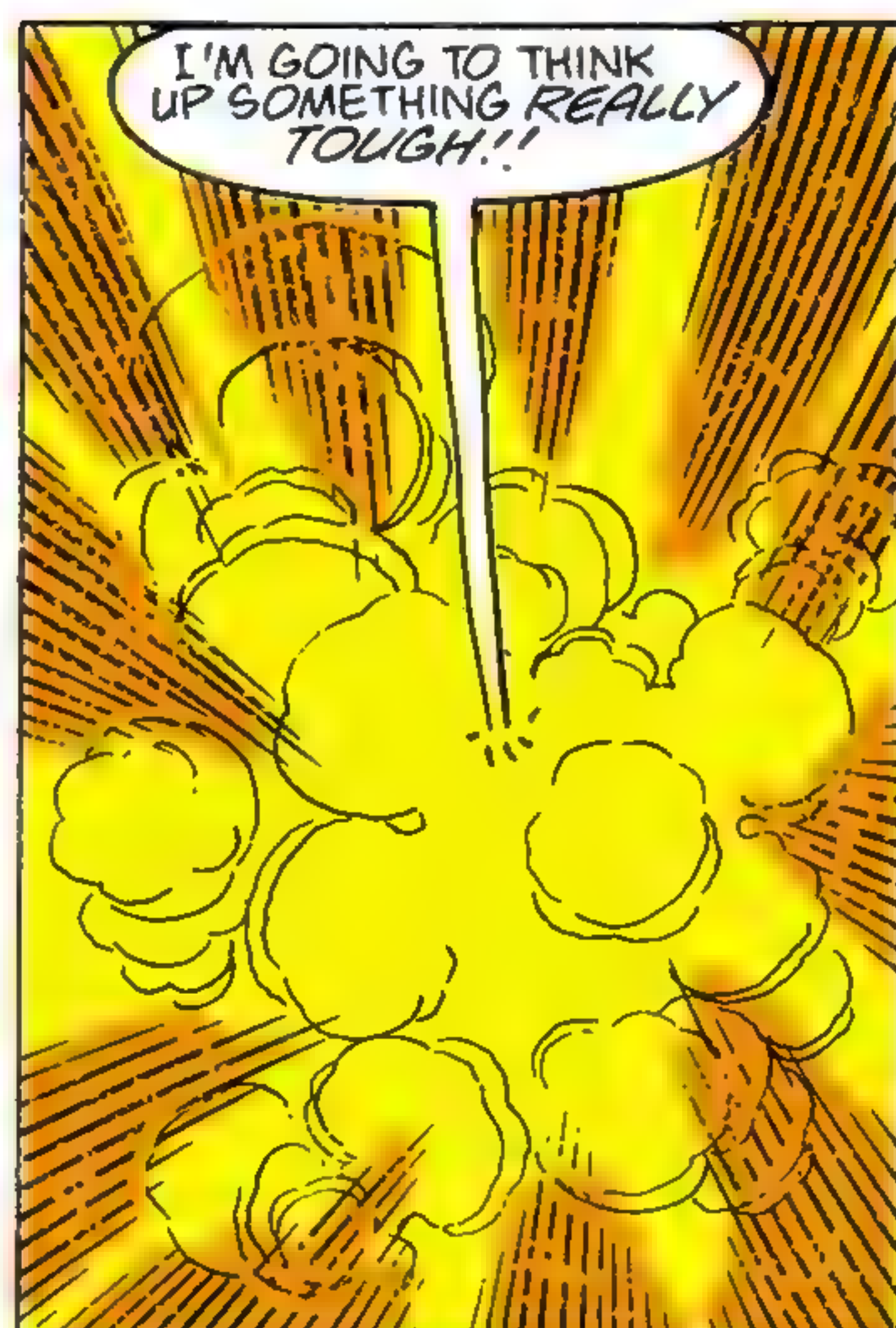
I SET THE RULES, AND I'LL ABIDE BY THEM.



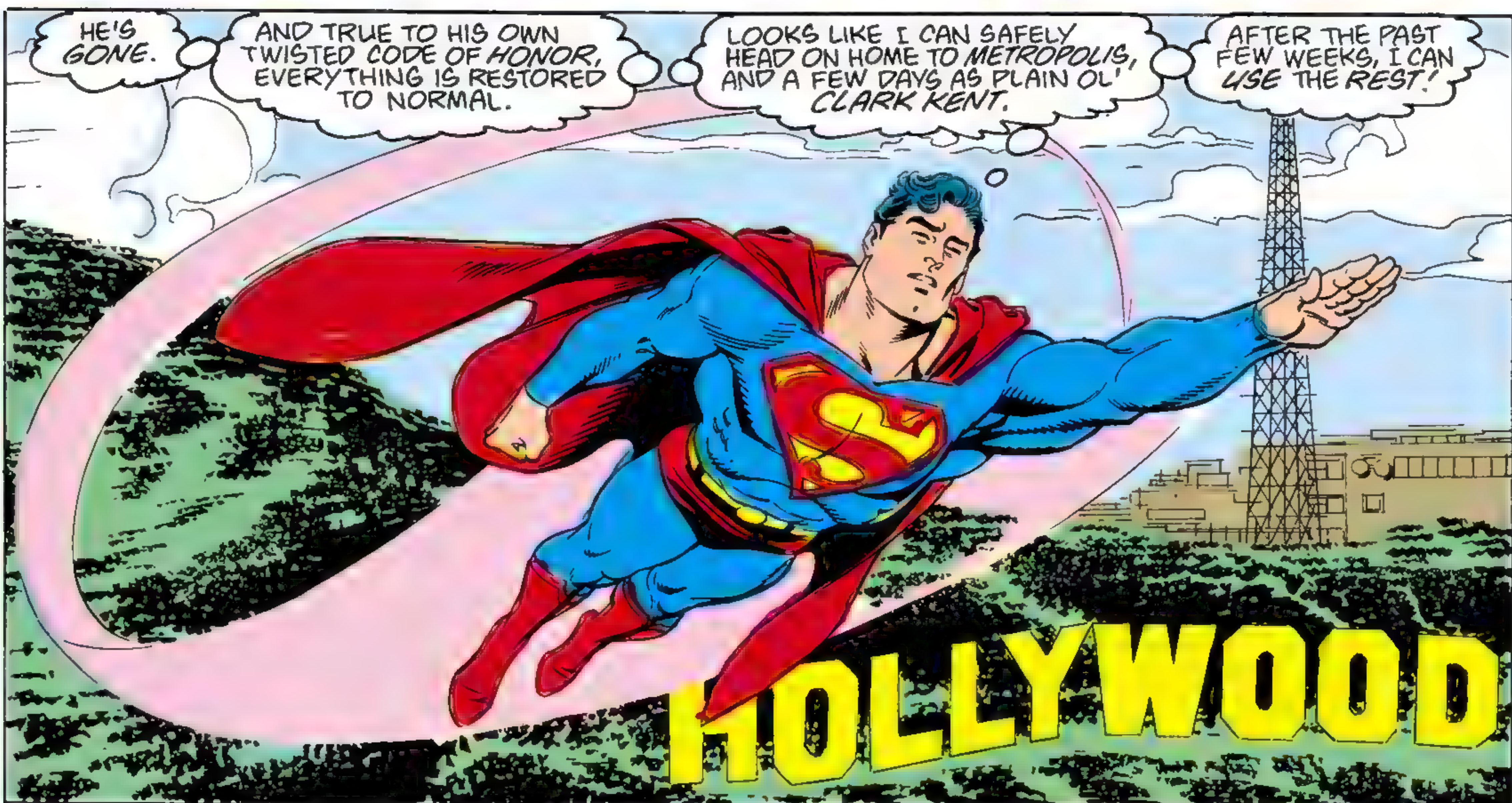
I'LL GO BACK TO MY OWN DIMENSION.

BUT THE NEXT DIMENSIONAL INTERFACE OCCURS IN ANOTHER NINETY DAYS.

AND NEXT TIME...



I'M GOING TO THINK UP SOMETHING REALLY TOUGH!!



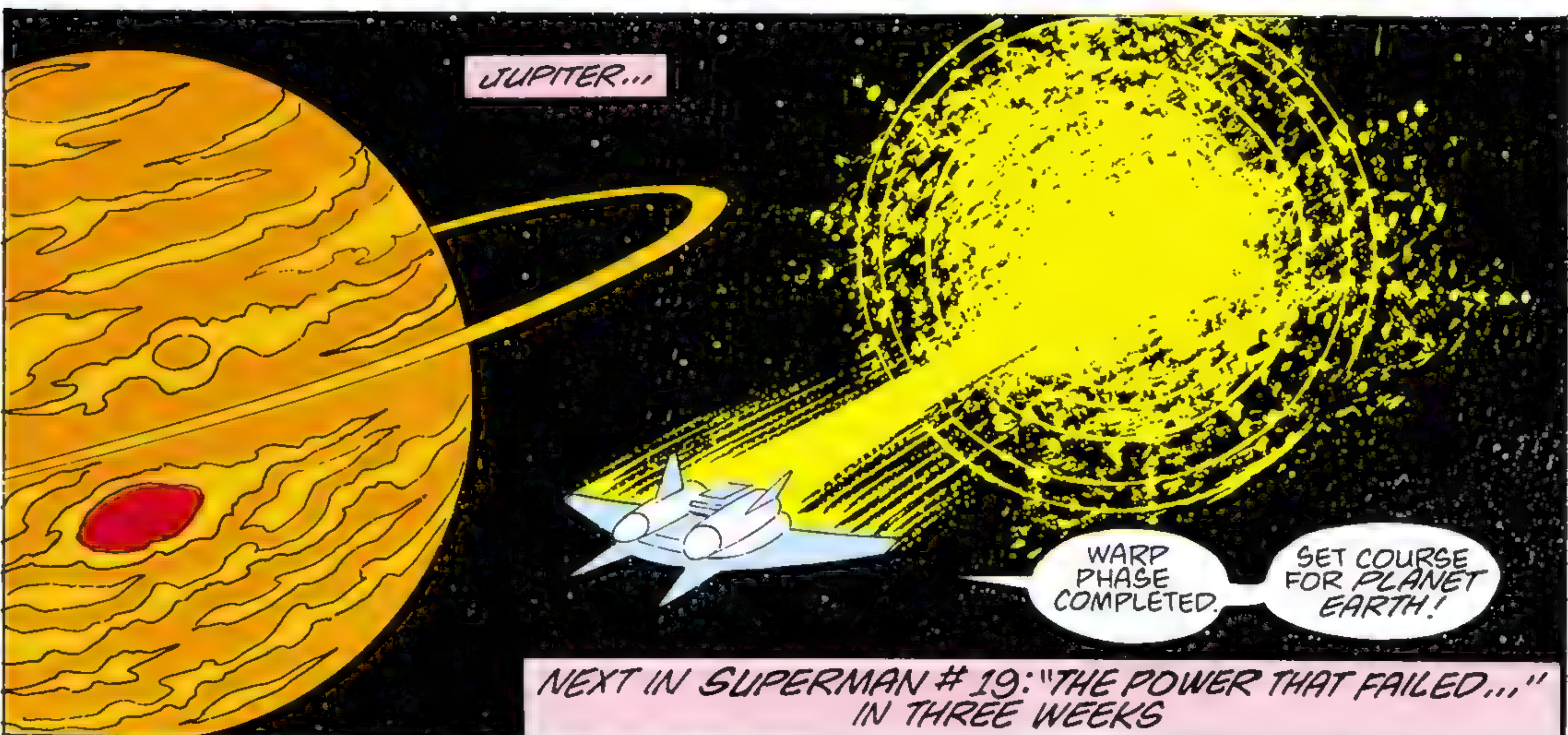
HE'S GONE.

AND TRUE TO HIS OWN TWISTED CODE OF HONOR, EVERYTHING IS RESTORED TO NORMAL.

LOOKS LIKE I CAN SAFELY HEAD ON HOME TO METROPOLIS, AND A FEW DAYS AS PLAIN OL' CLARK KENT.

AFTER THE PAST FEW WEEKS, I CAN USE THE REST!

HOLLYWOOD



JUPITER...

WARP PHASE COMPLETED.

SET COURSE FOR PLANET EARTH!

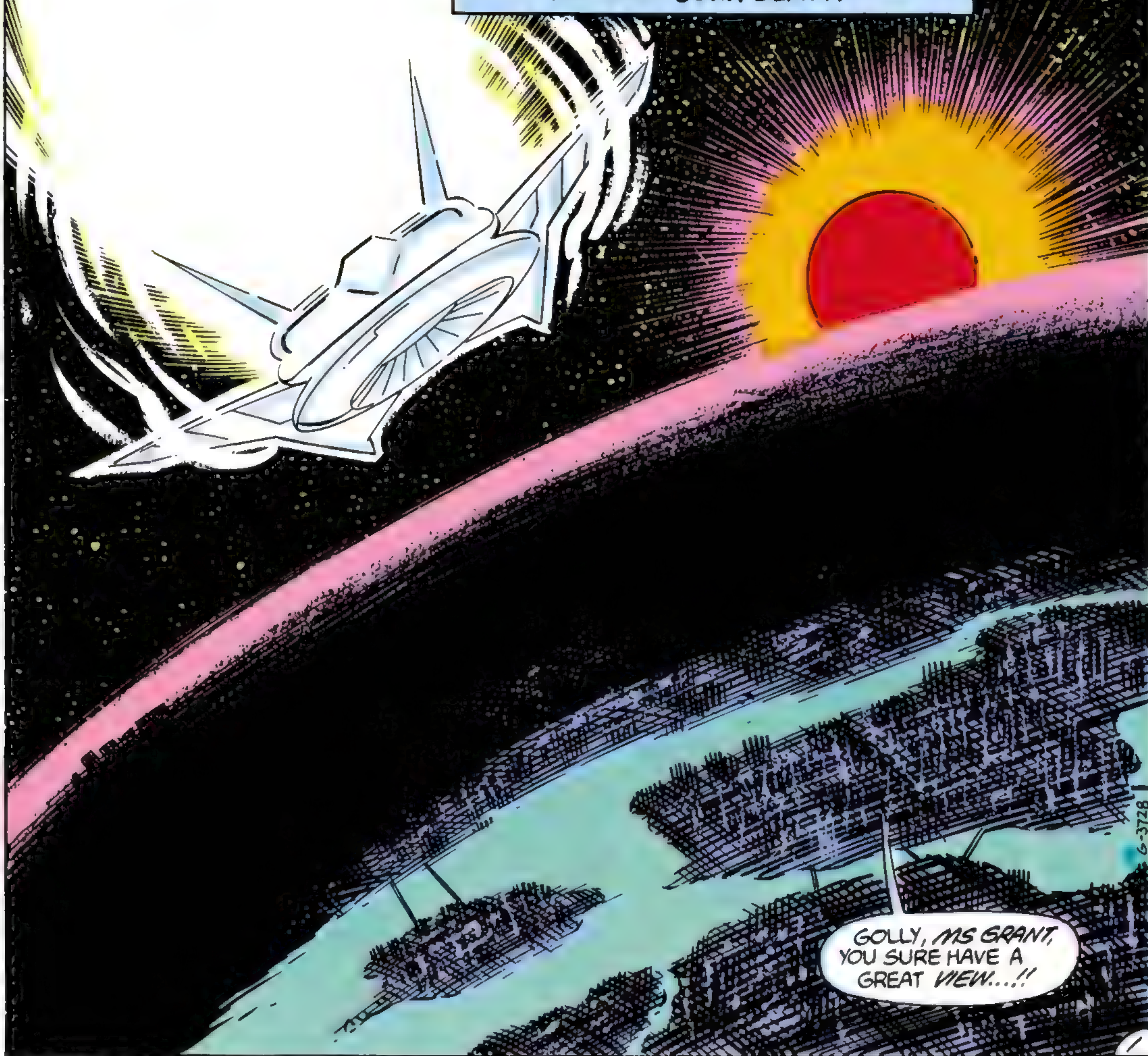
NEXT IN SUPERMAN # 19: "THE POWER THAT FAILED..." IN THREE WEEKS

SUPERMAN[®]

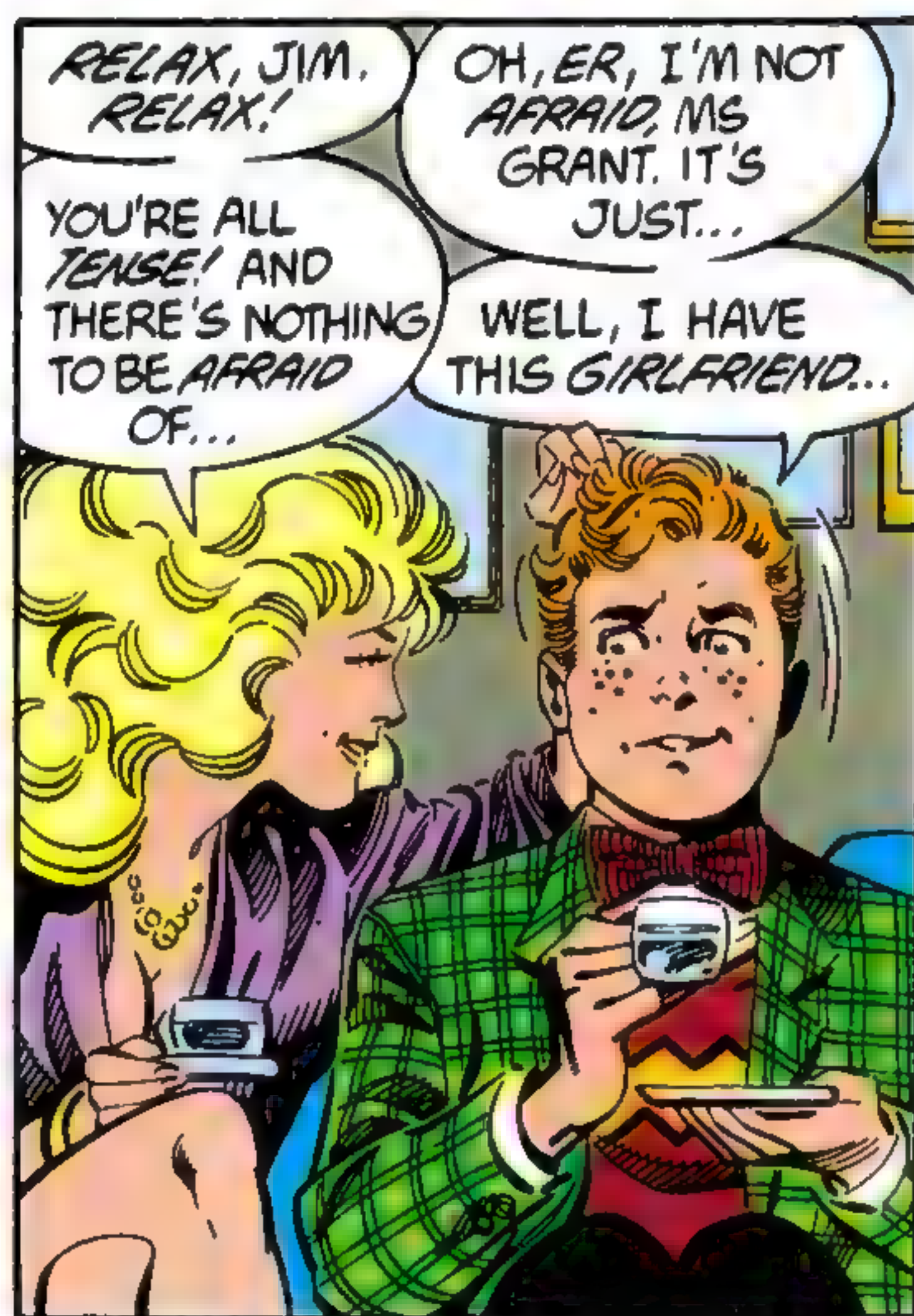
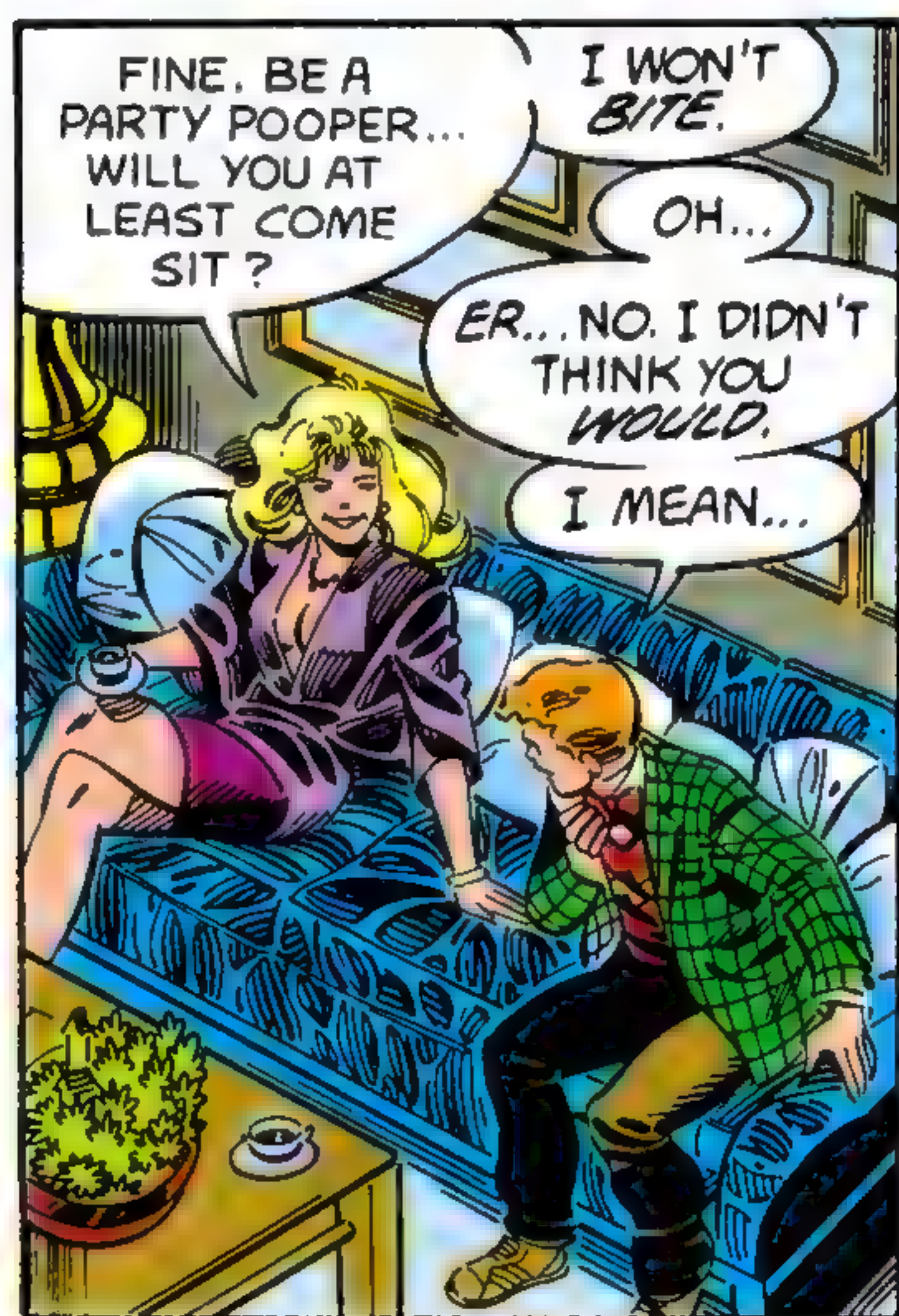
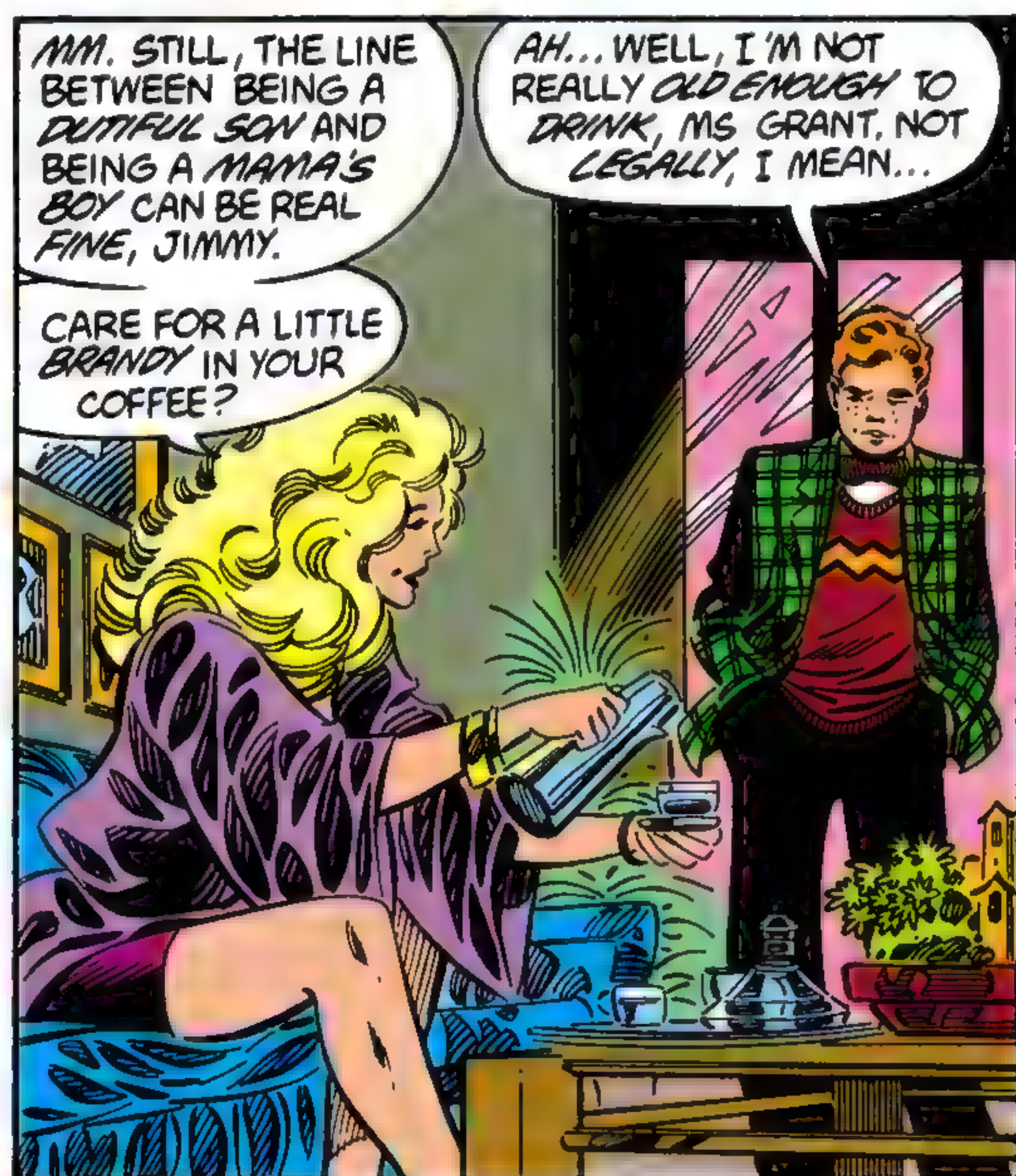
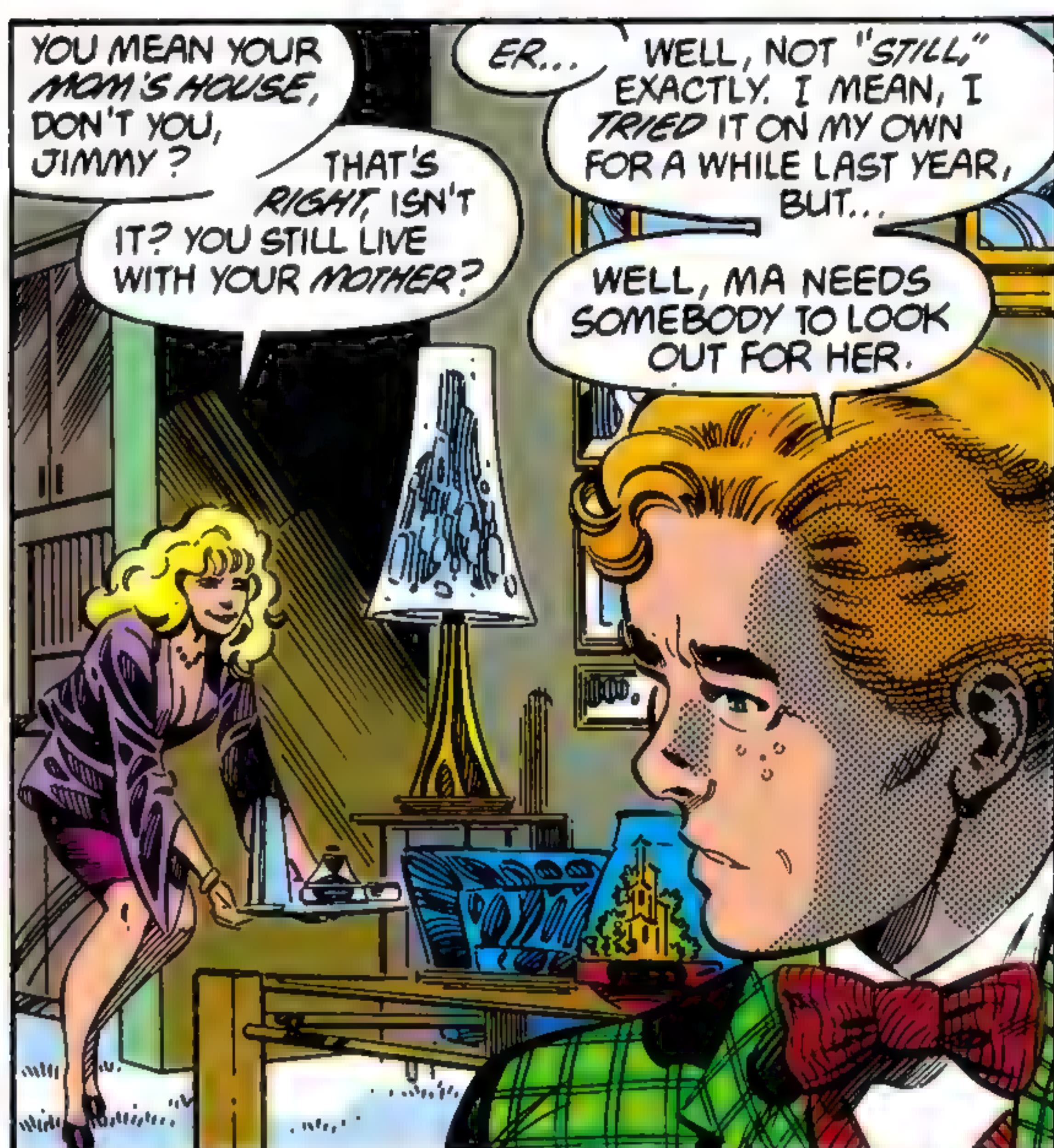
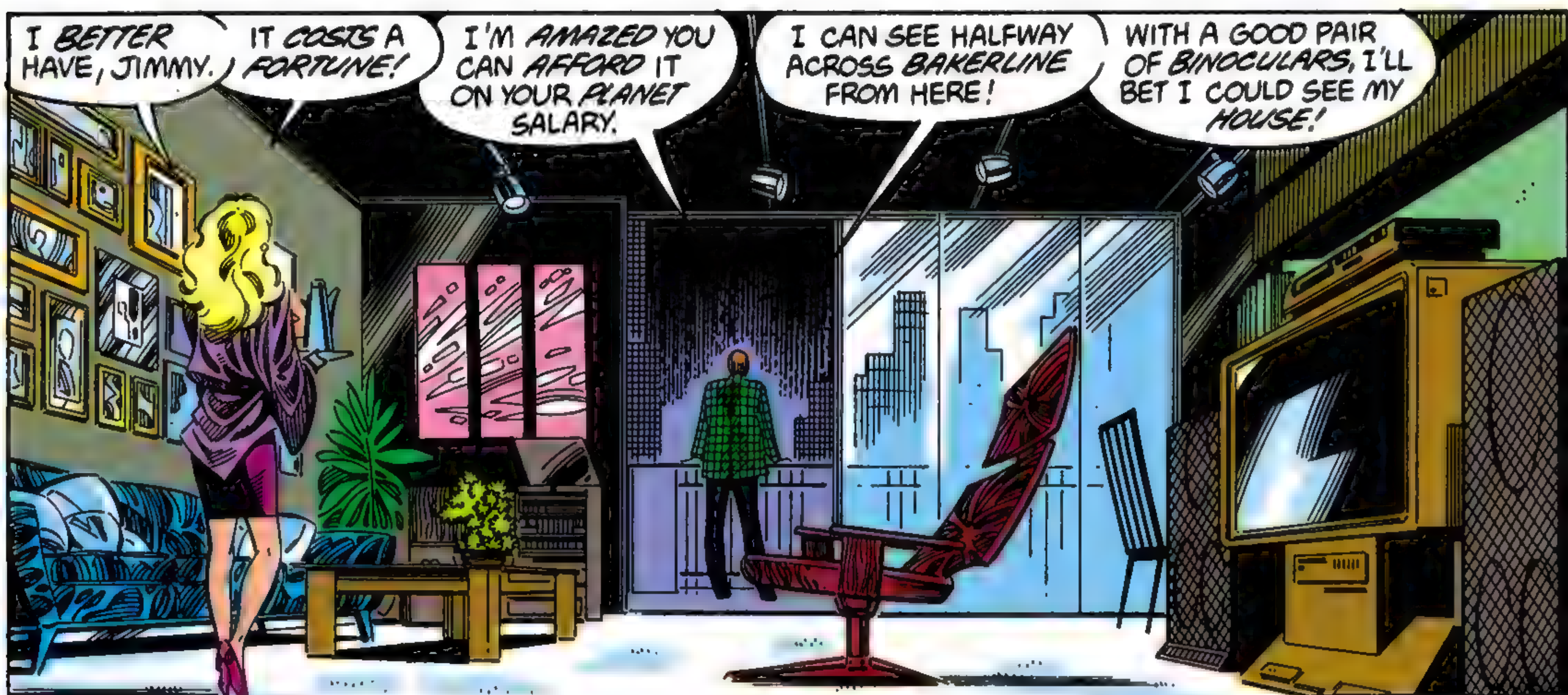
Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

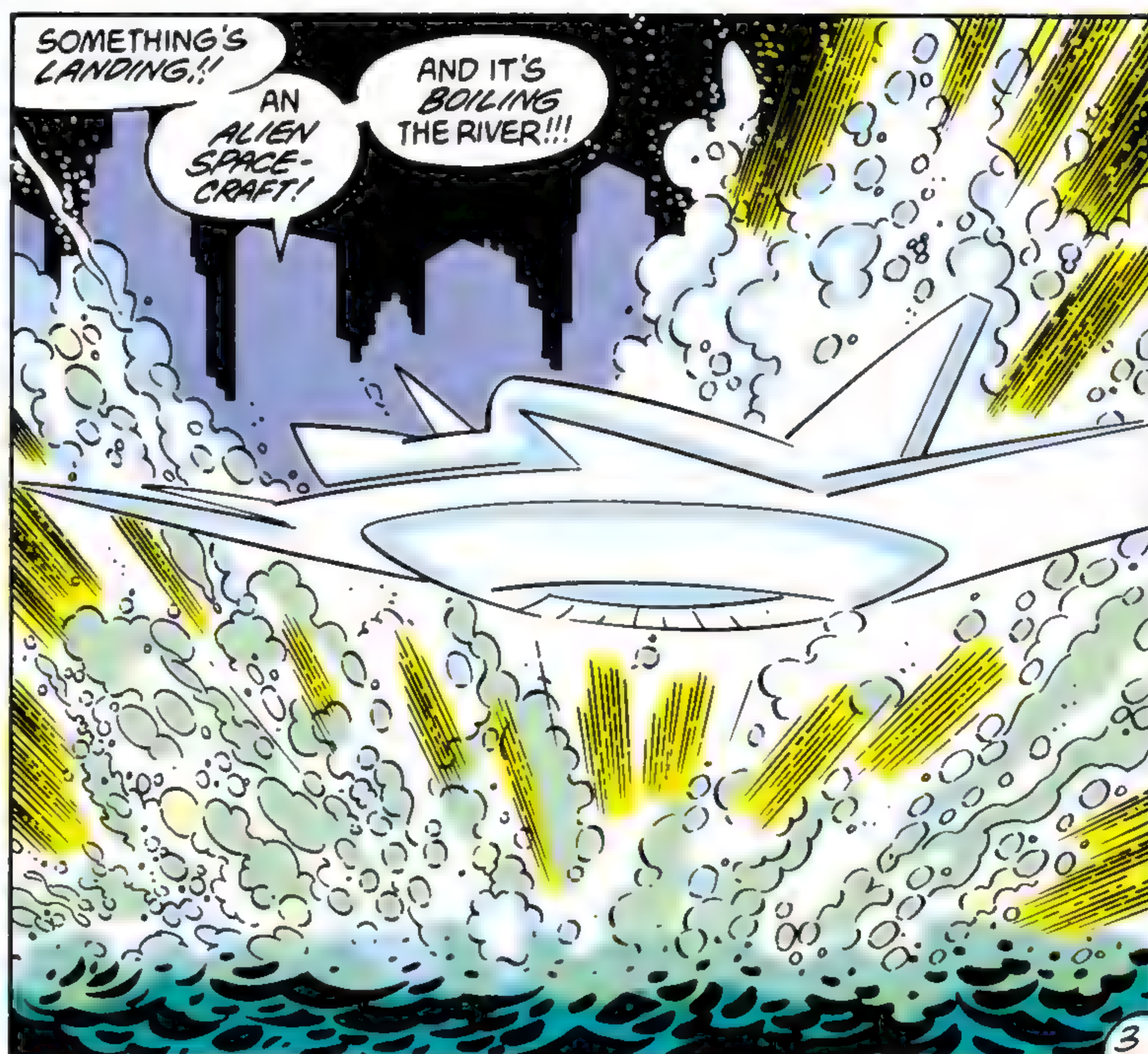
THE POWER THAT FAILED!

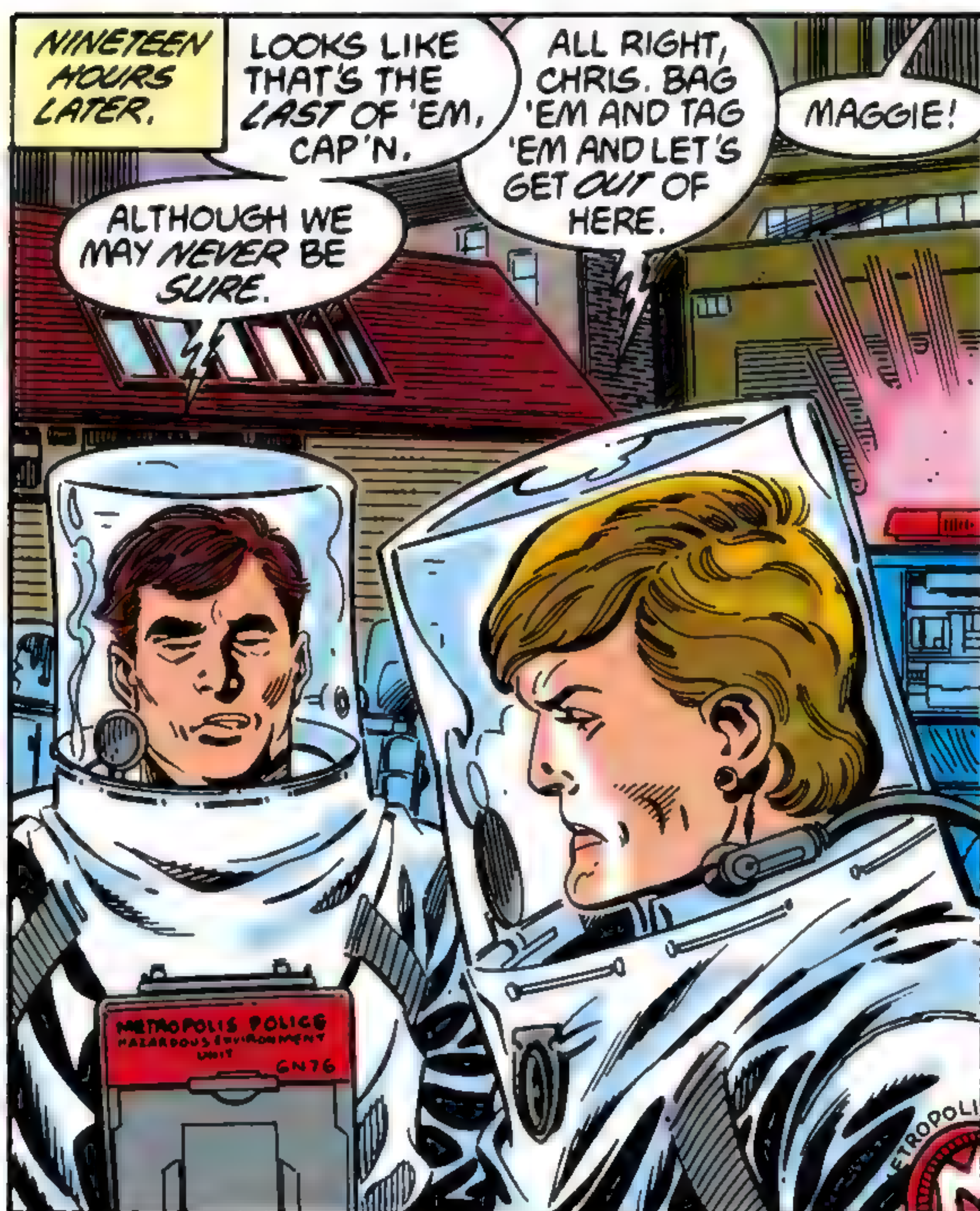
story & pencils: JOHN BYRNE
coloring: PETRA SCOTese
lettering: JOHN COSTANZA
assistant editing: RENEE WITTERSTAETTER
editing: MICHAEL CARLIN
And Welcome Aboard to
ODD-INKER JOHN BEATTY



GOLLY, MS GRANT,
YOU SURE HAVE A
GREAT VIEW...!!







NINETEEN HOURS LATER.

LOOKS LIKE THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM, CAP'N.

ALL RIGHT, CHRIS. BAG 'EM AND TAG 'EM AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

MAGGIE!

ALTHOUGH WE MAY NEVER BE SURE.



WELL, HELLO, STRANGER. SEEMS LIKE IT'S BEEN A COUPLE OF WEEKS SINCE WE'VE SEEN YOU.

AND MY RETURN DOES NOT SEEM PREMATURE.

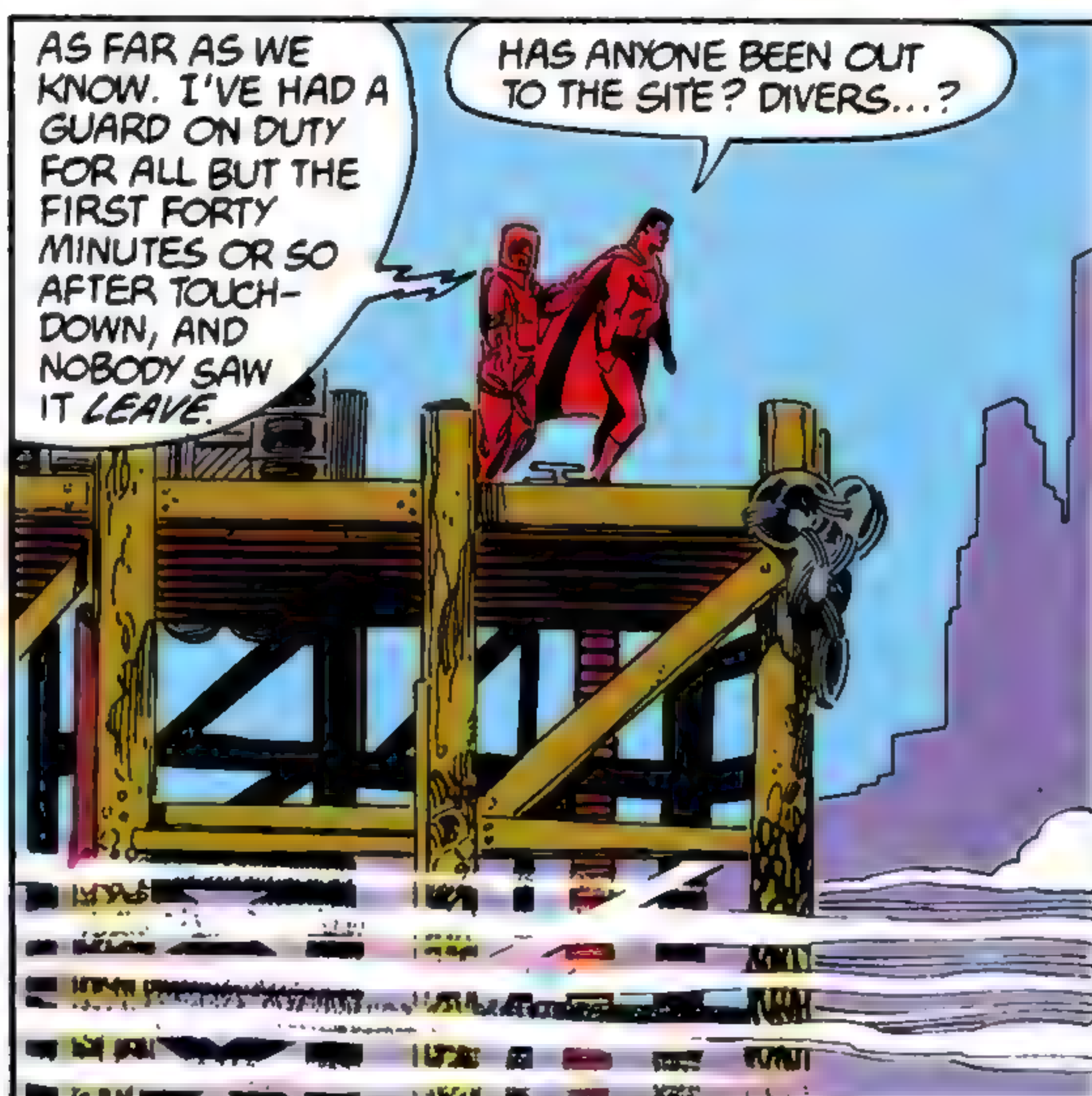
WHAT'S THE STORY, MAGGIE?



IN A NUTSHELL, SUPERMAN, AT EIGHTEEN HUNDRED HOURS LAST NIGHT, GIVE OR TAKE FIVE MINUTES, SOMETHING WIDELY IDENTIFIED AS AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL CRAFT LANDED-- OR MAYBE DITCHED-- IN THE WEST RIVER.

EVIDENTLY IT WAS REAL HOT. IT GENERATED A CLOUD OF SCALDING STEAM THAT ENGULFED THE DOCKS AND, WELL, COOKED AT LEAST SEVEN PEOPLE WE'VE FOUND SO FAR.

AND... THIS THING IS STILL OUT THERE?



AS FAR AS WE KNOW. I'VE HAD A GUARD ON DUTY FOR ALL BUT THE FIRST FORTY MINUTES OR SO AFTER TOUCH-DOWN, AND NOBODY SAW IT LEAVE.

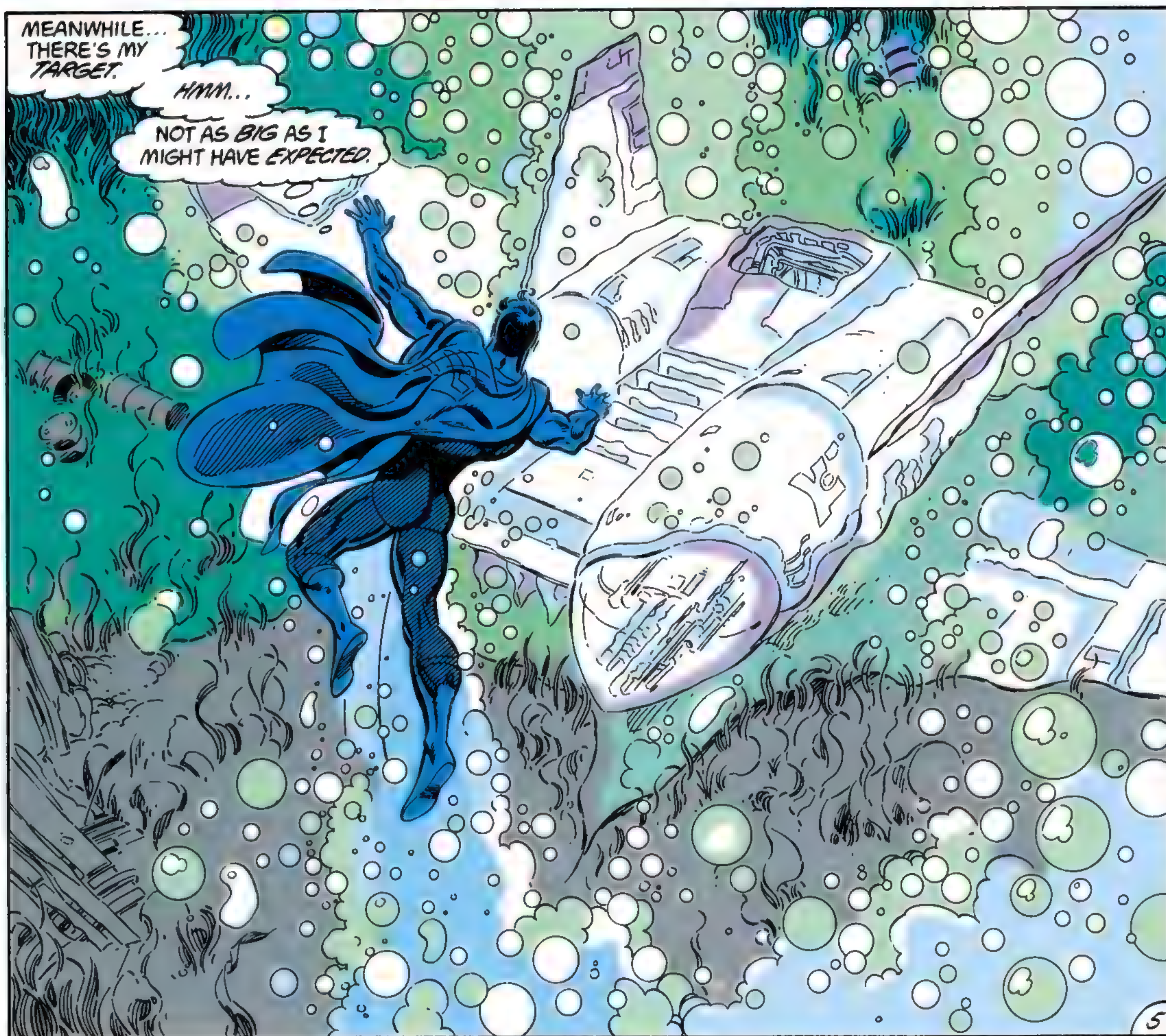
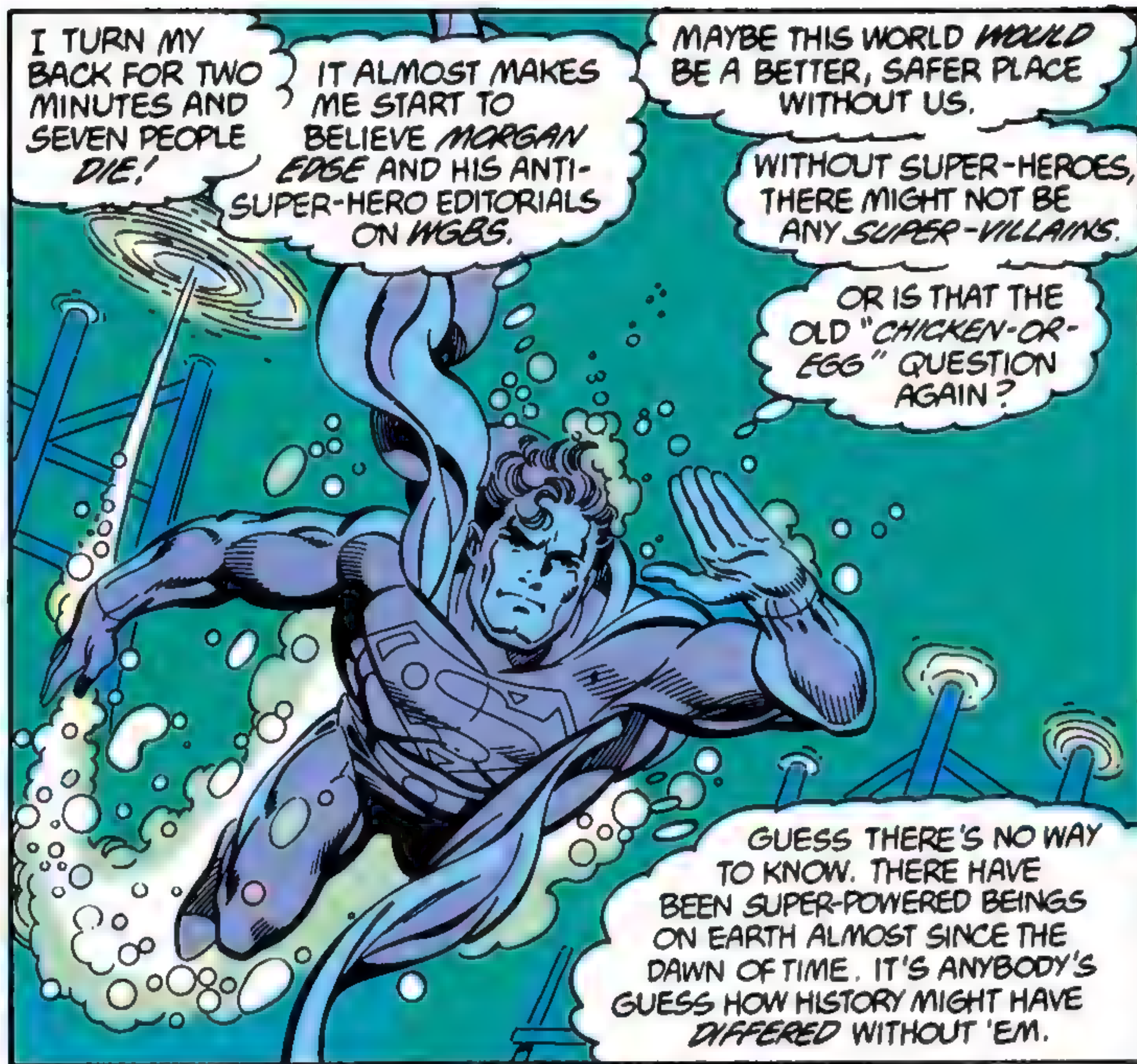
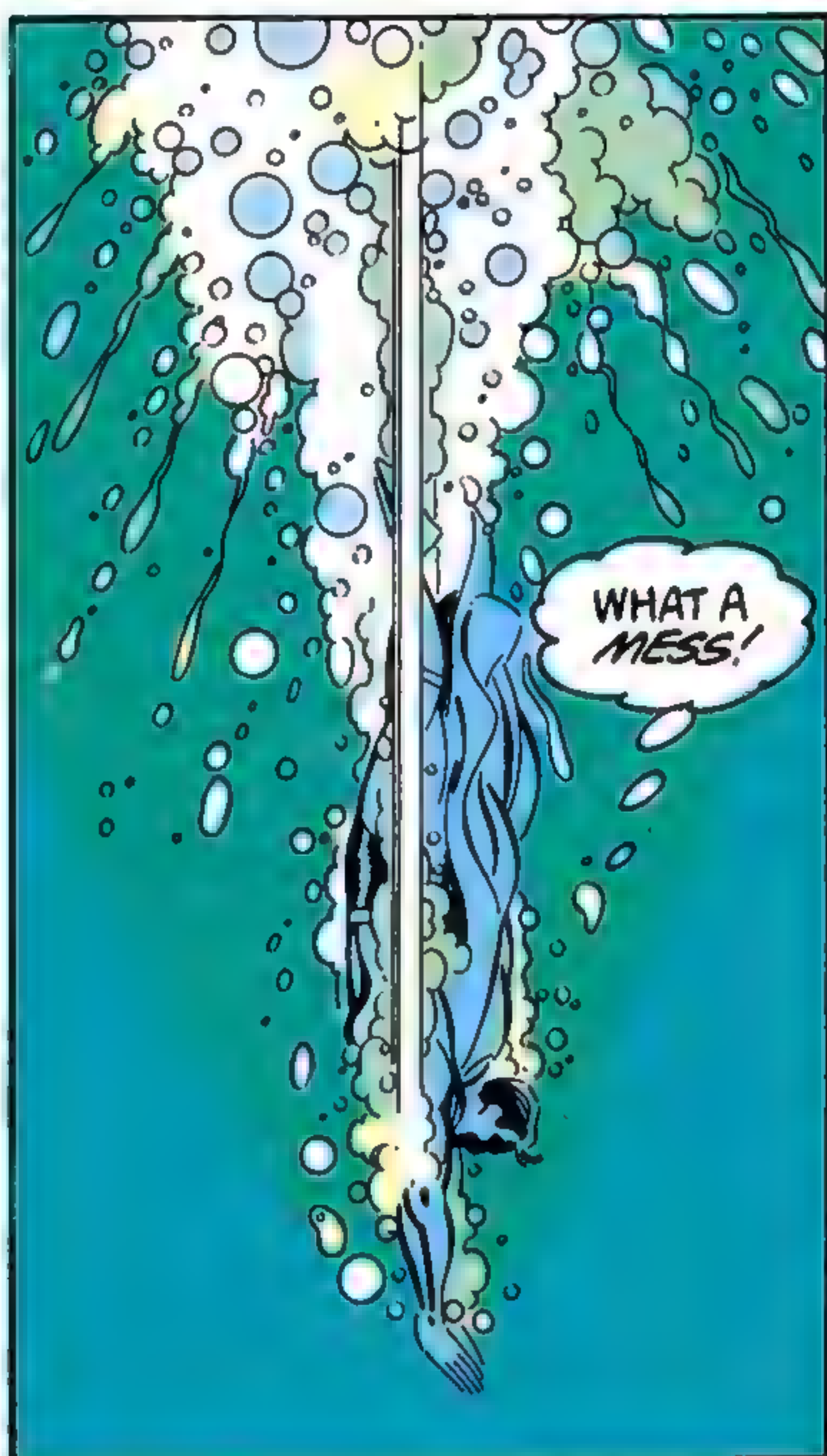
HAS ANYONE BEEN OUT TO THE SITE? DIVERS...?

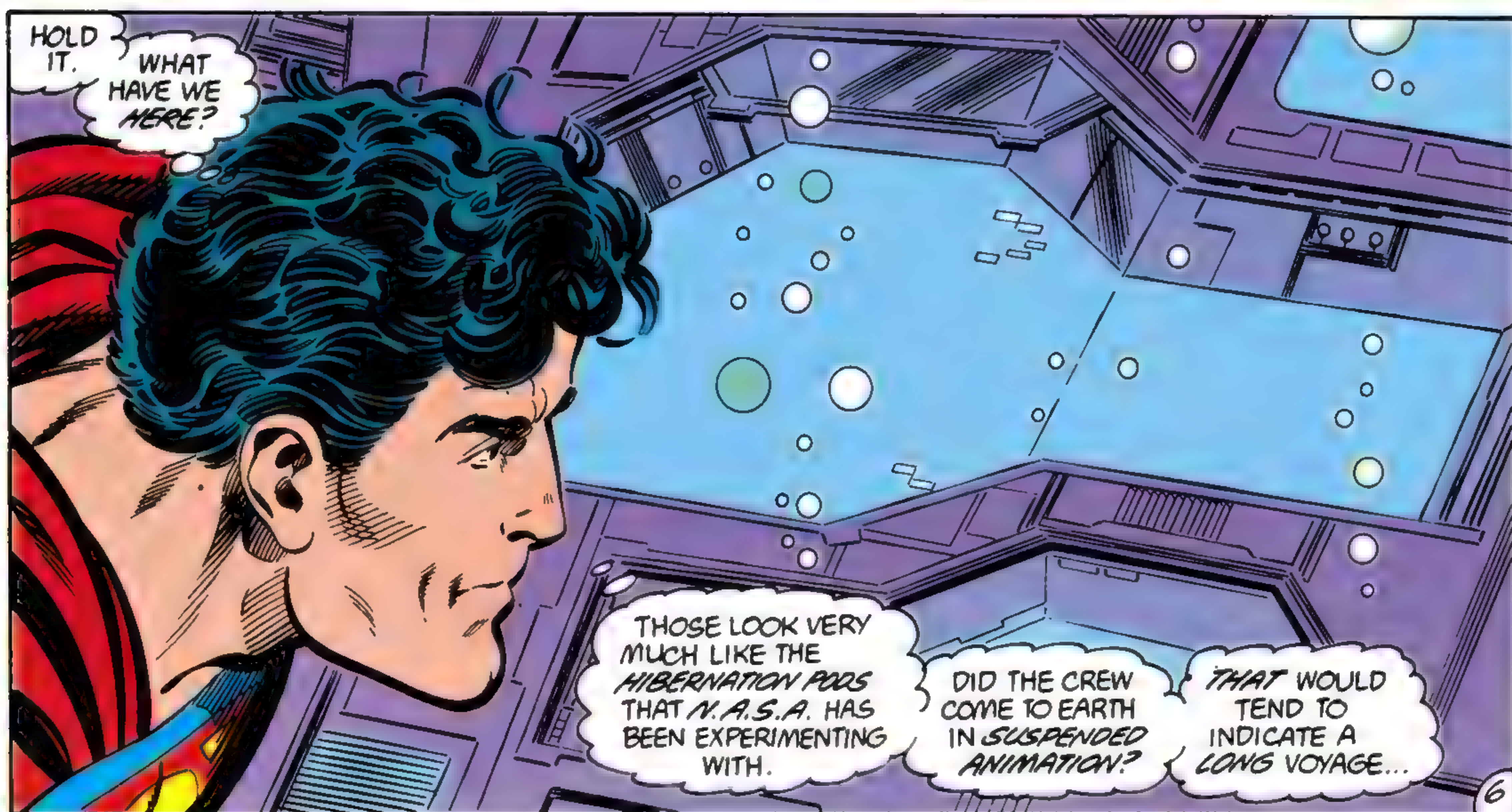
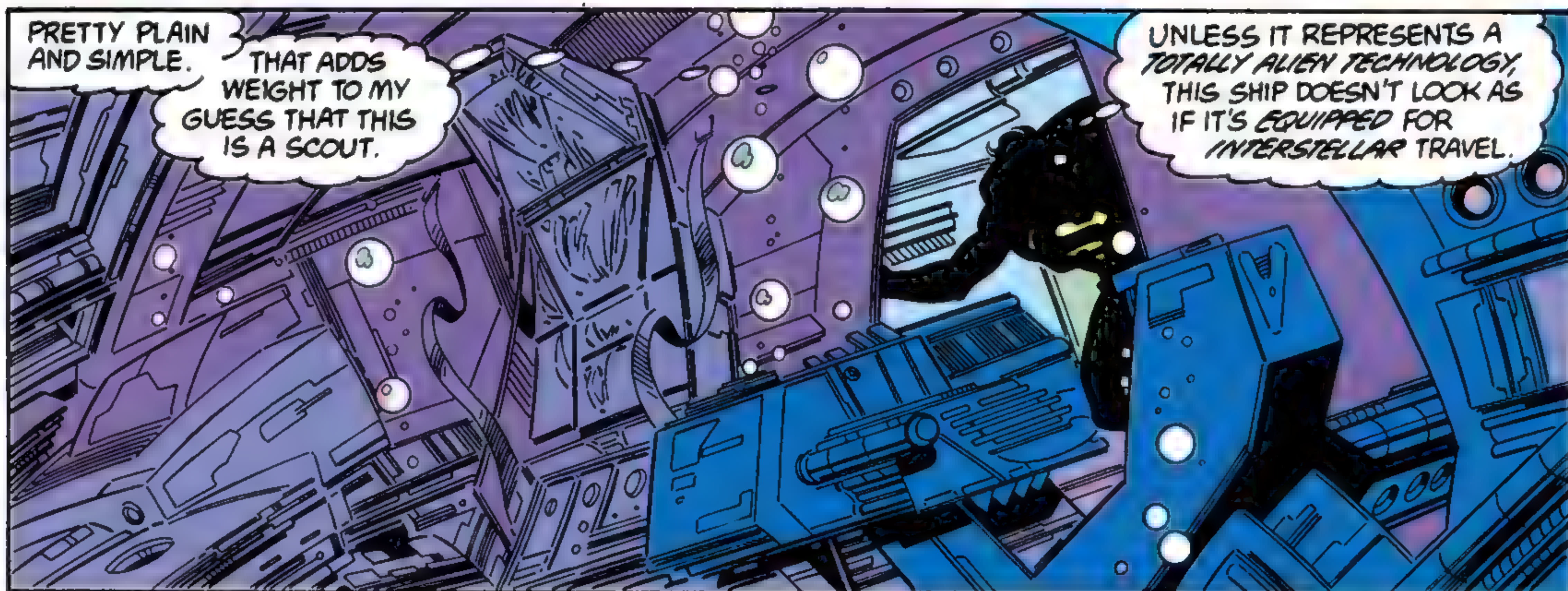
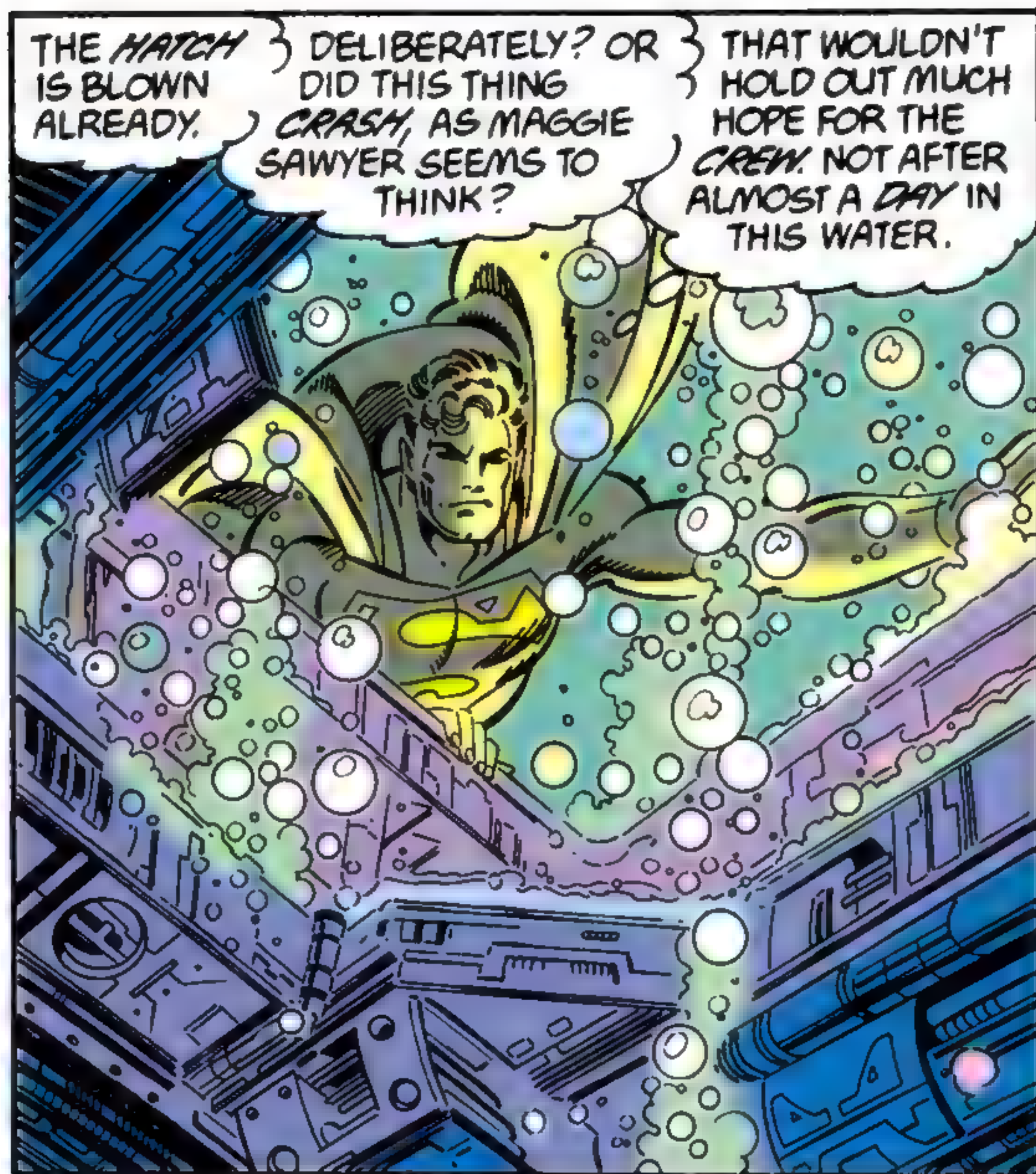
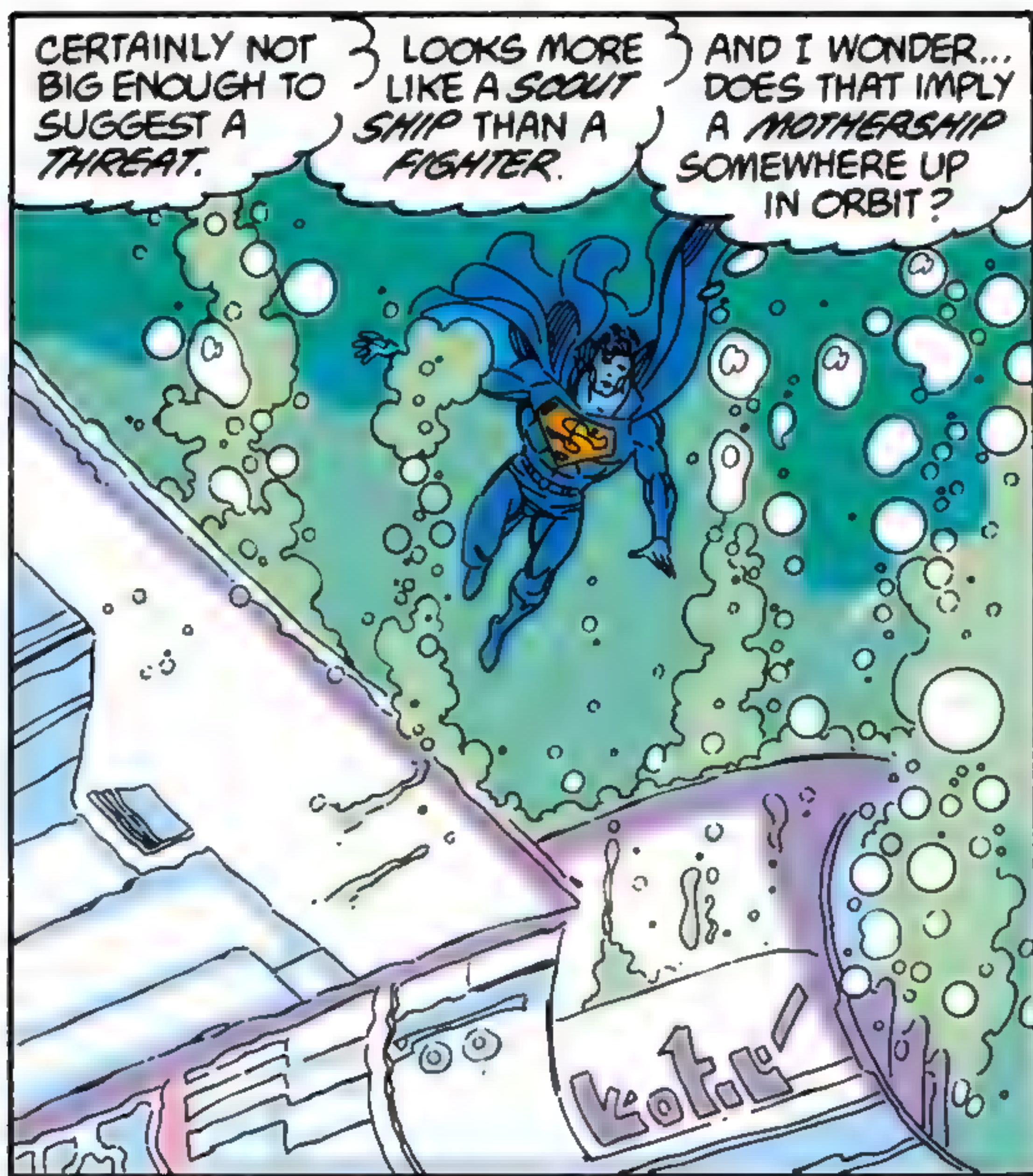


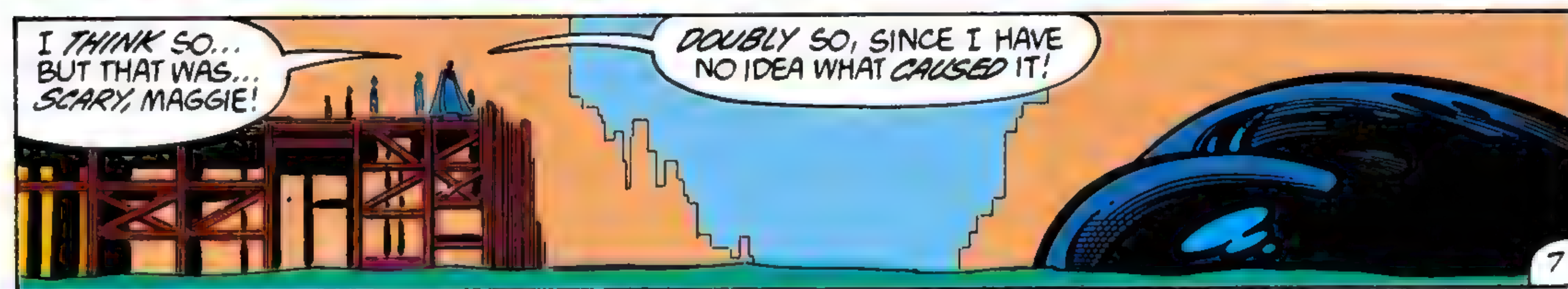
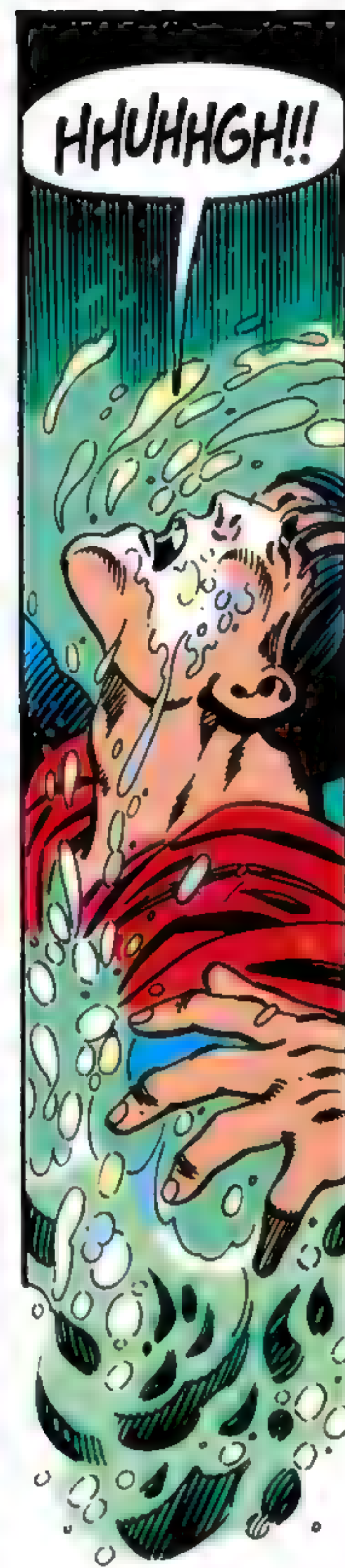
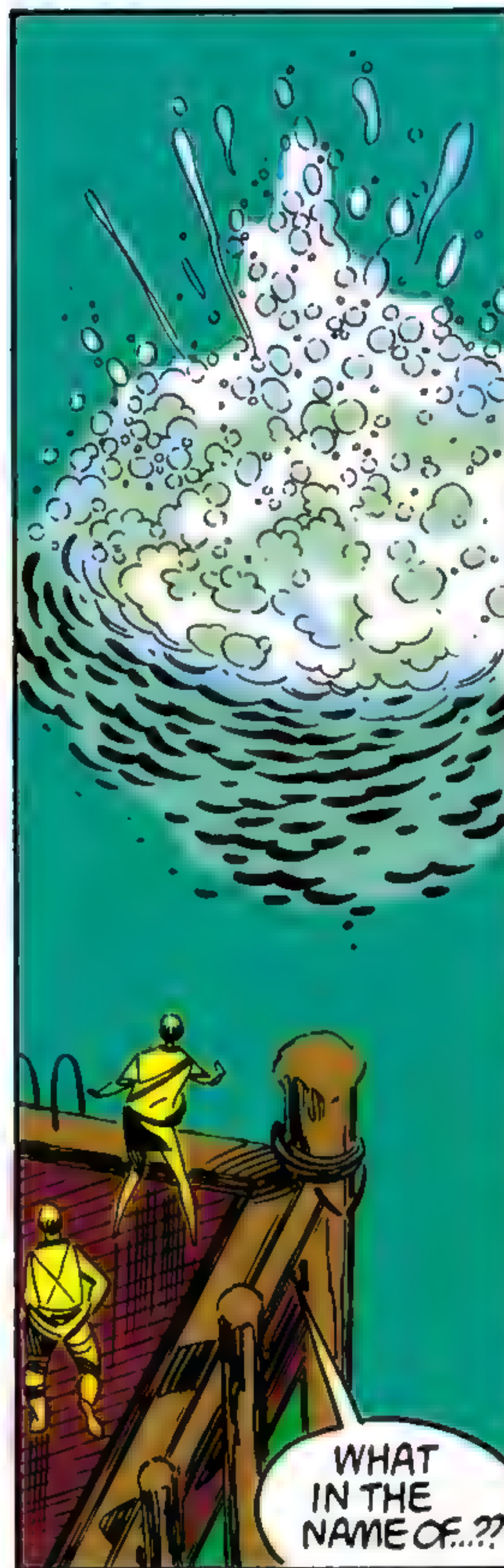
NOPE. WATER'S STILL WELL ABOVE THE BOILING POINT IN THE LANDING AREA.

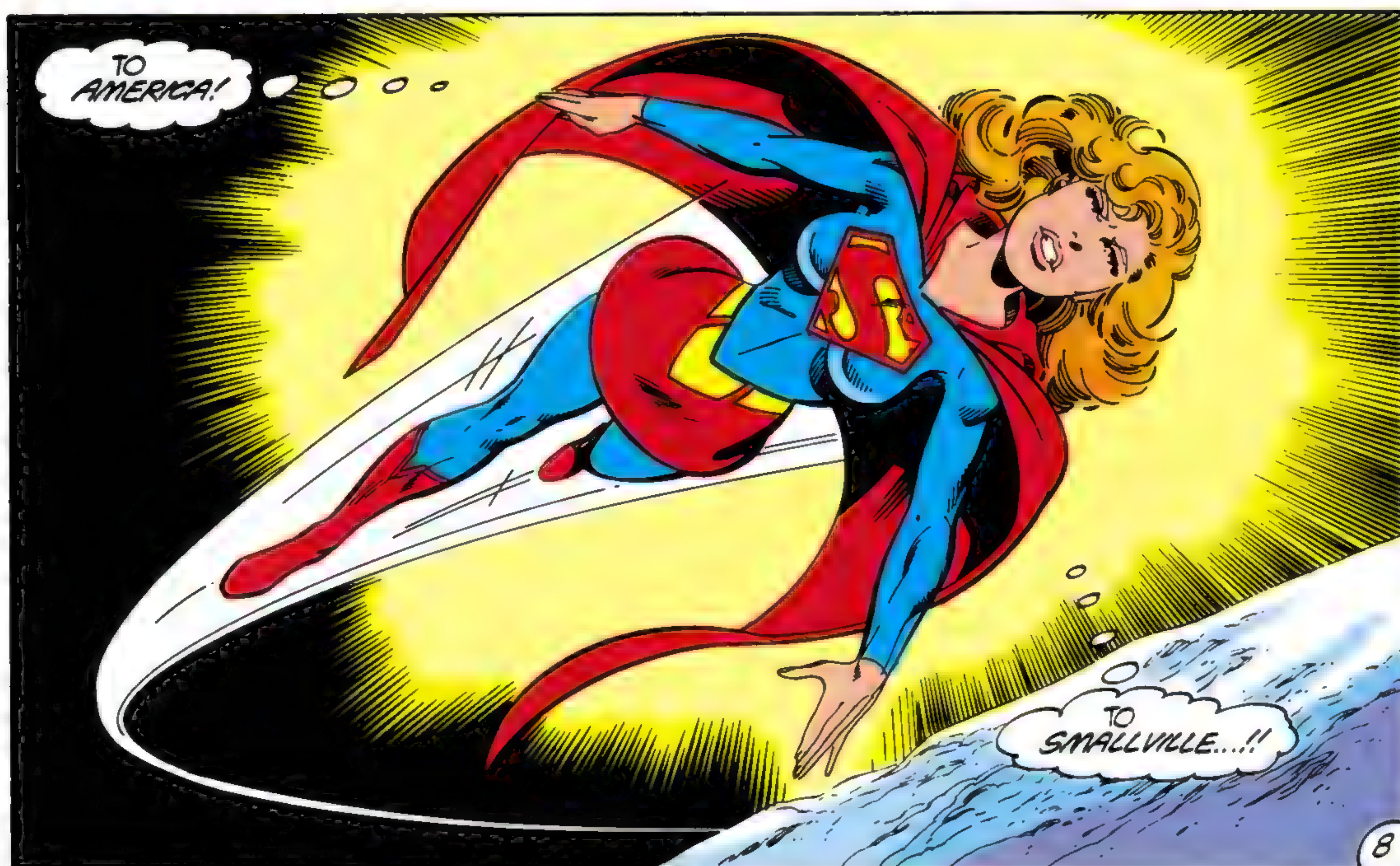
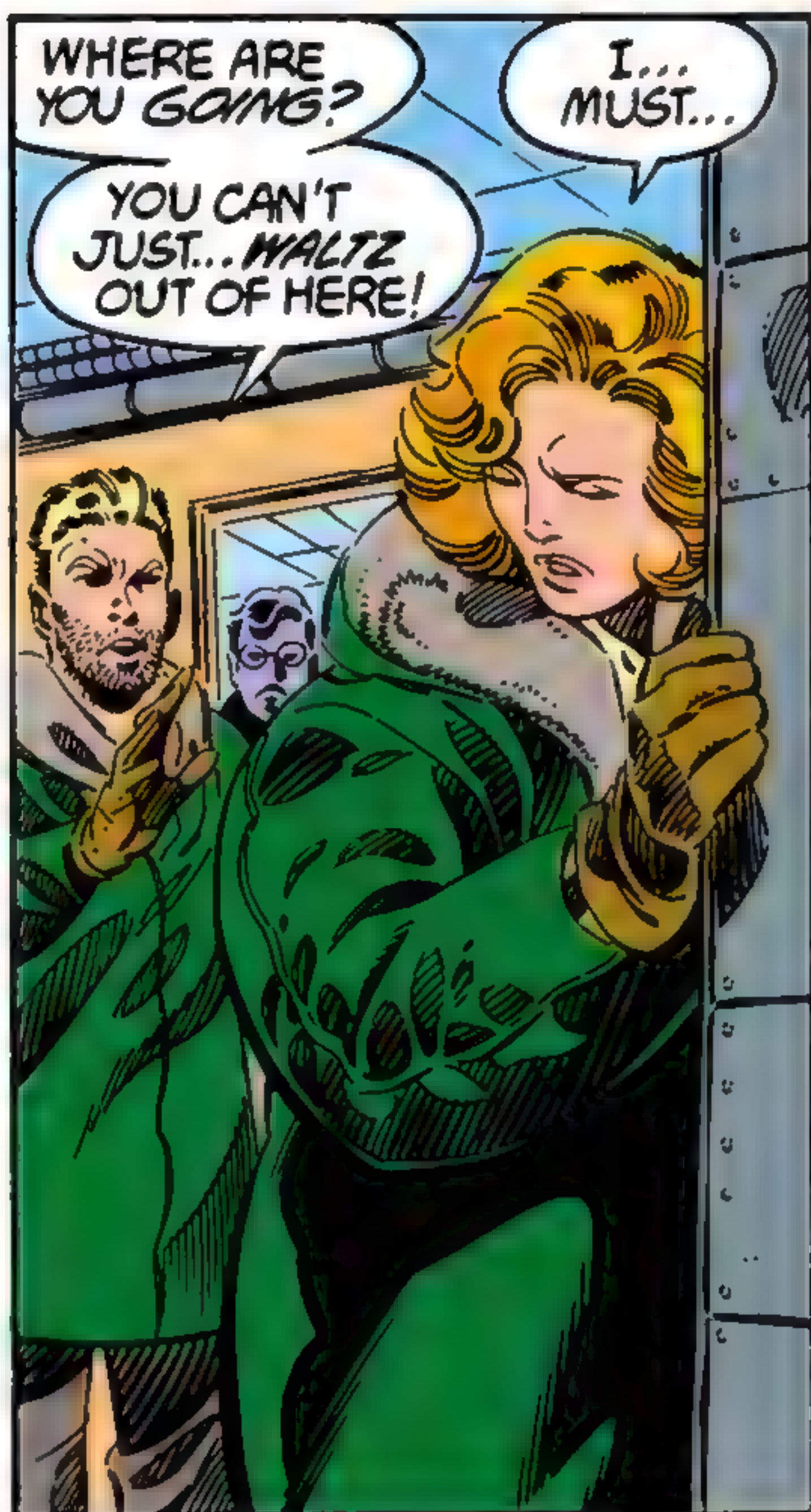
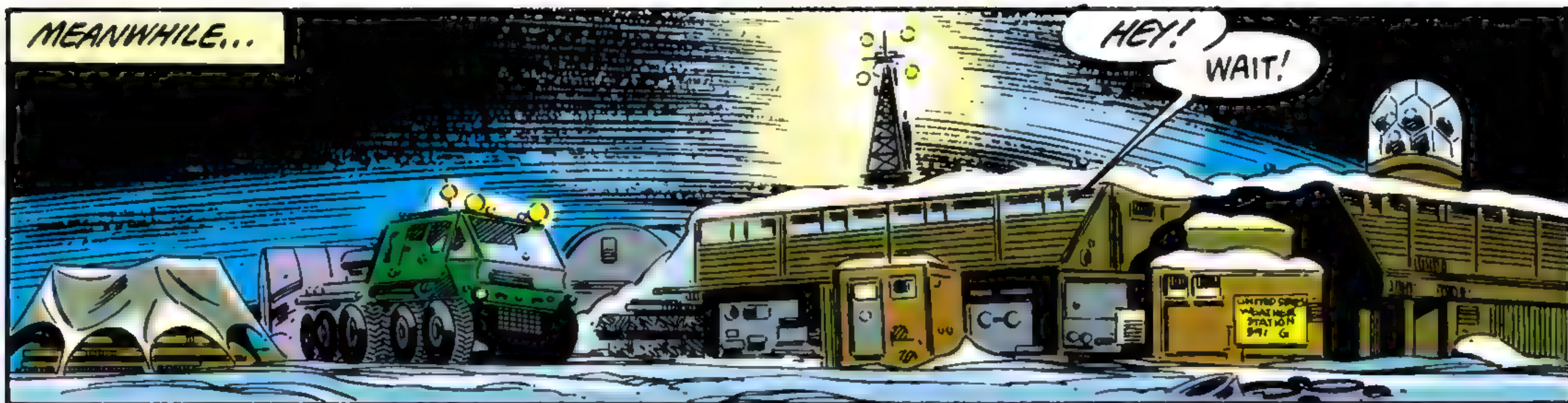
THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU..

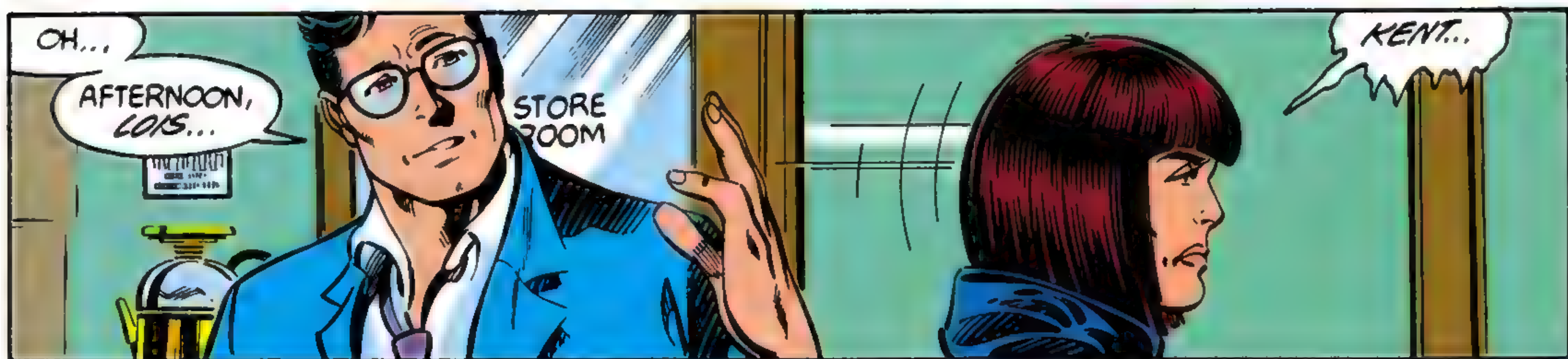
SAY NO MORE, MAGGIE.

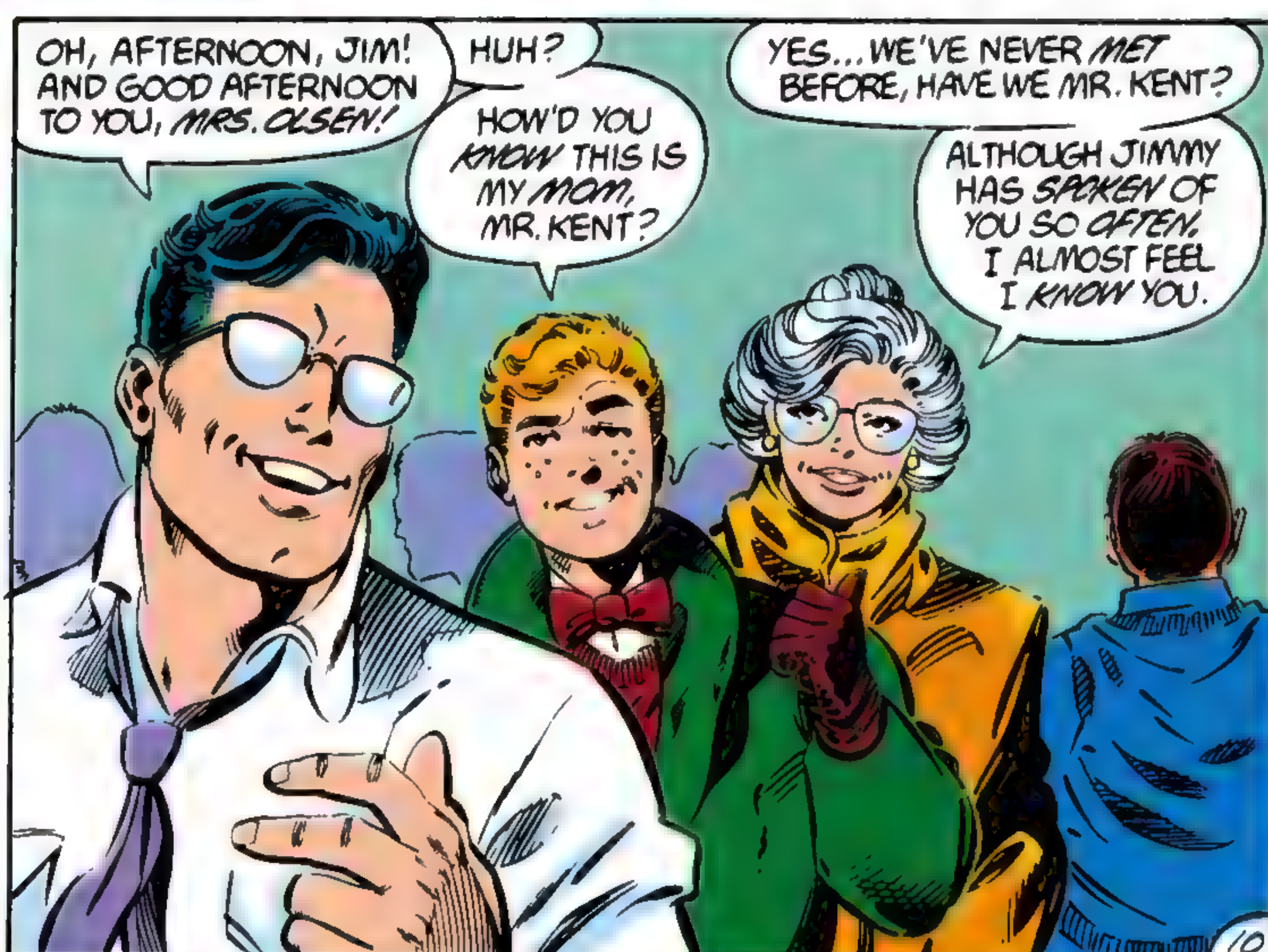
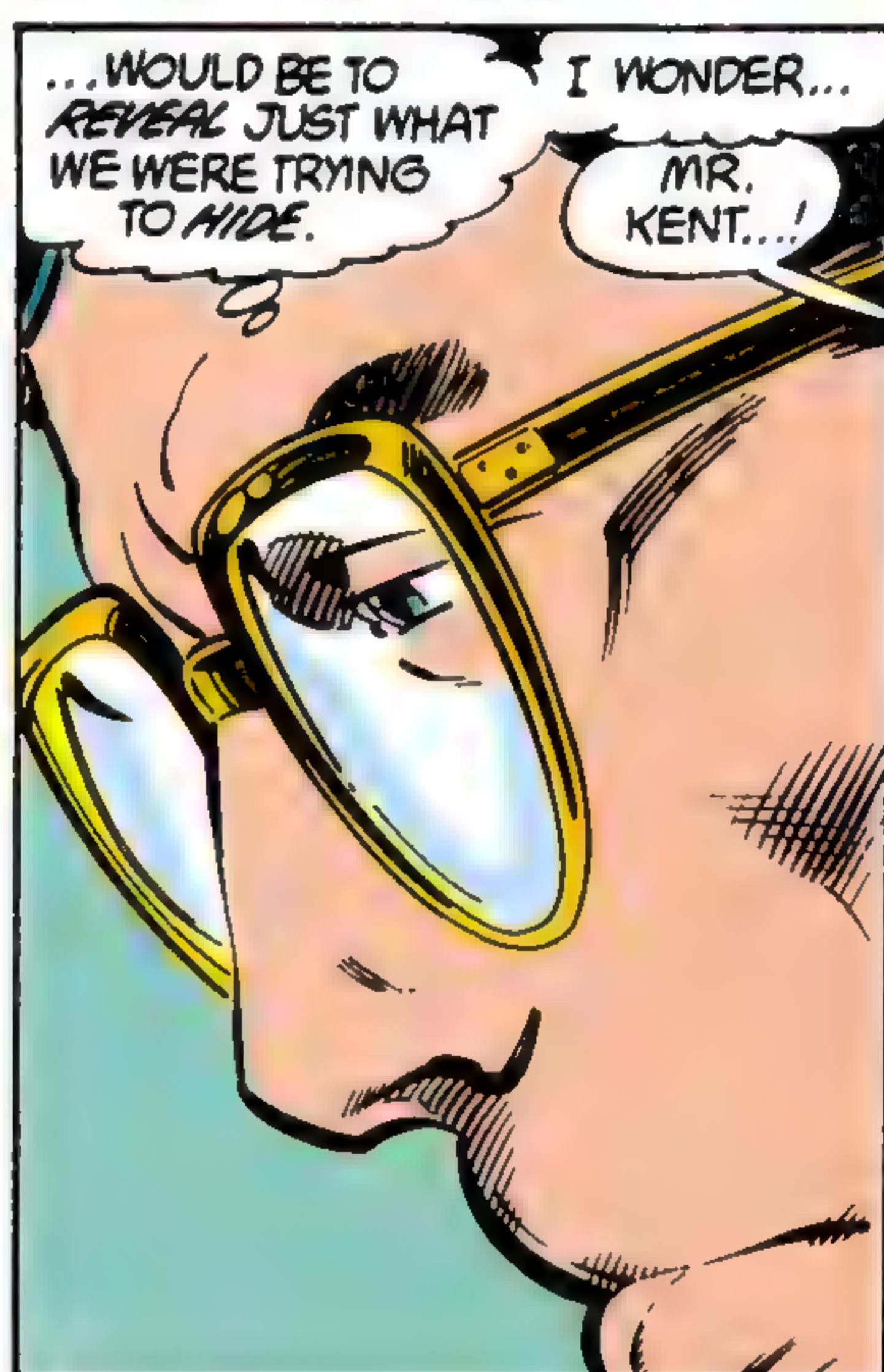


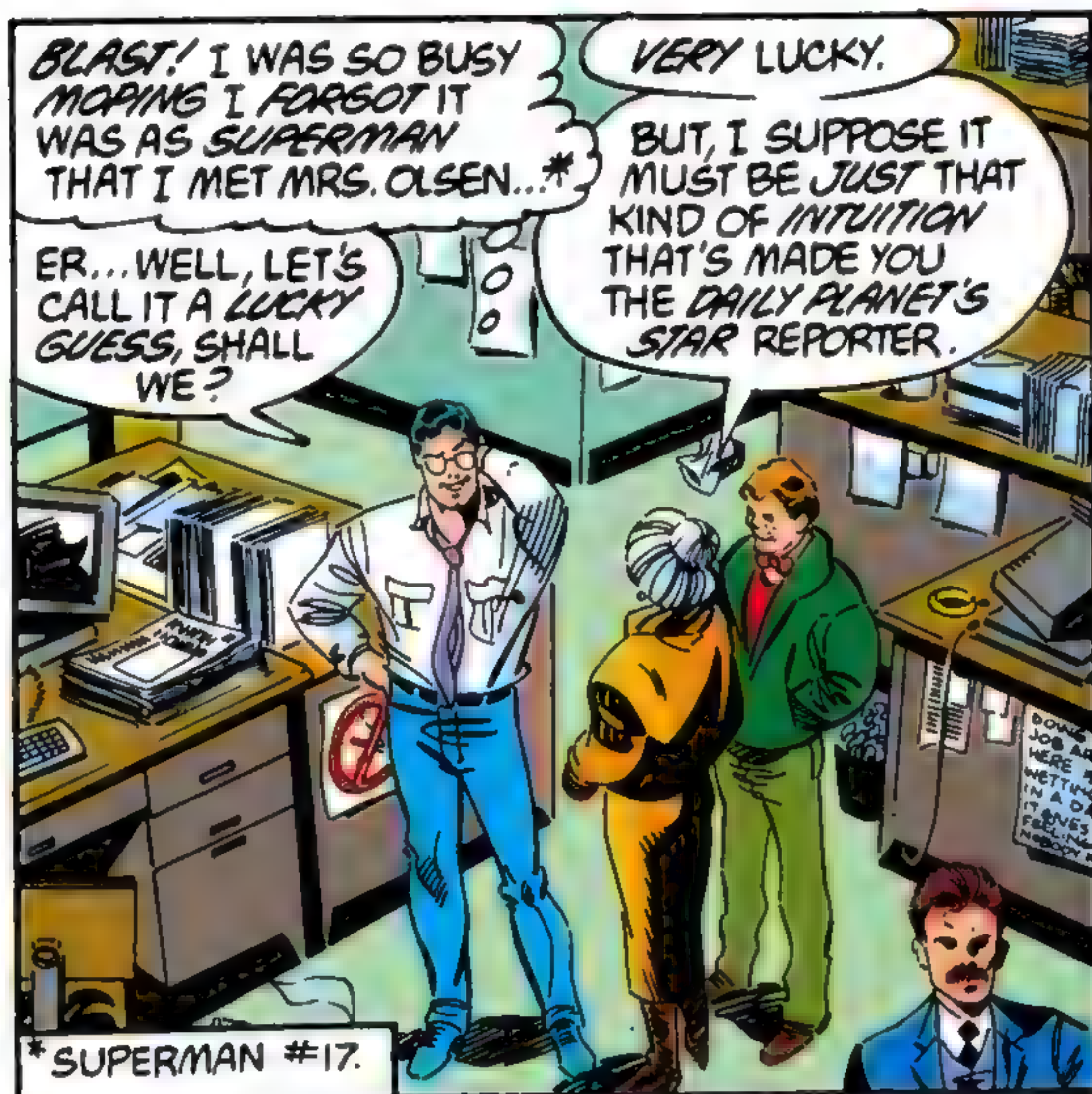












BLAST! I WAS SO BUSY MOPING I FORGOT IT WAS AS SUPERMAN THAT I MET MRS. OLSEN...*

VERY LUCKY. BUT, I SUPPOSE IT MUST BE JUST THAT KIND OF INTUITION THAT'S MADE YOU THE DAILY PLANET'S STAR REPORTER.

ER... WELL, LET'S CALL IT A LUCKY GUESS, SHALL WE?

* SUPERMAN #17.



I GUESS SO... ALTHOUGH THAT'S A TITLE THAT BELONGS TO HALF A DOZEN OTHERS, ON ANY GIVEN DAY. INCLUDING YOUR SON.

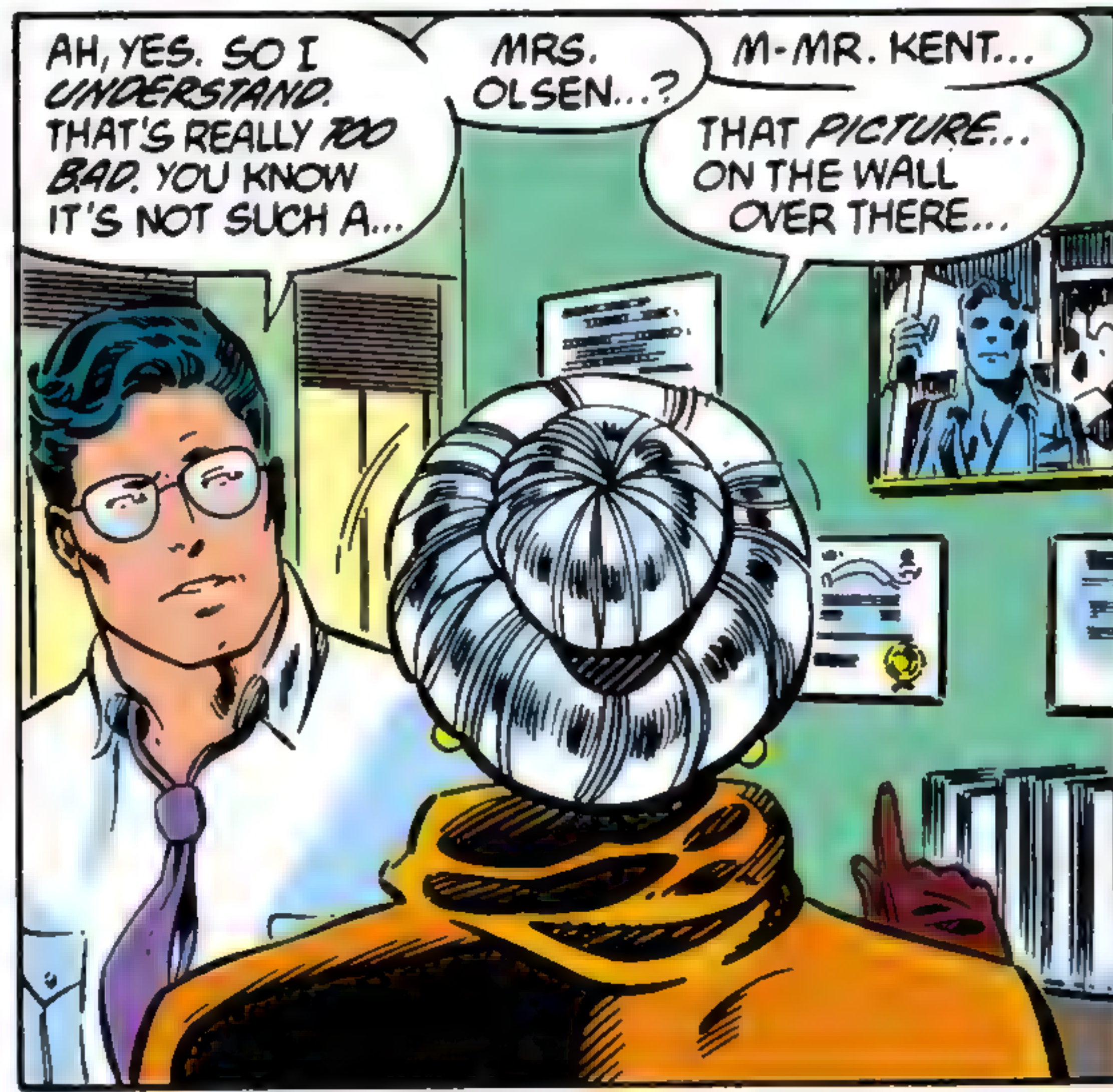
BUT... WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE OFFICE, MRS. OLSEN? I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH YOUR EDITOR, PERRY WHITE.



I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DISCUSS THIS CAREER OF JIMMY'S FOR SOME TIME...

... BUT MR. WHITE HAS MANAGED TO ELUDE ME... UNTIL NOW.

MA DOESN'T APPROVE OF ME BEING A REPORTER, MR. KENT.



AH, YES. SO I UNDERSTAND. THAT'S REALLY TOO BAD. YOU KNOW IT'S NOT SUCH A...

MRS. OLSEN...? M-MR. KENT... THAT PICTURE... ON THE WALL OVER THERE...



HM? OH, THAT'S PERRY IN HIS REPORTING DAYS.

HE WAS COVERING ONE OF THOSE AWFUL LITTLE BRUSH WARS IN SOUTHEAST ASIA.



WH-WHEN WAS IT TAKEN?

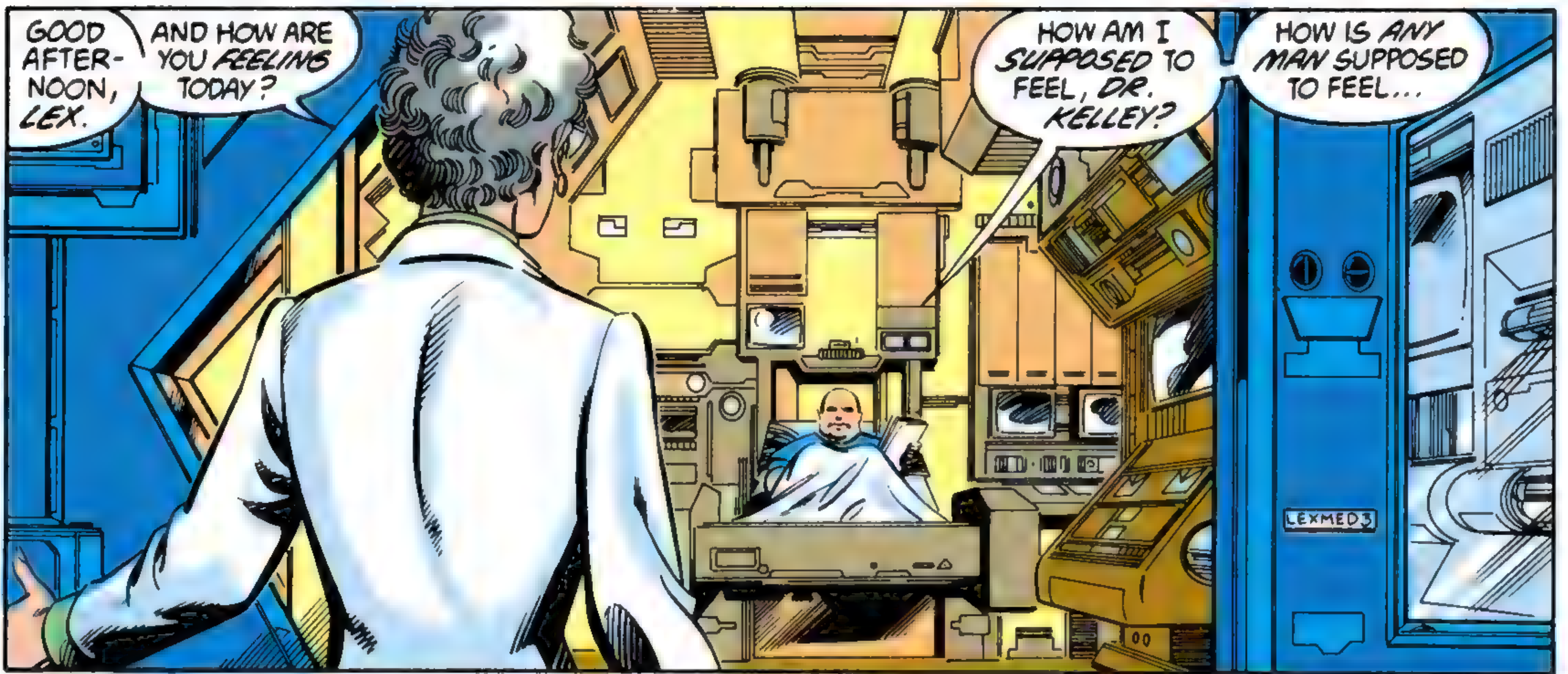
ABOUT EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO. PERRY COULD TELL YOU EXACTLY.



BECAUSE THAT MAN IS JIMMY'S FATHER!

AND HE WAS REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION JUST BEFORE JIMMY WAS BORN...

... NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO!!



GOOD AFTER-NOON, LEX.

AND HOW ARE YOU FEELING TODAY?

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO FEEL, DR. KELLEY?

HOW IS ANY MAN SUPPOSED TO FEEL...



...WHEN HE'S JUST LOST HIS RIGHT HAND?



NOT TOO GOOD, I EXPECT. BUT AT LEAST THE MUSCLES AND NERVES OF YOUR FOREARM WERE UNAFFECTED BY THE KRYPTONITE POISONING.

MM... YOU APPRECIATE THE IRONY OF THIS, DO YOU, KELLEY?

I FASHIONED MYSELF A KRYPTONITE SIGNET RING...



...WHICH HAS EFFECTIVELY KEPT SUPERMAN AT BAY FOR YEARS NOW;

...IS WHAT COST YOU YOUR HAND.

YES, I'M WELL AWARE OF THAT, LEX.

BUT THE POISONOUS EFFECTS OF THAT SAME RADIATION...



NOW HOLD STILL WHILE I MAKE THE FINAL ADJUSTMENTS.

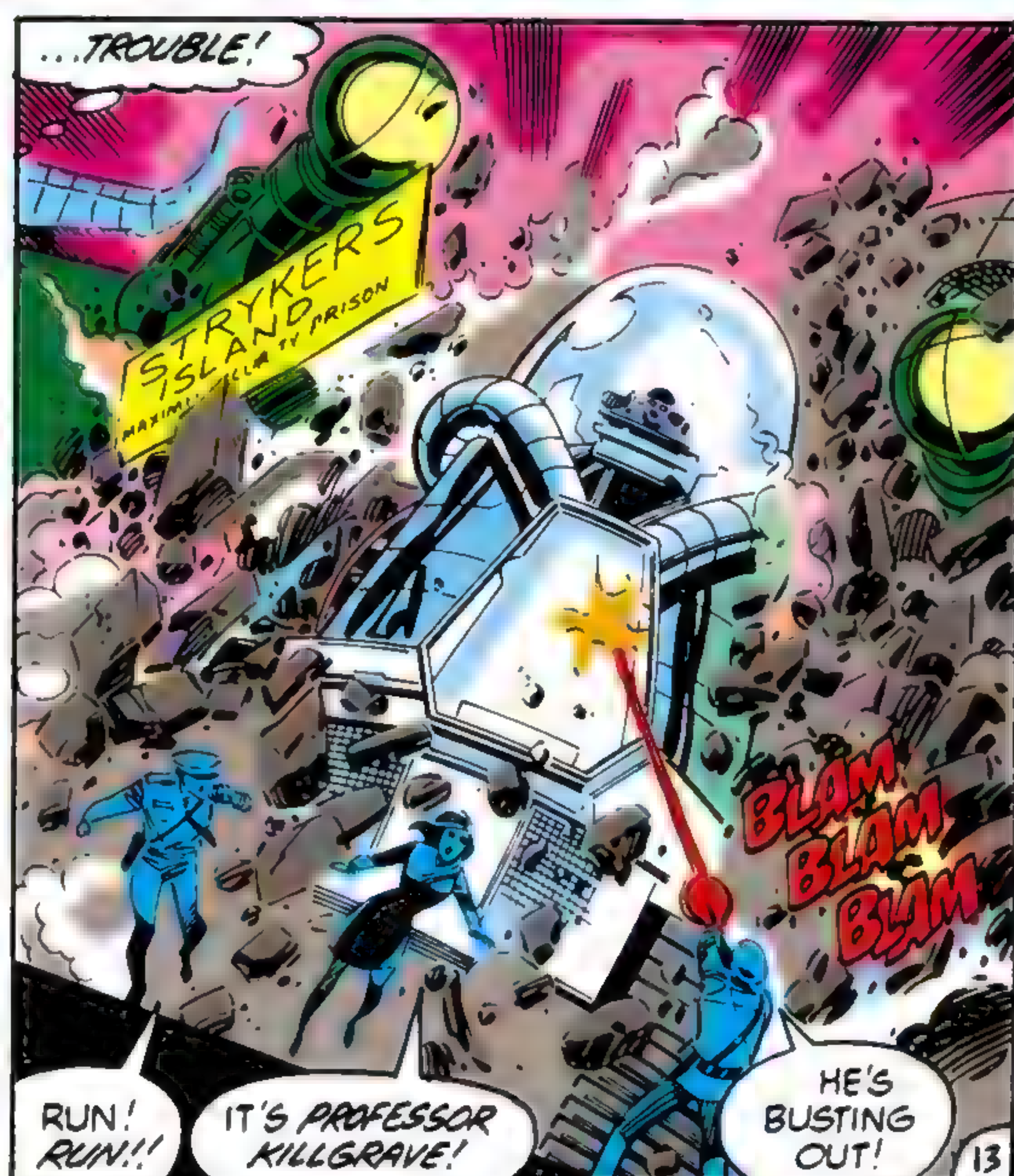
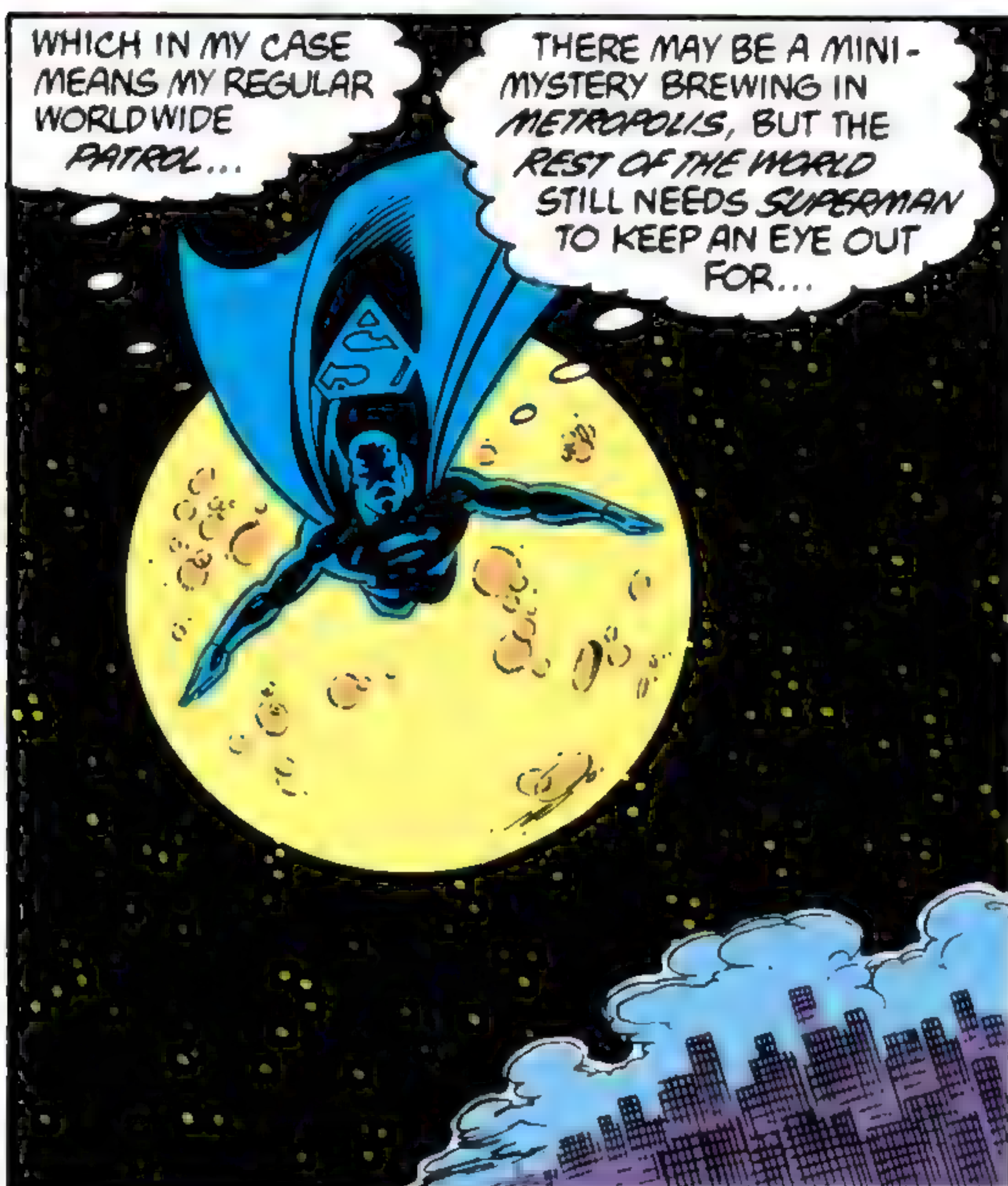
THERE. YOU'RE ALL SET, LEX.

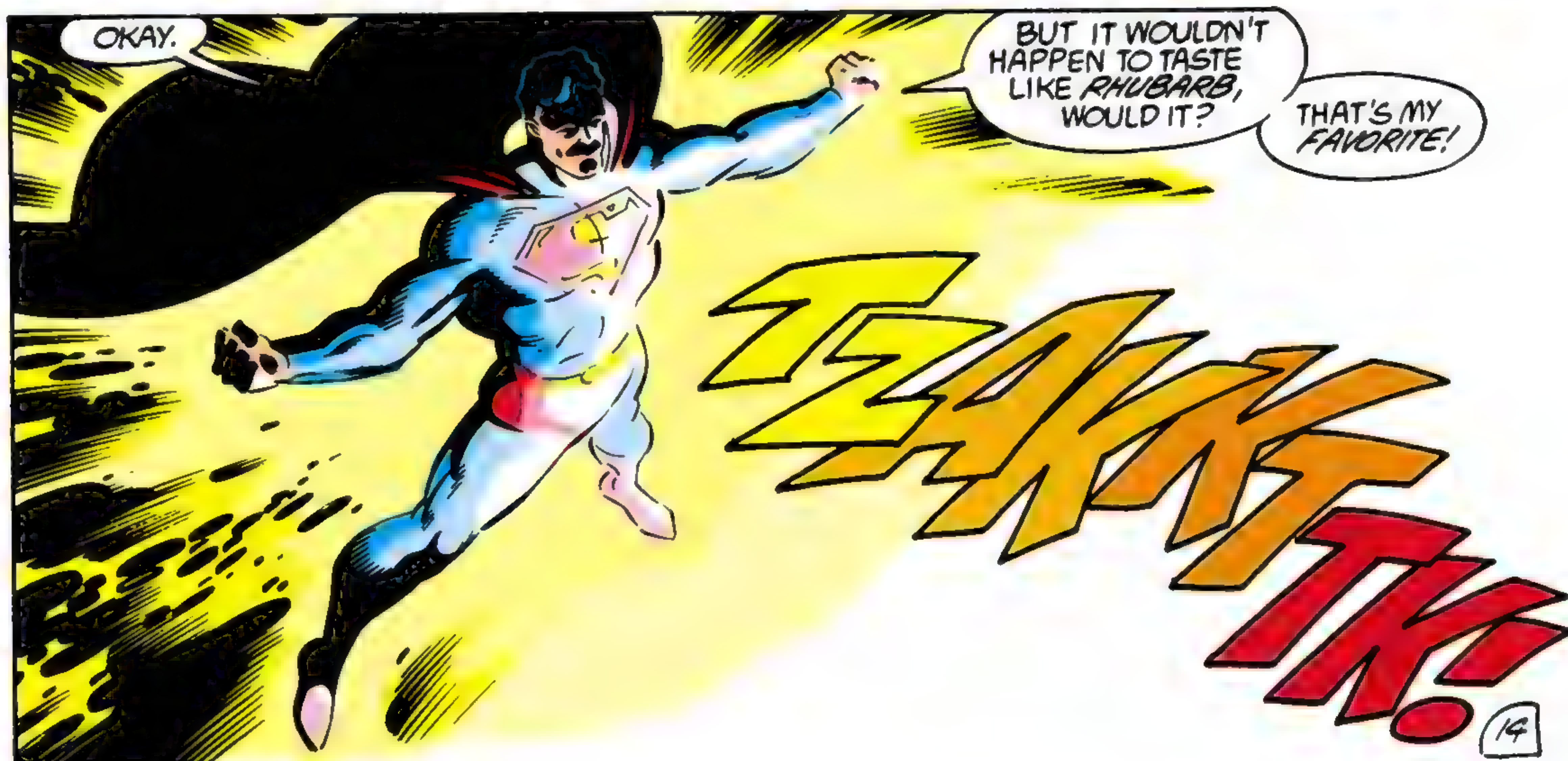
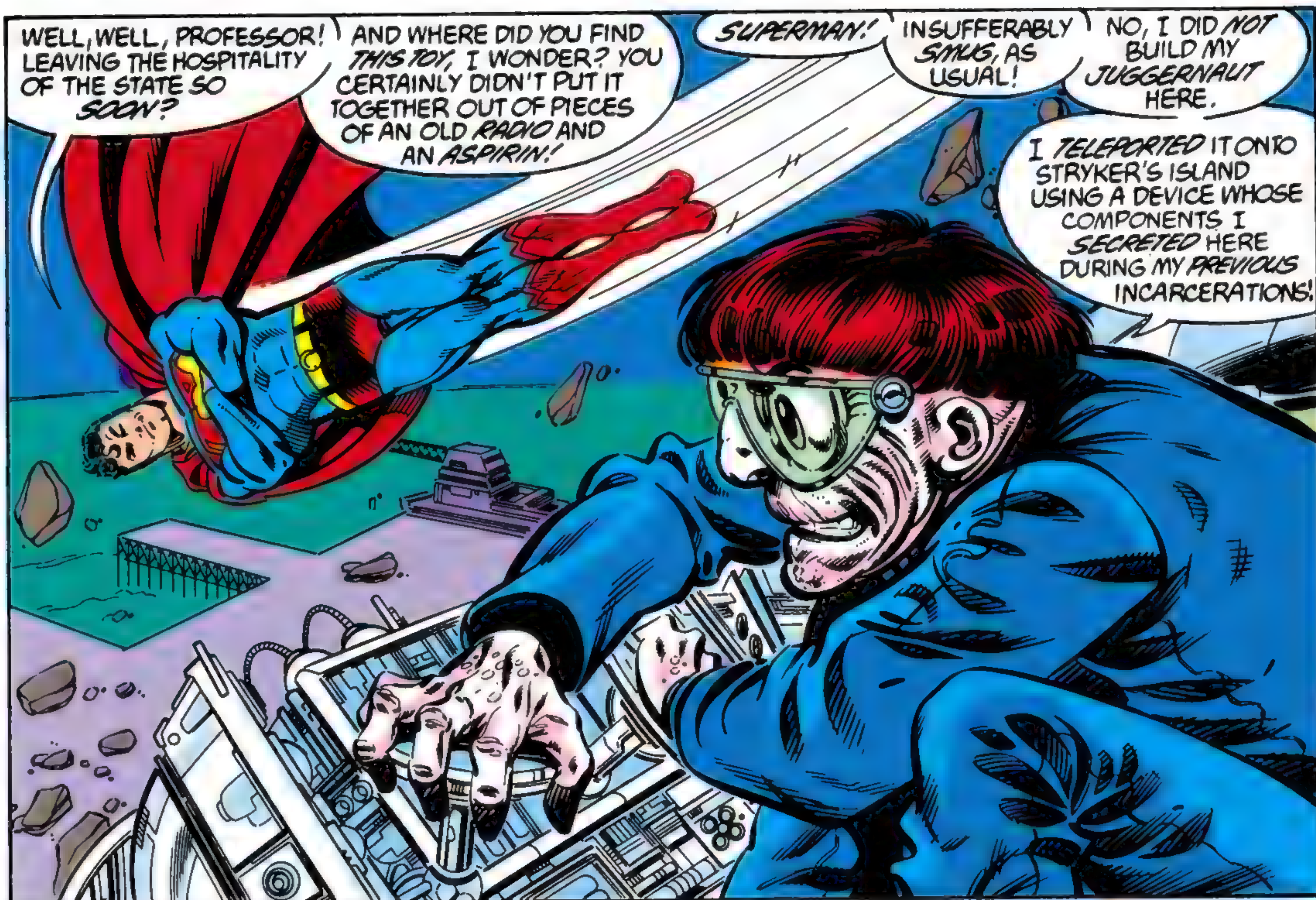
OH, INDEED I AM, DOCTOR.

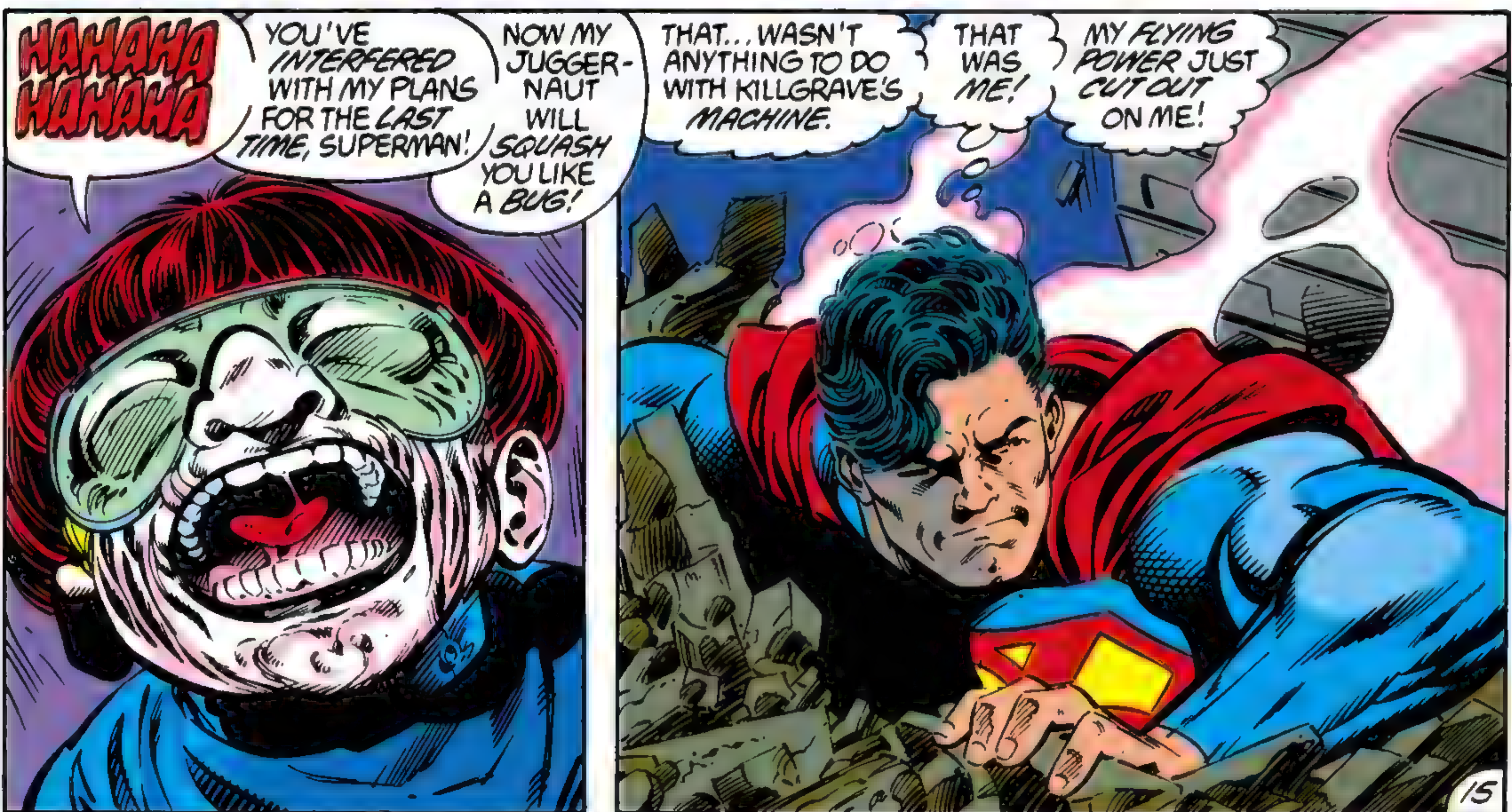
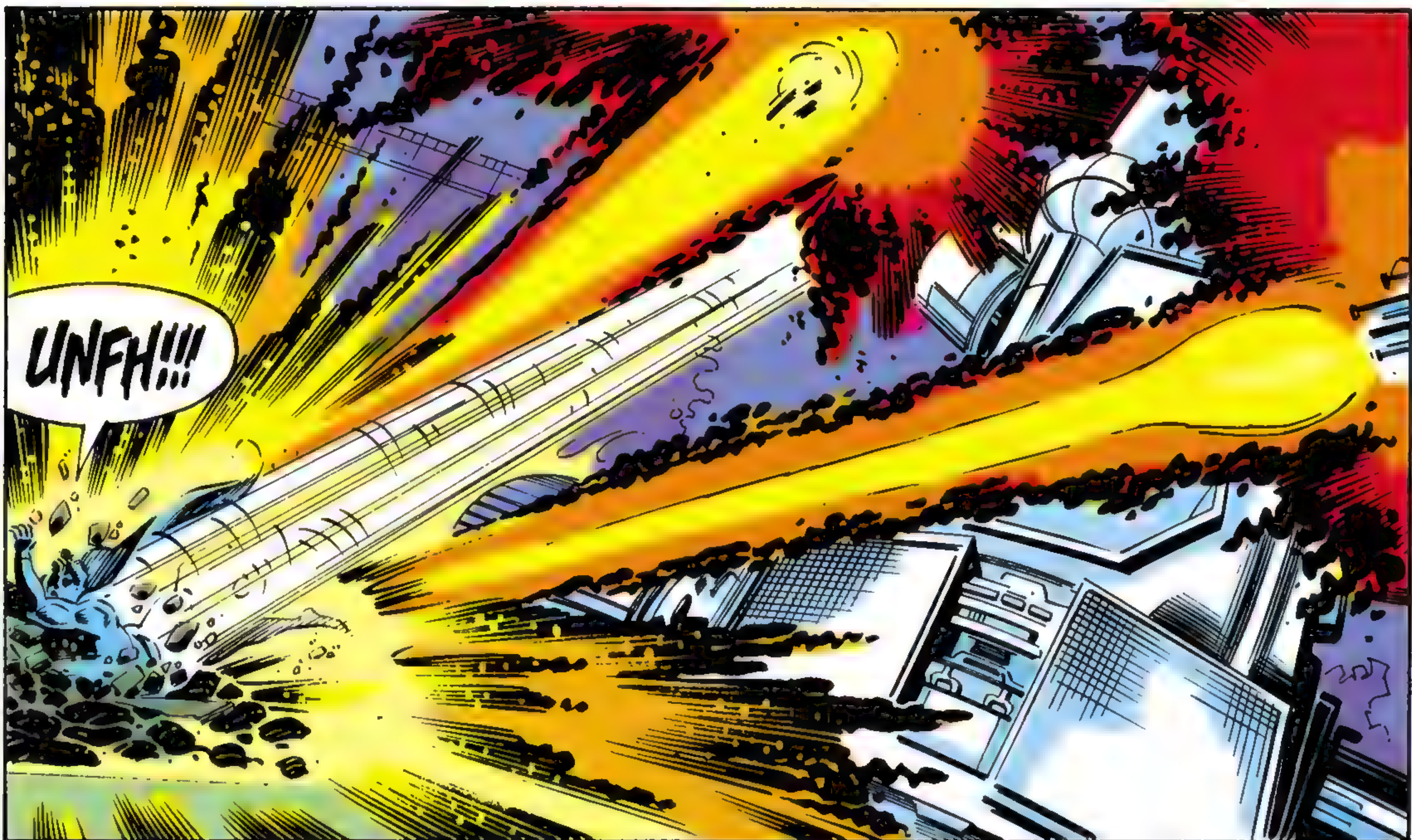
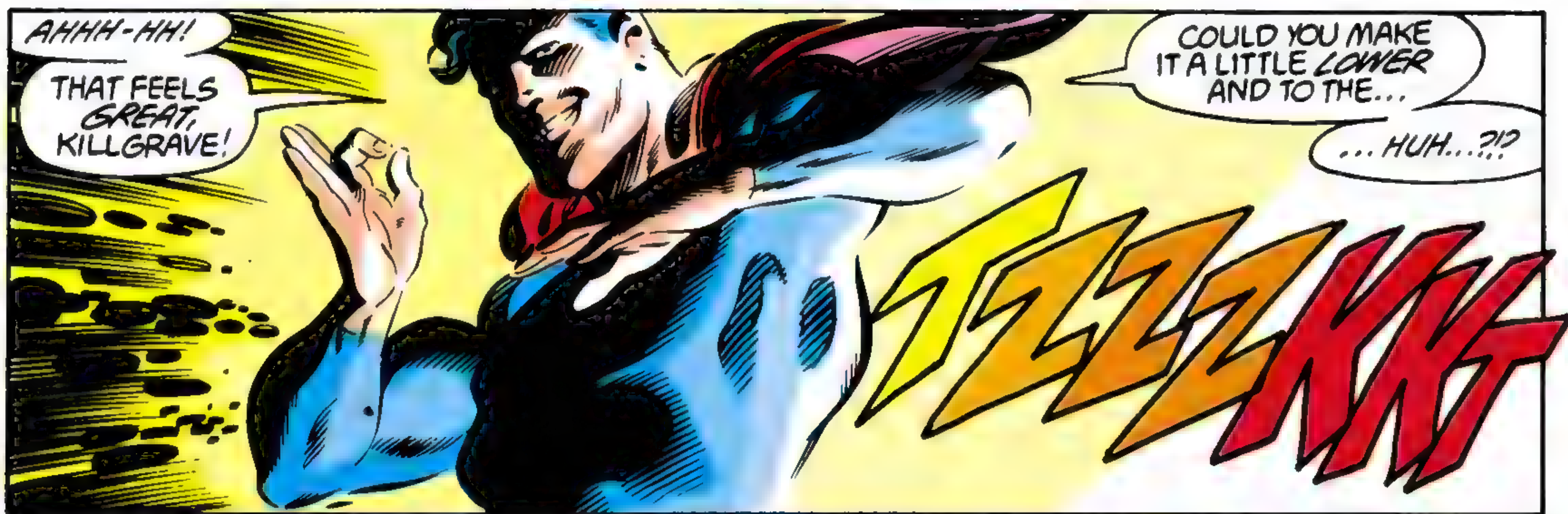


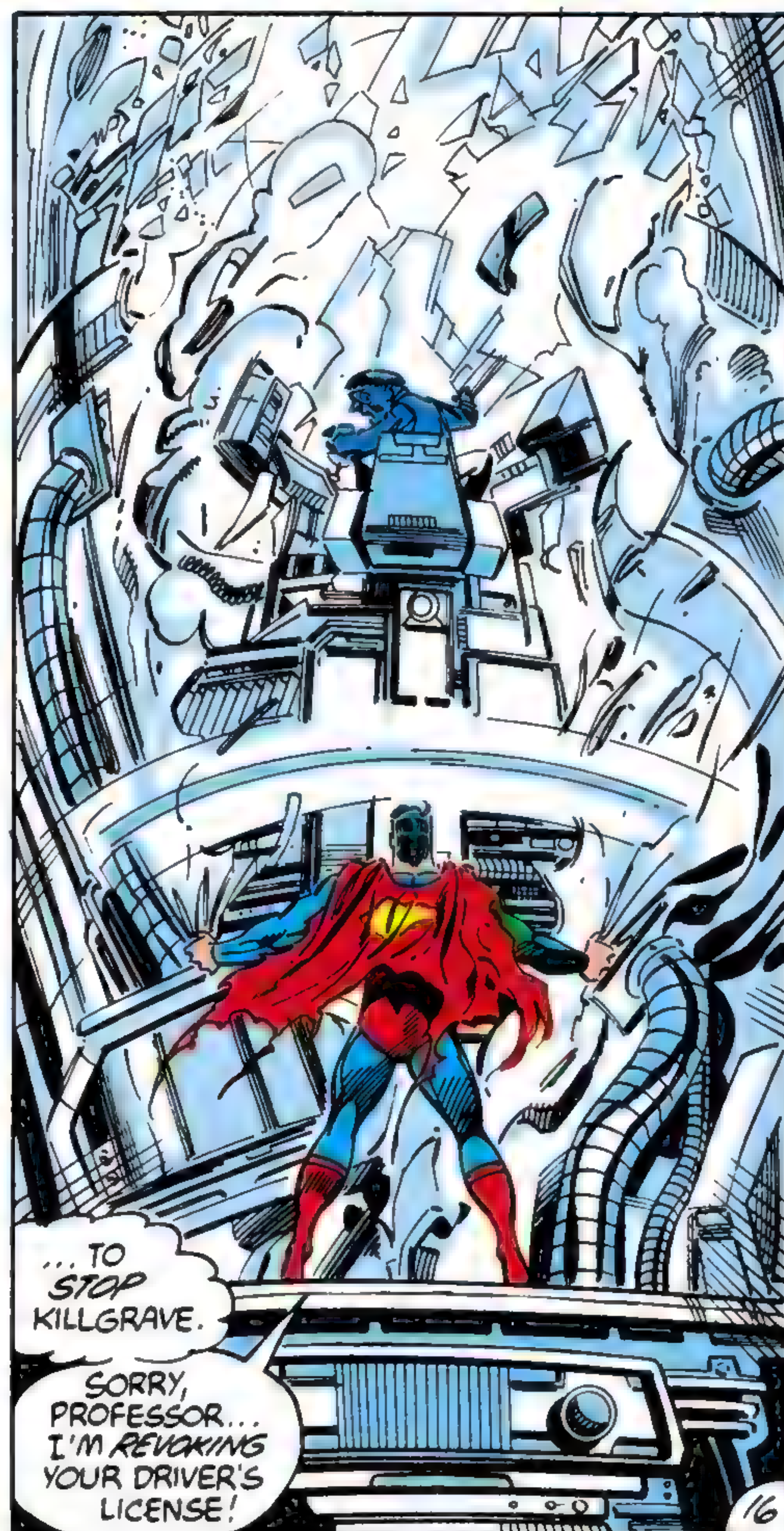
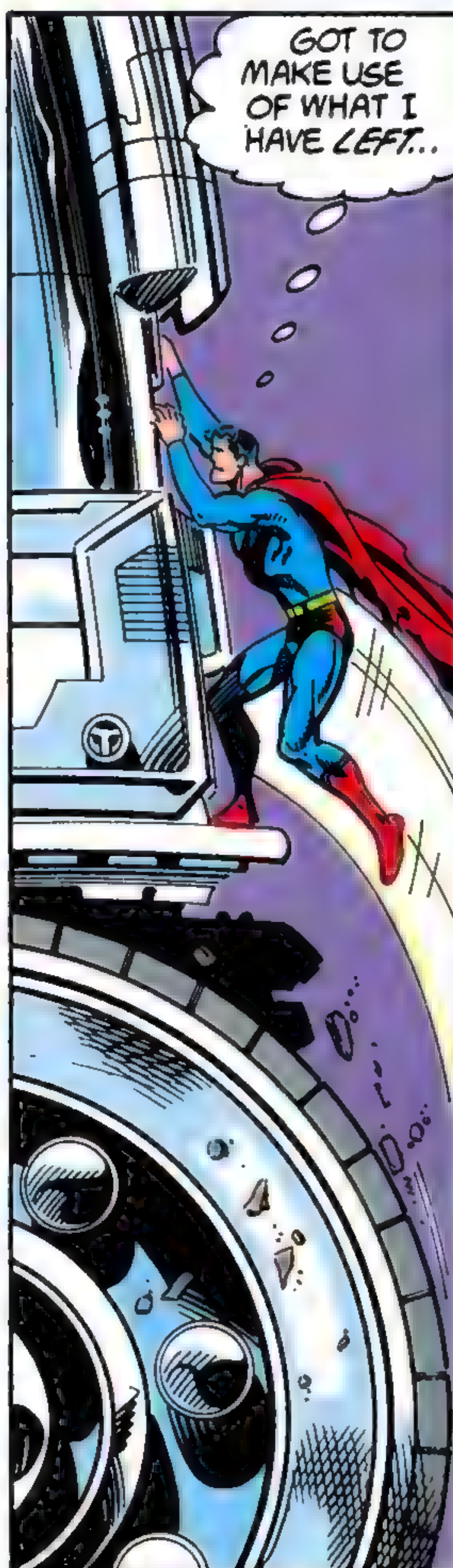
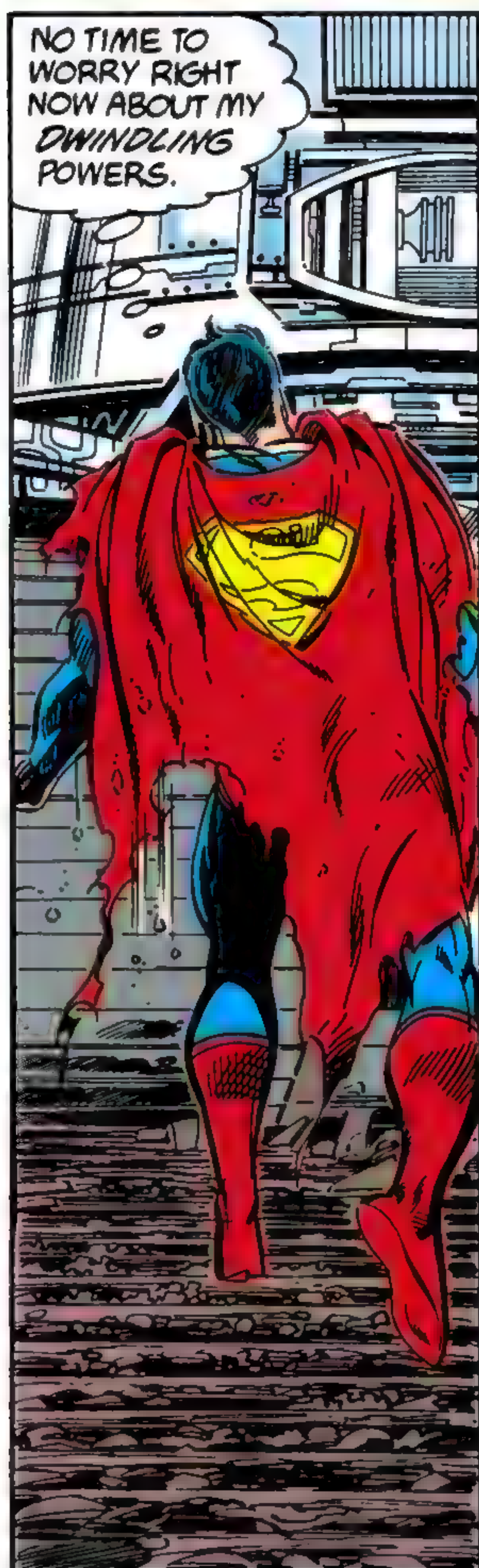
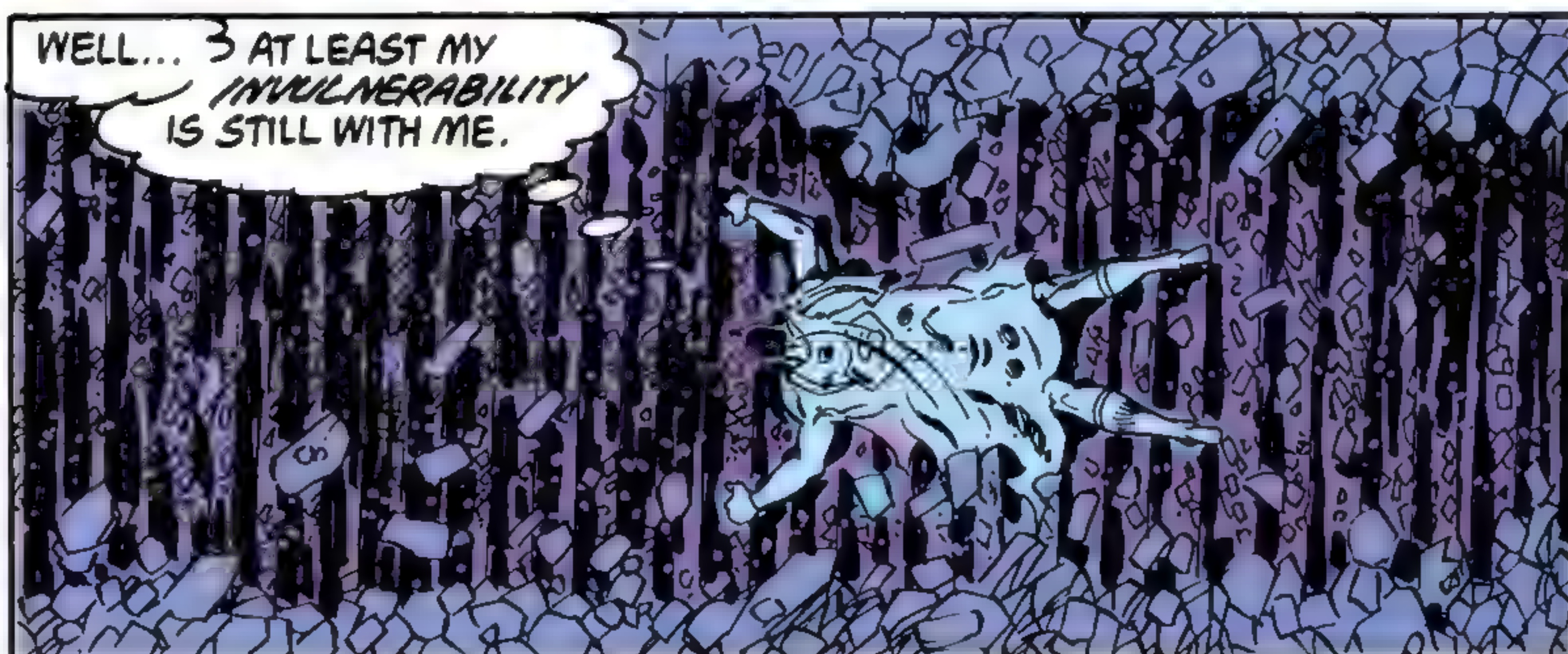
THIS IS ONE MORE INDIGNITY I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO BEAR BECAUSE OF SUPERMAN.

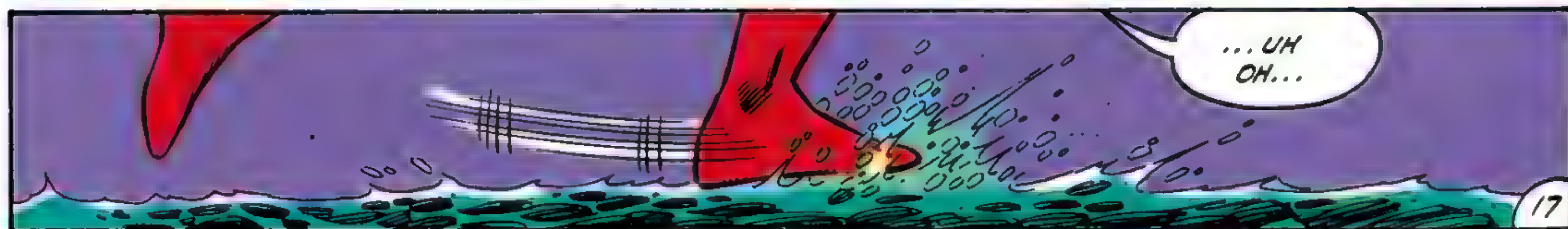
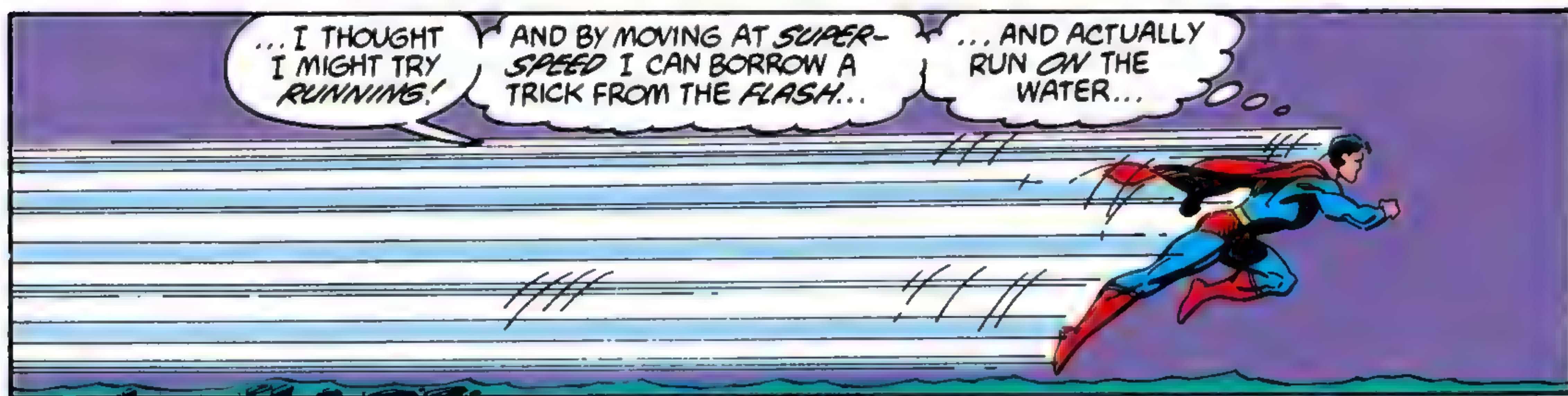
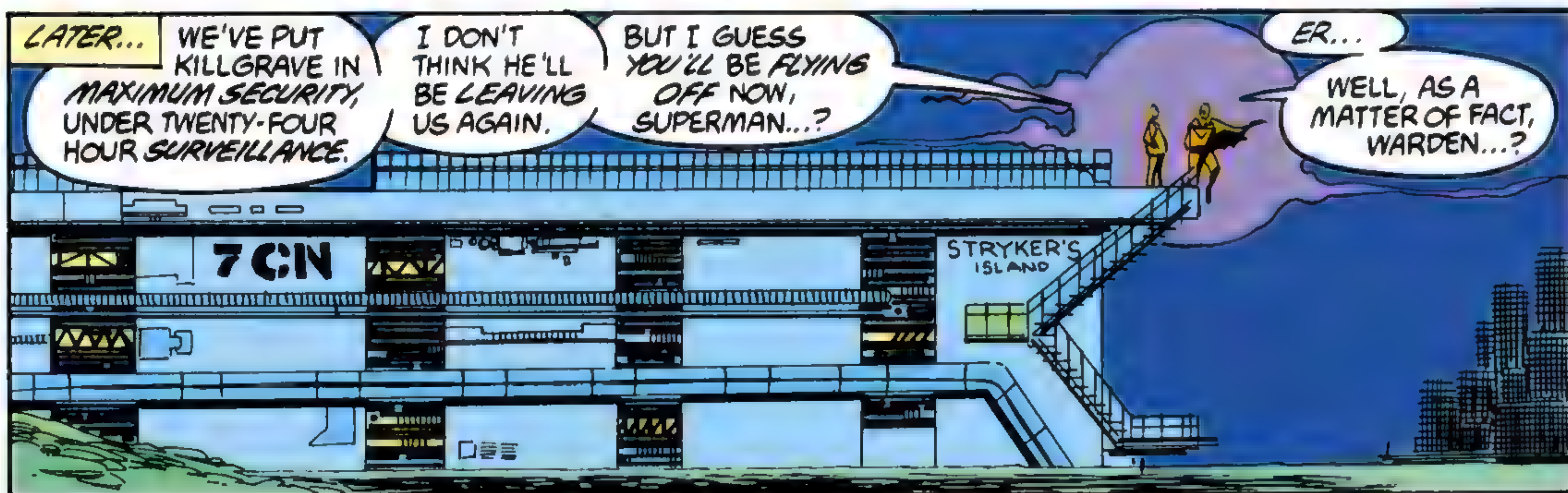
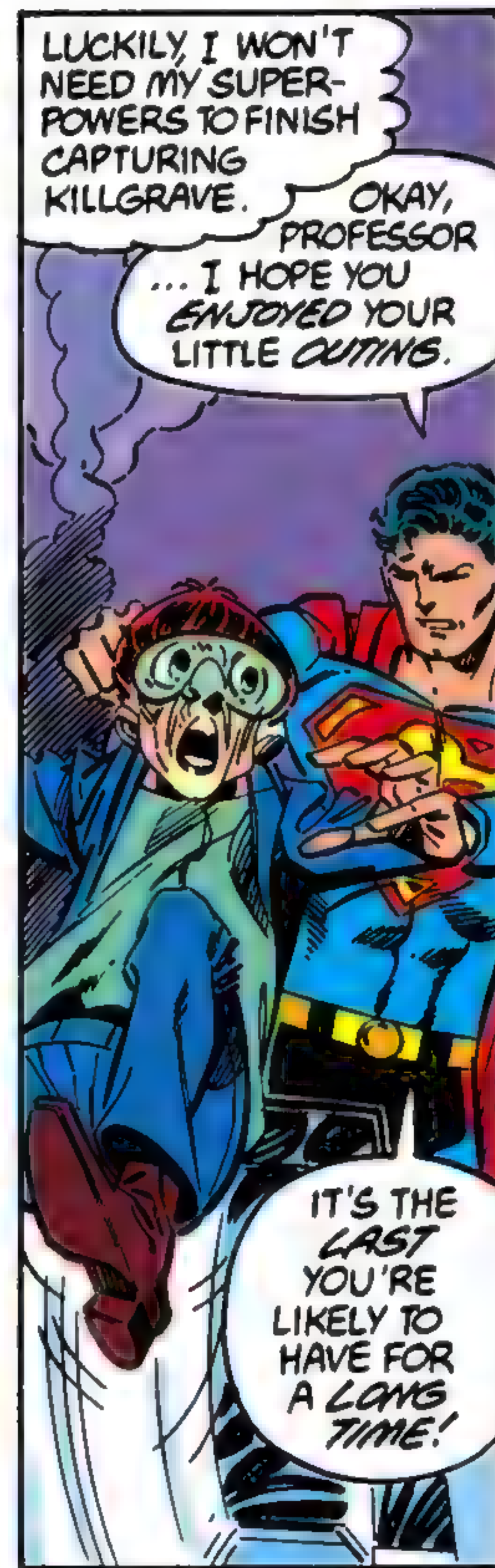
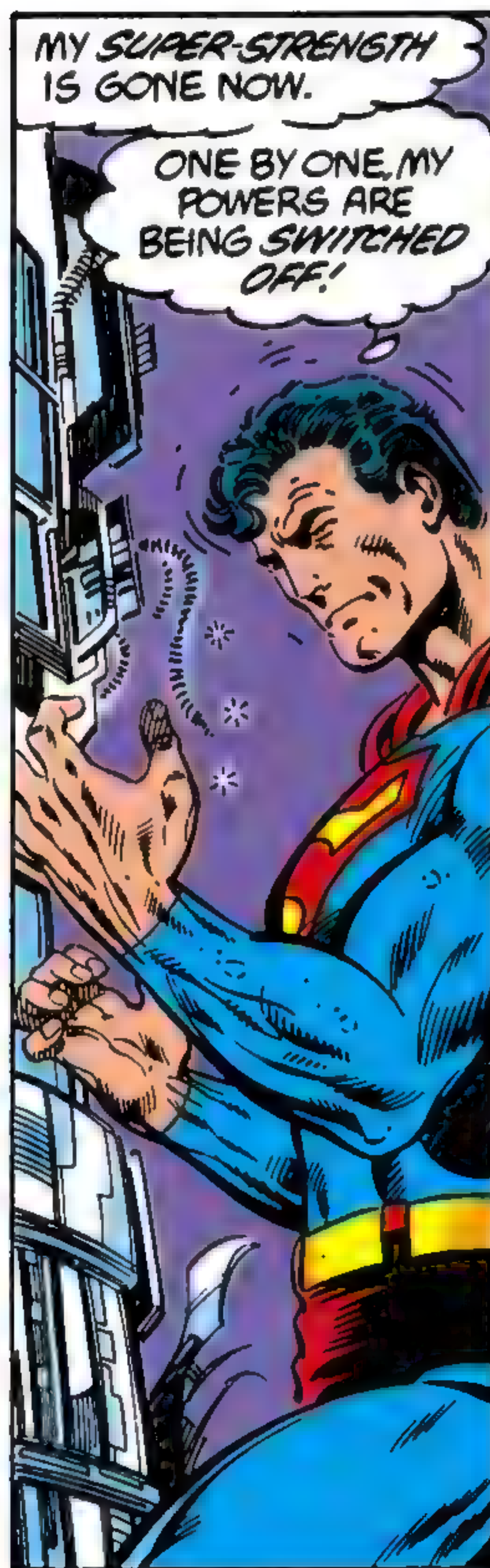
AND ONE FOR WHICH I INTEND TO EXACT THE HIGHEST PRICE!!

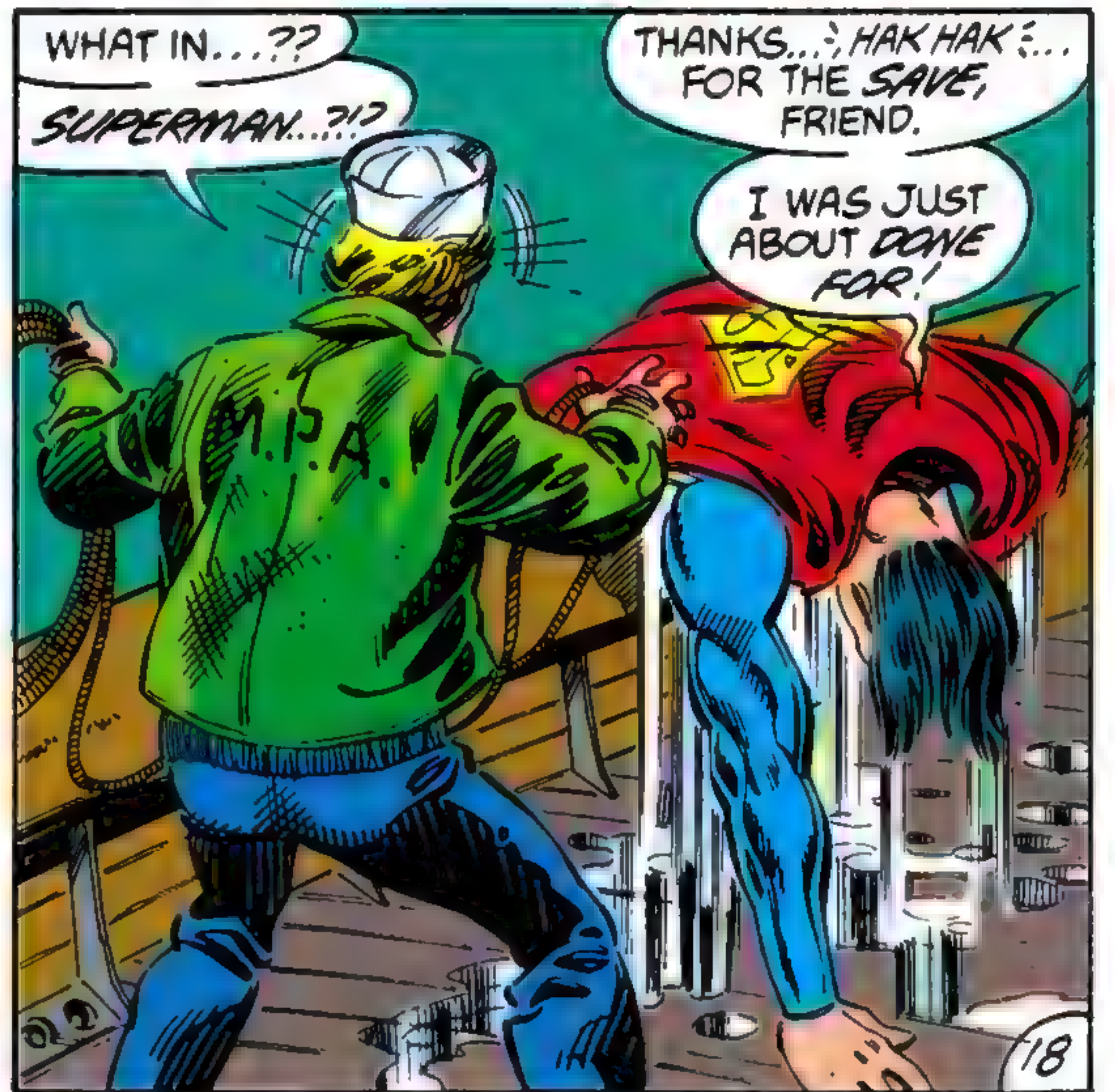
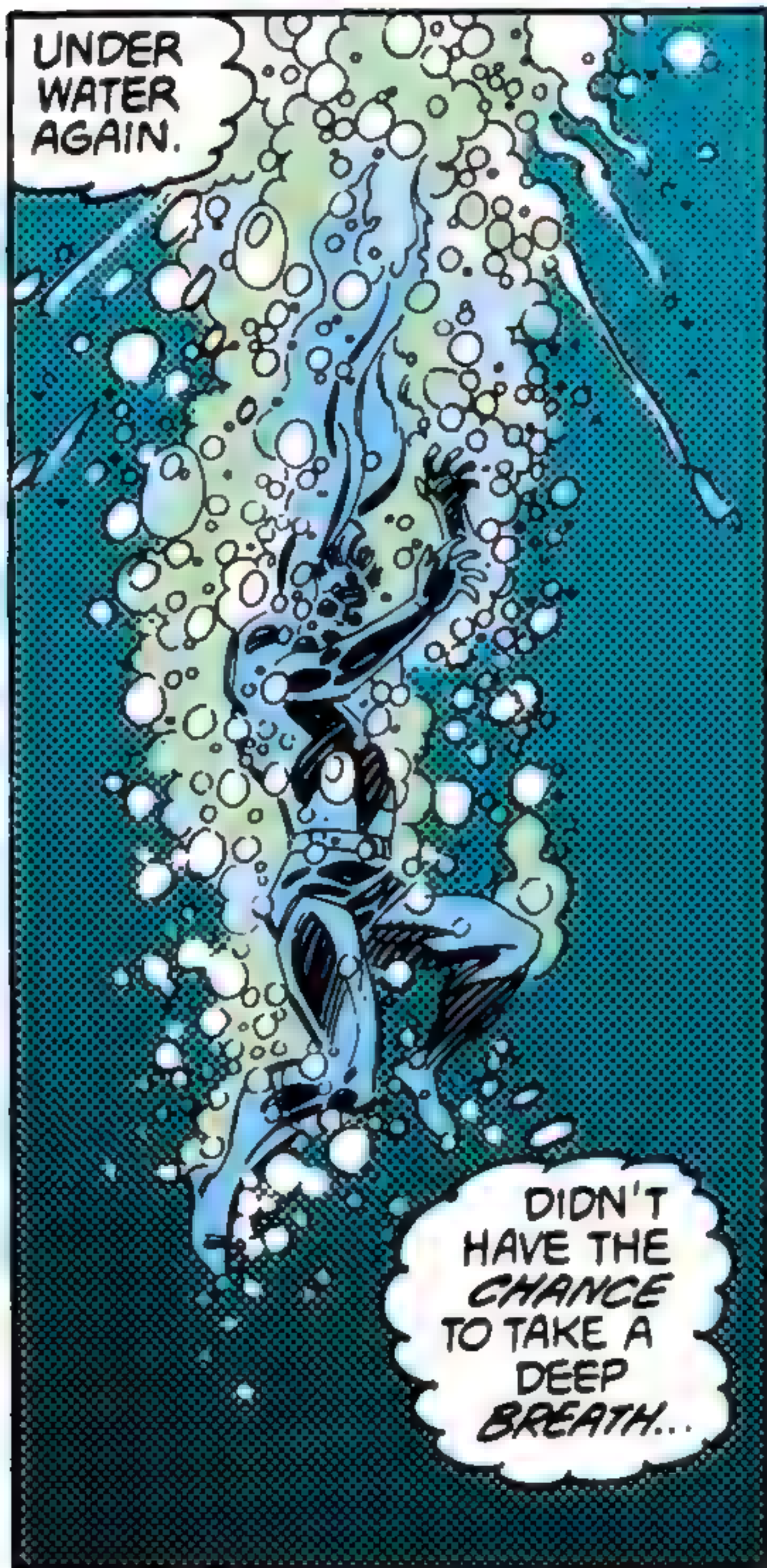
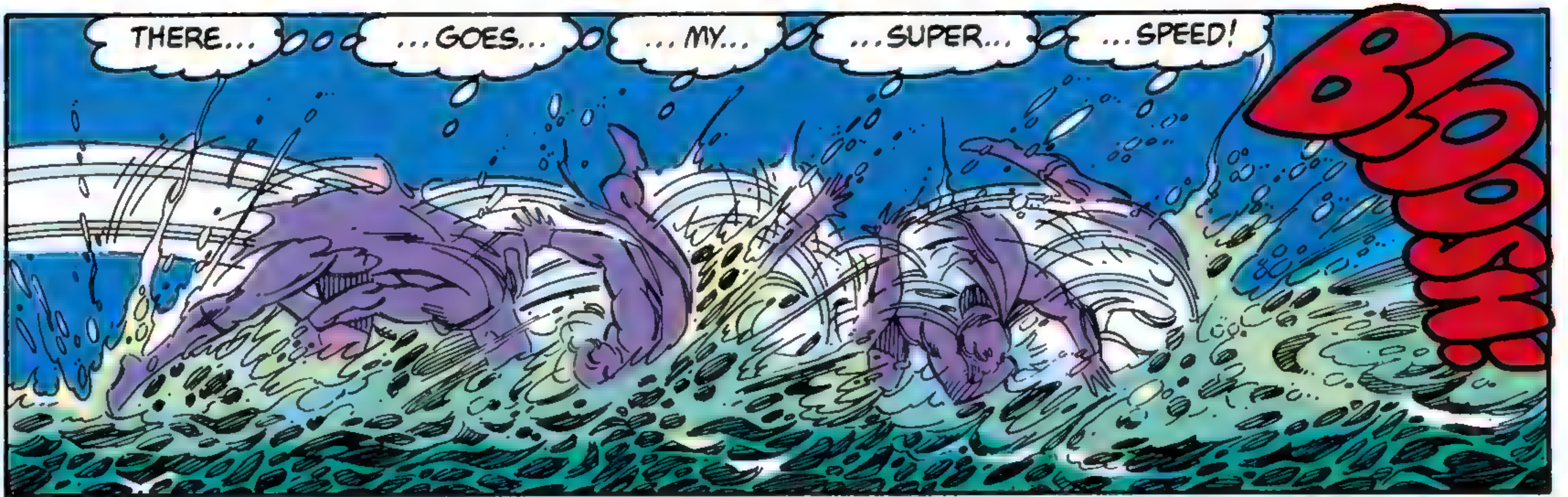


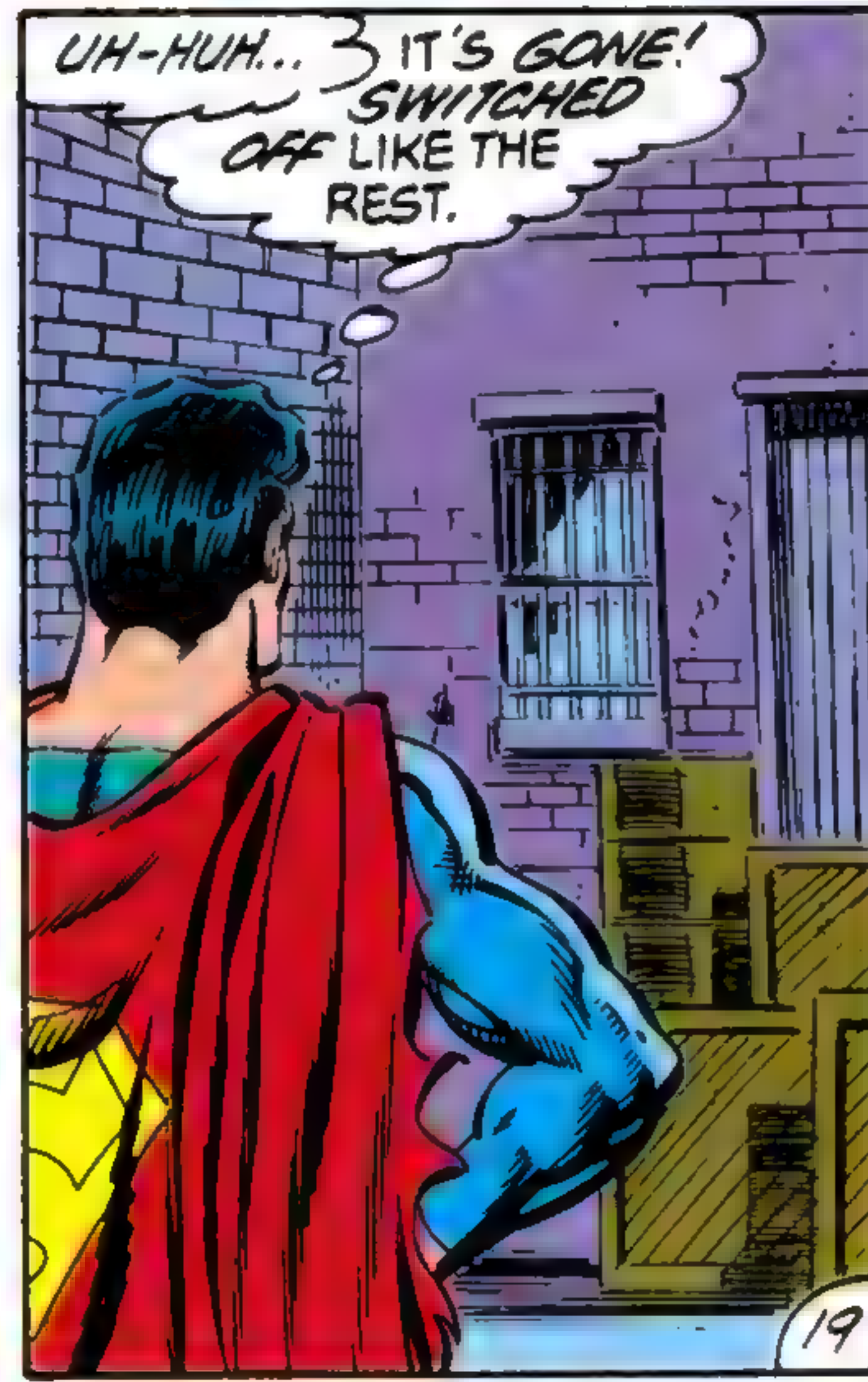
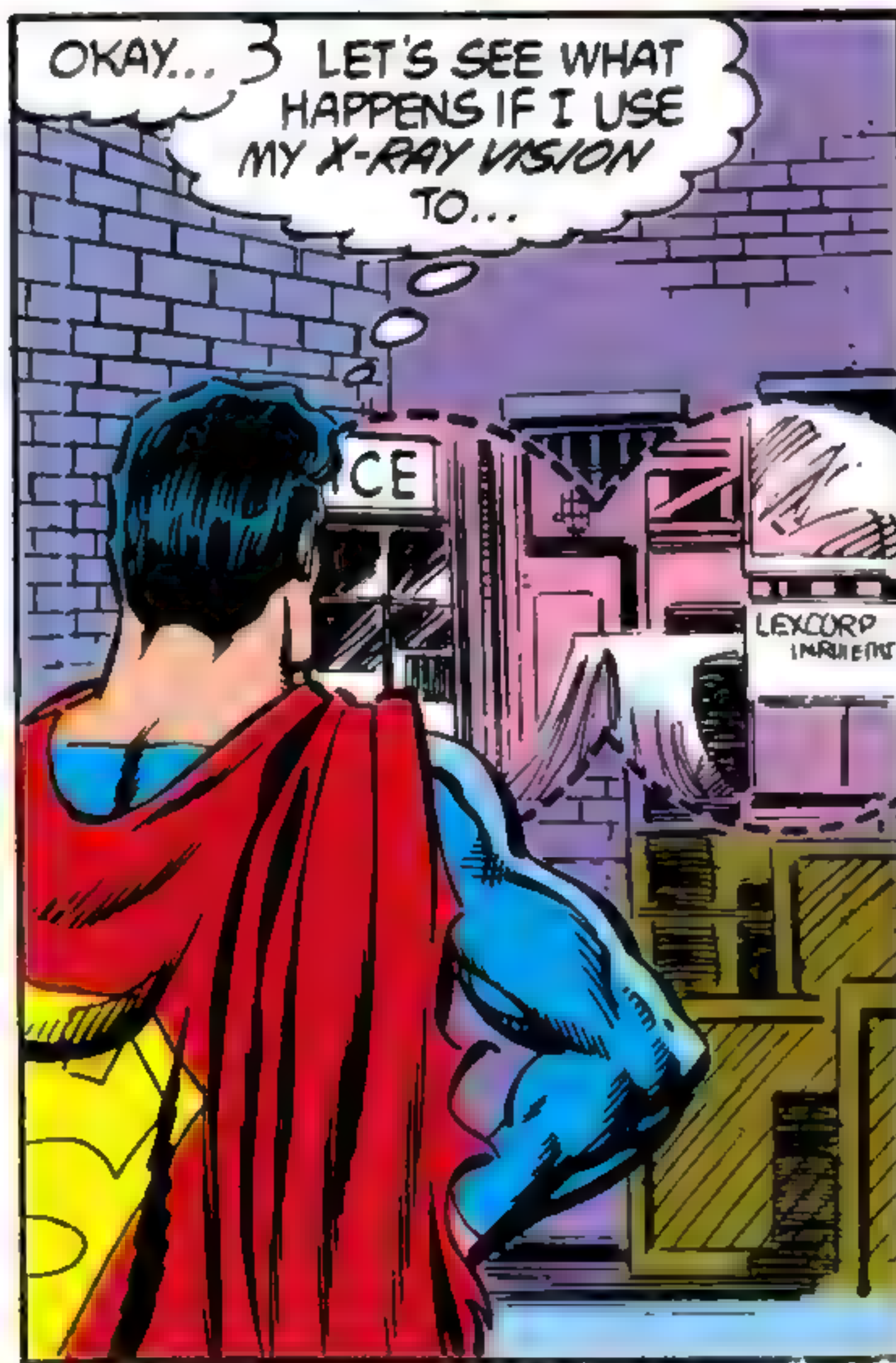
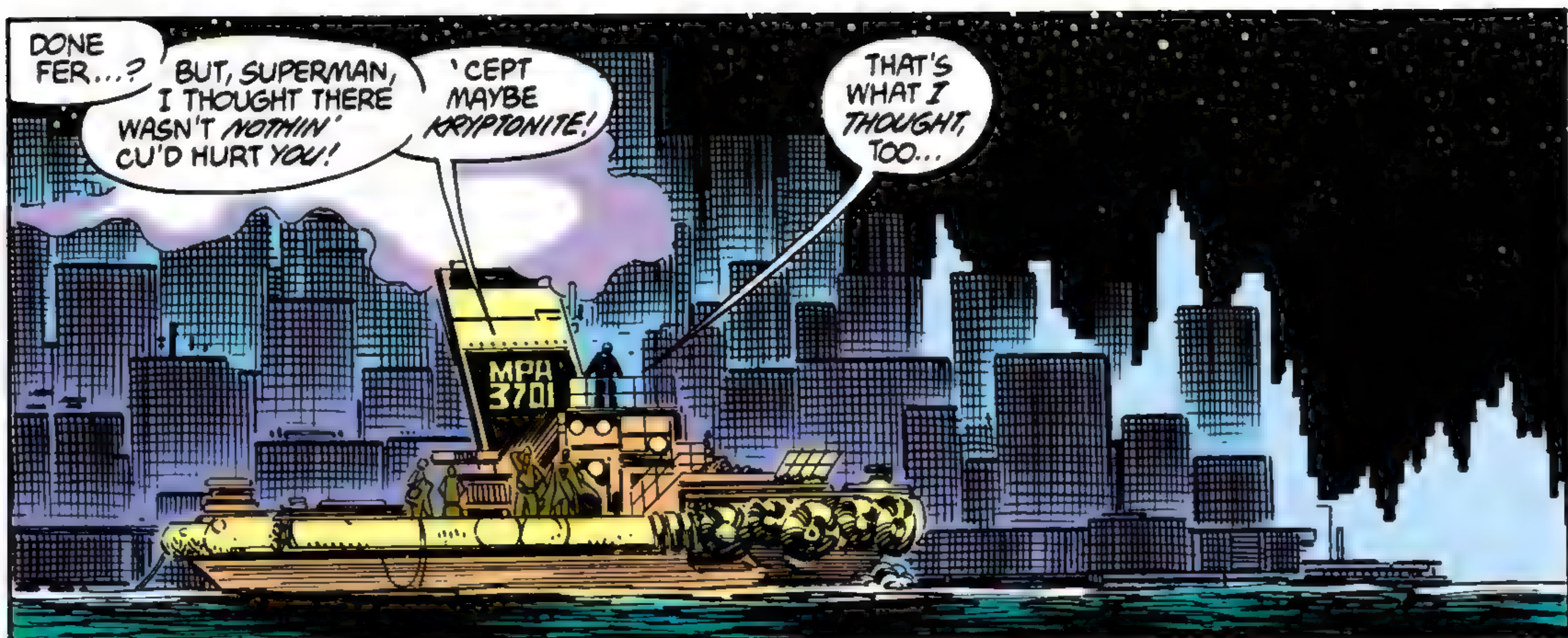


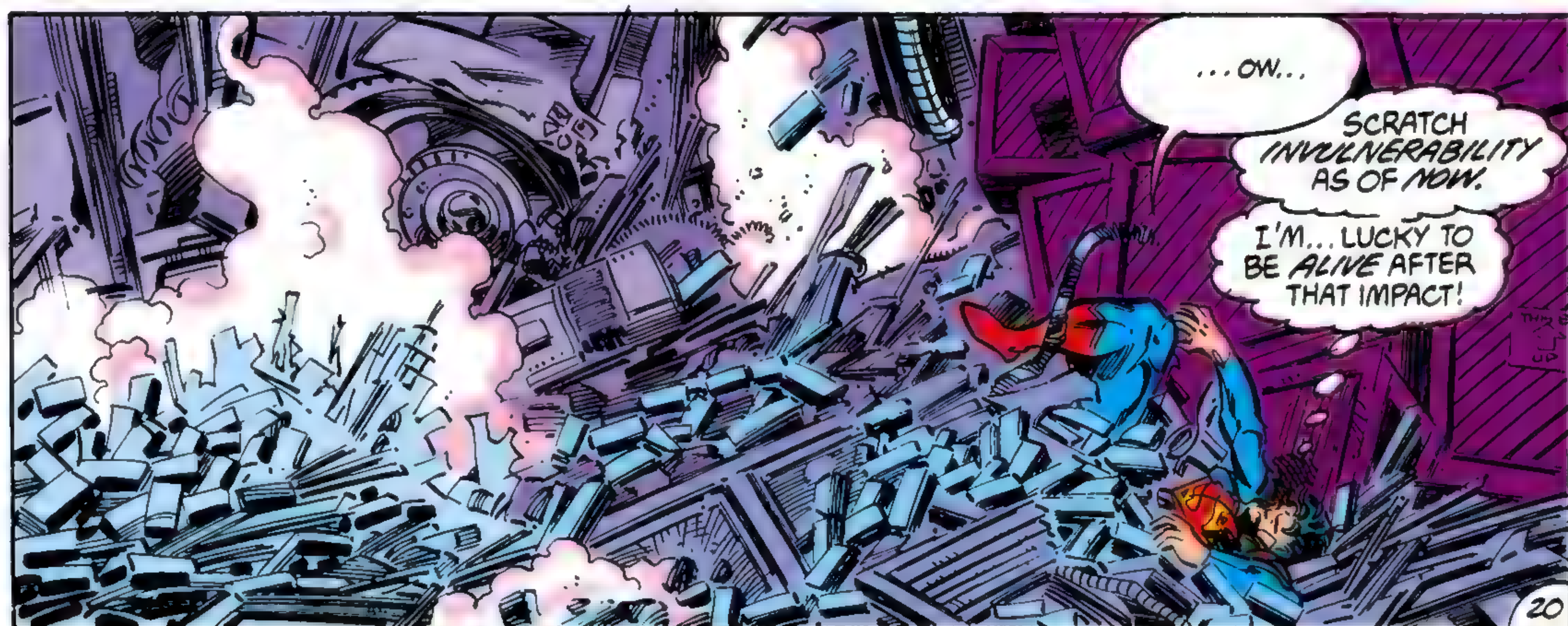
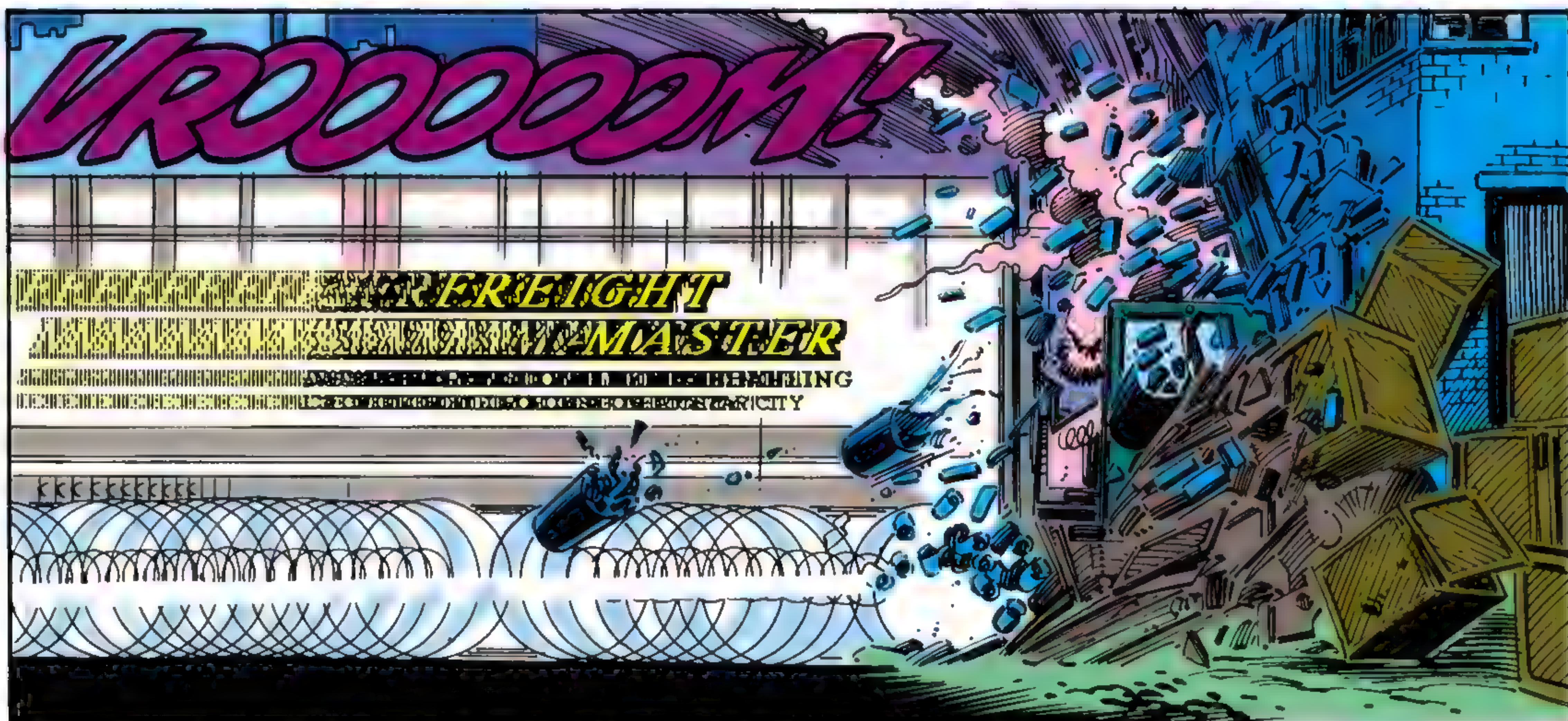
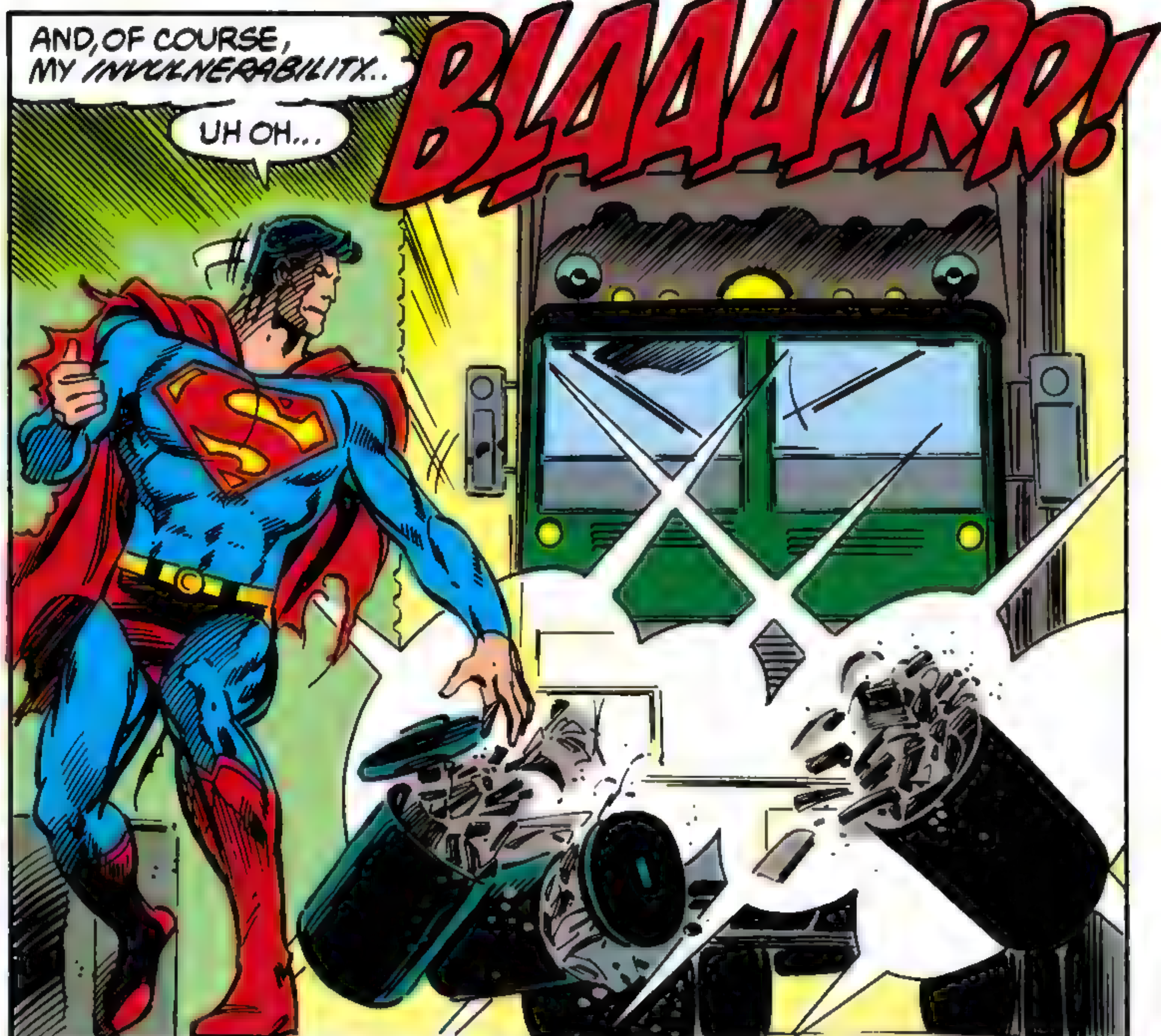


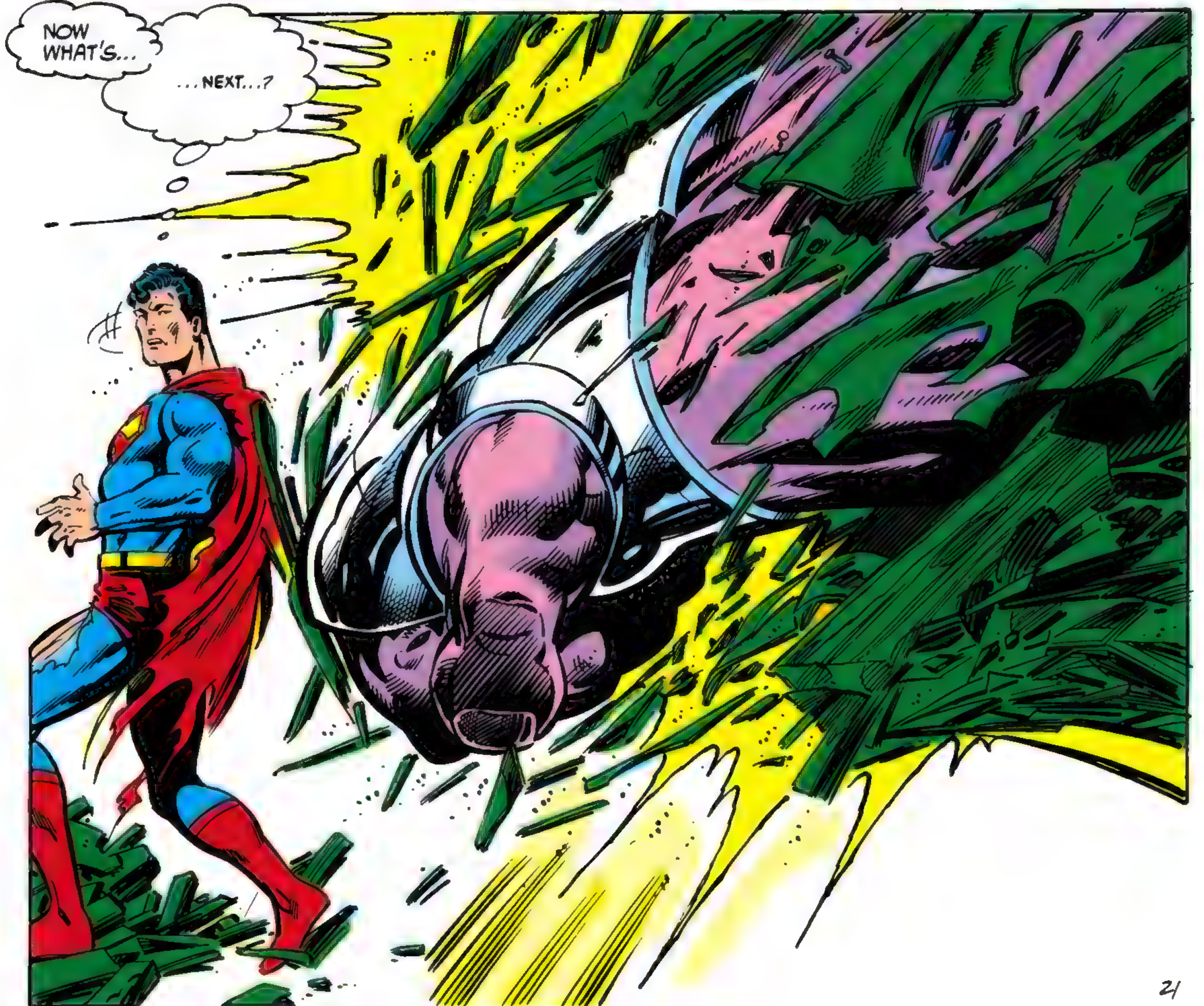
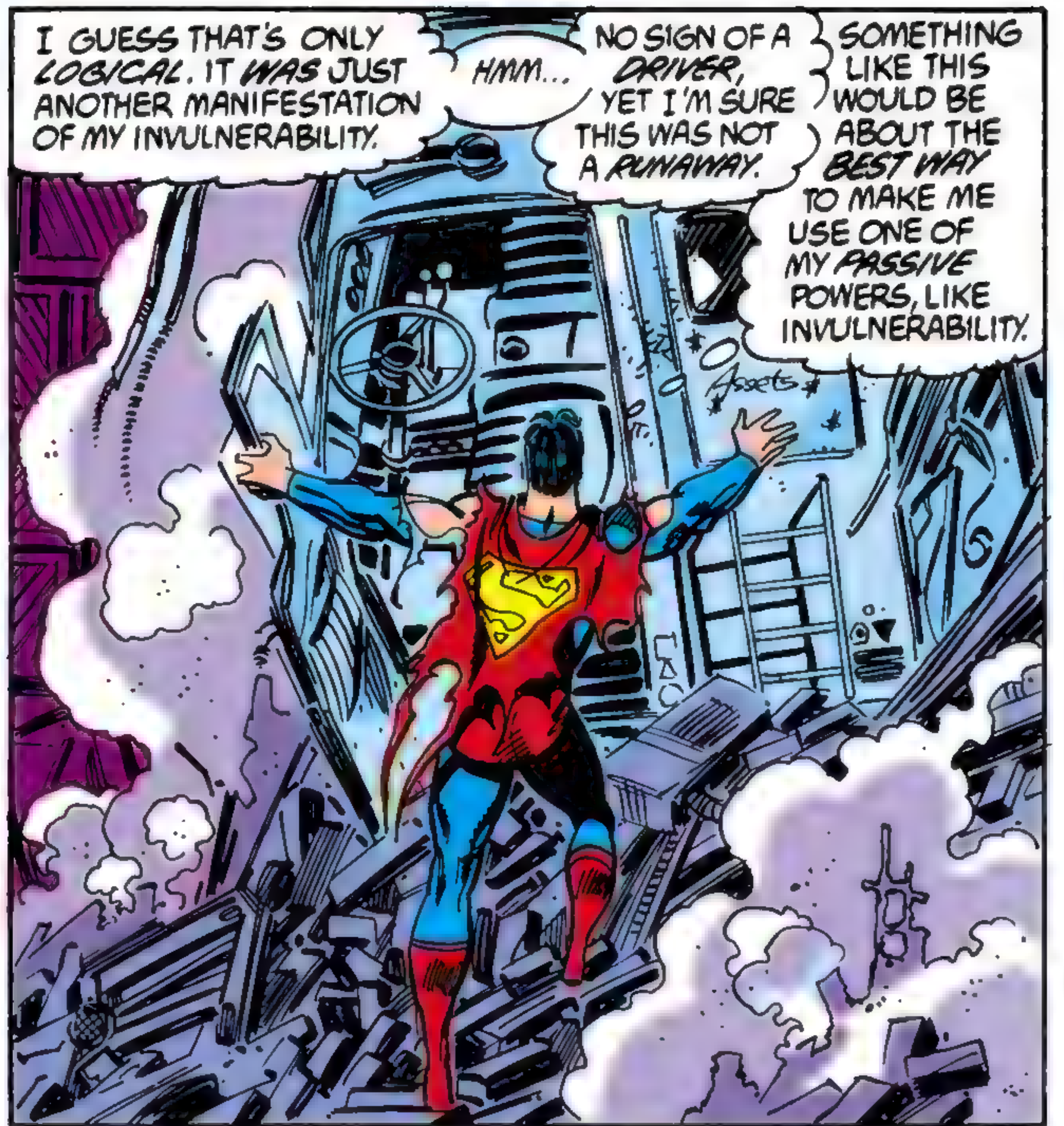
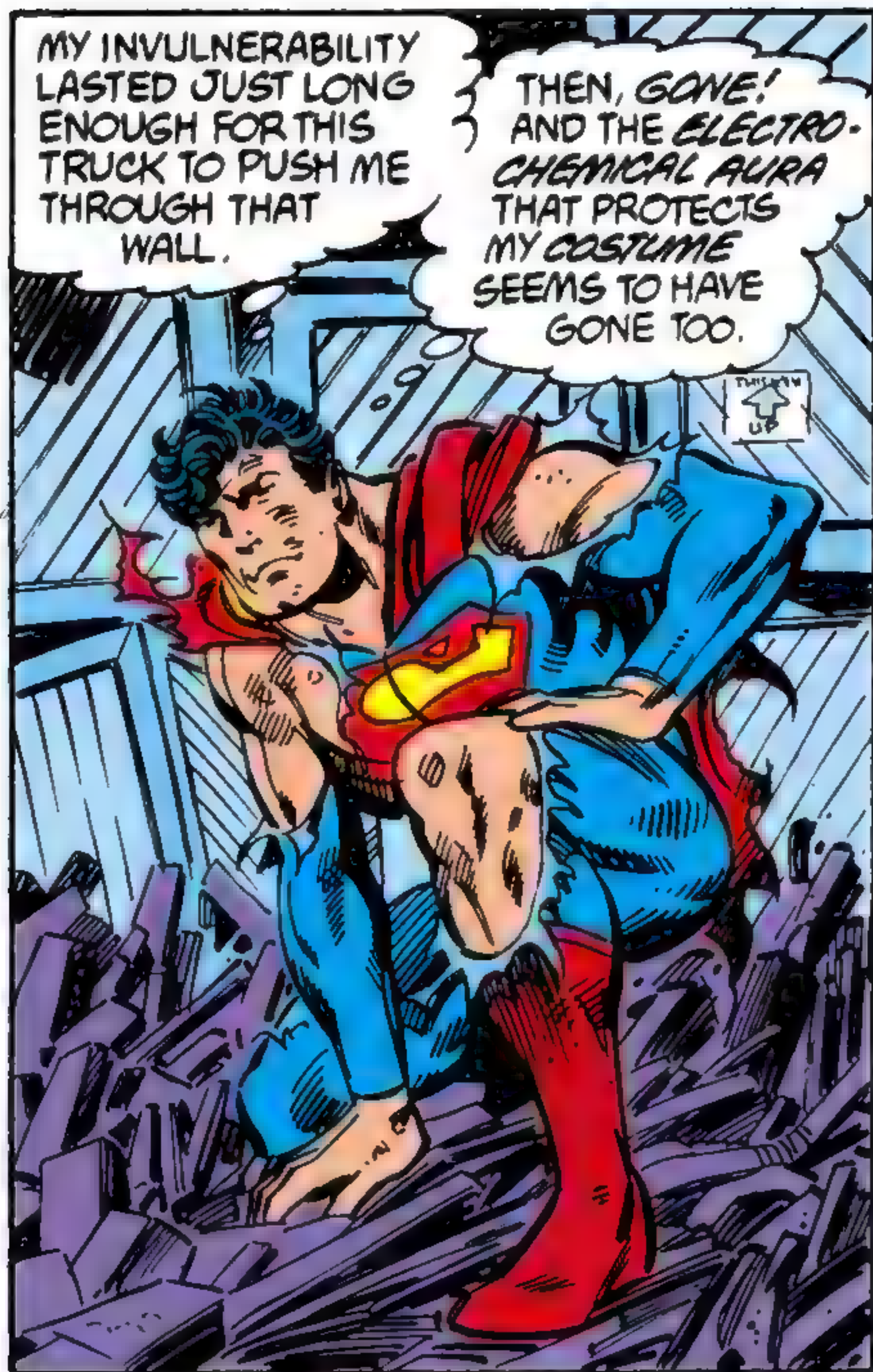














YOU ARE
FINISHED
NOW,
SUPERMAN!

PSI-PHON
HAS DRAINED AWAY
YOUR POWERS AND
TRANSFERRED THEM
TO ME...

YOU CANNOT SURVIVE
AGAINST THE POWER OF
DREADNAUGHT!

THE ADVENTURES OF
SUPERMAN
#442

**POWER
PLAY**
IN ONE WEEK!!

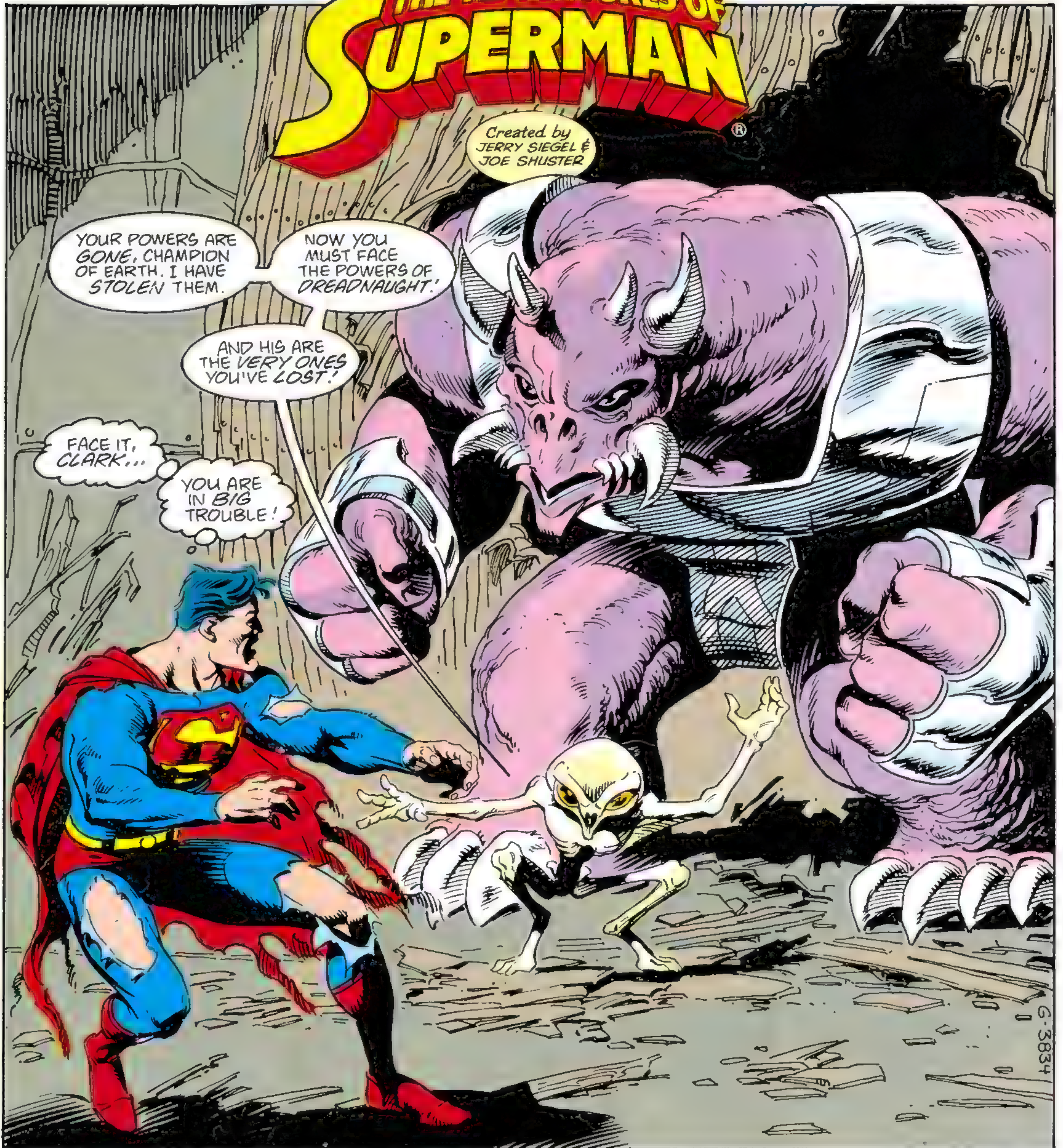
POWER PLAY

JOHN JERRY
BYRNE • ORDWAY
SCRIPTING/PENCILLING
CO-PLOTTING
ANDY KUBERT
INKING

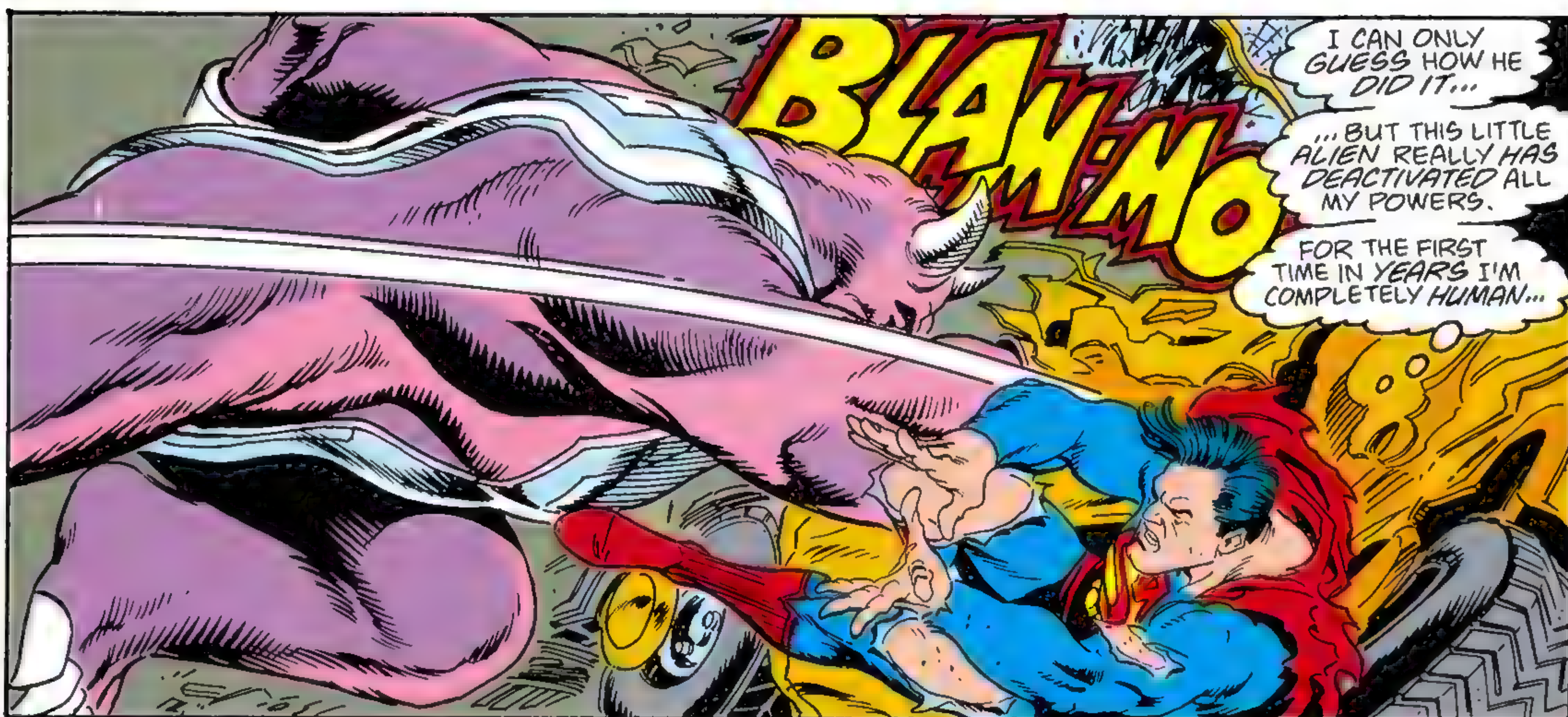
ALBERT ANTHONY
DE GUZMAN • TOLLIN
LETTERING COLORIST
RENÉE WITTERSTAETTER
ASSISTANT EDITING
MIKE CARLIN
EDITING

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER



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I CAN ONLY GUESS HOW HE DID IT...

... BUT THIS LITTLE ALIEN REALLY HAS DEACTIVATED ALL MY POWERS.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS I'M COMPLETELY HUMAN...



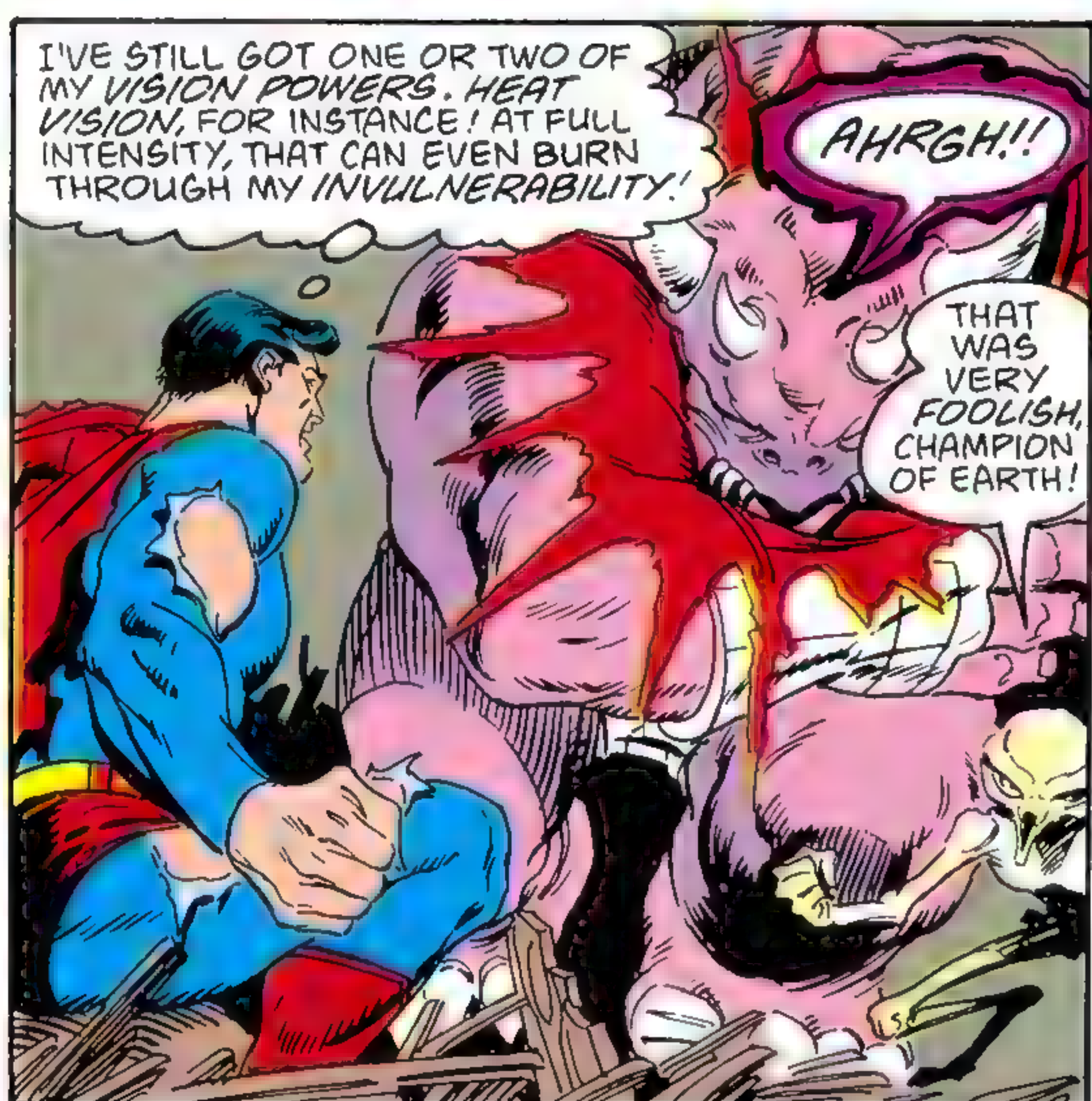
COMPLETELY VULNERABLE...

SO THIS IS THE MIGHTY SUPERMAN, CHAMPION OF THE EARTH!



I AM NOT IMPRESSED!

!UNGH!!



I'VE STILL GOT ONE OR TWO OF MY VISION POWERS. HEAT VISION, FOR INSTANCE! AT FULL INTENSITY, THAT CAN EVEN BURN THROUGH MY INVULNERABILITY!

AHRGH!!

THAT WAS VERY FOOLISH, CHAMPION OF EARTH!



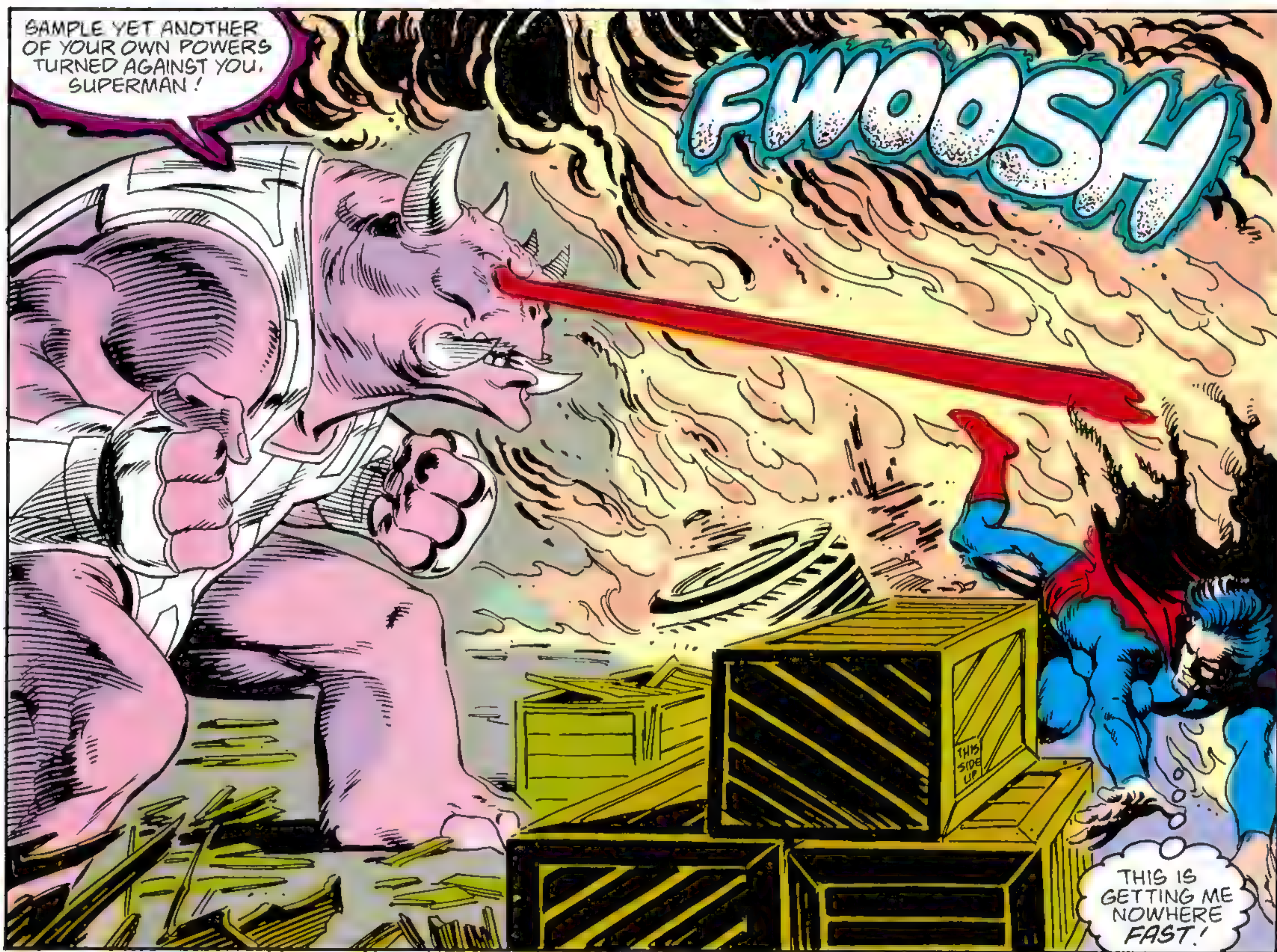
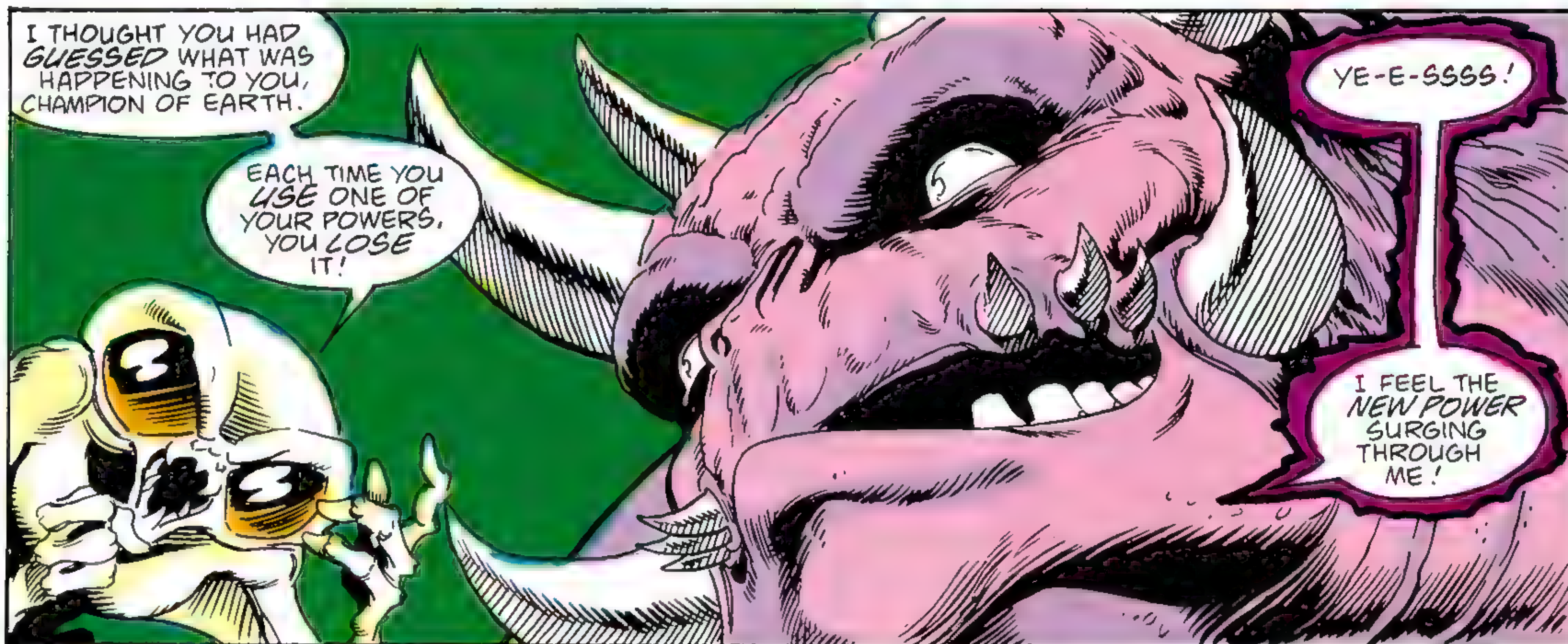
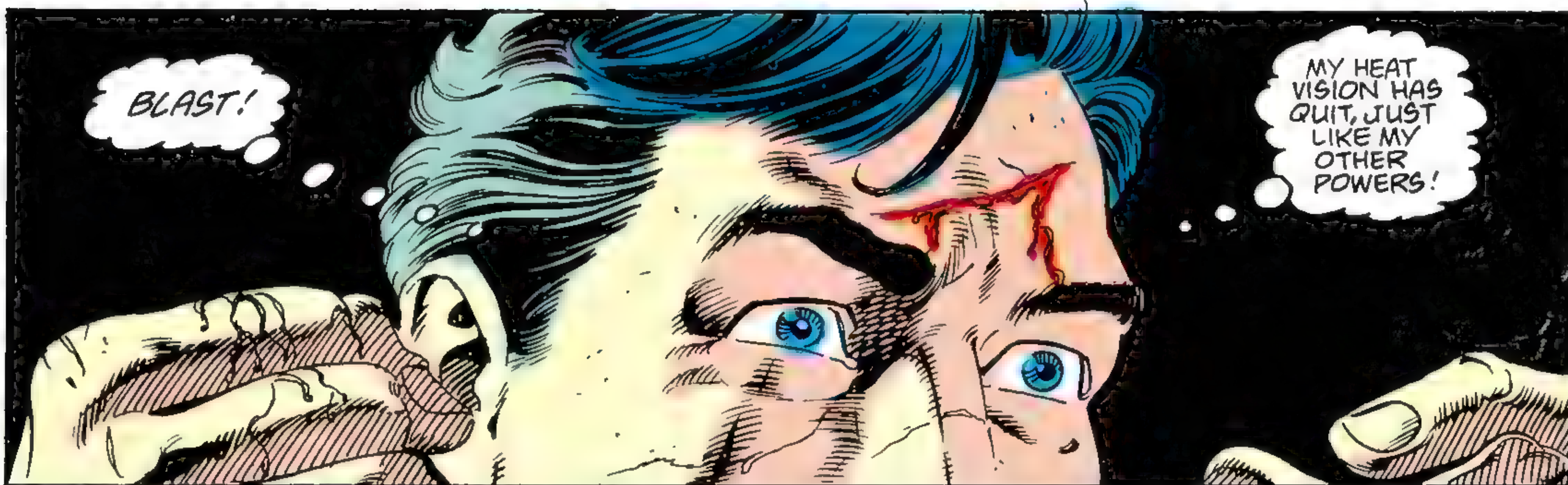
I'M... BLEEDING!

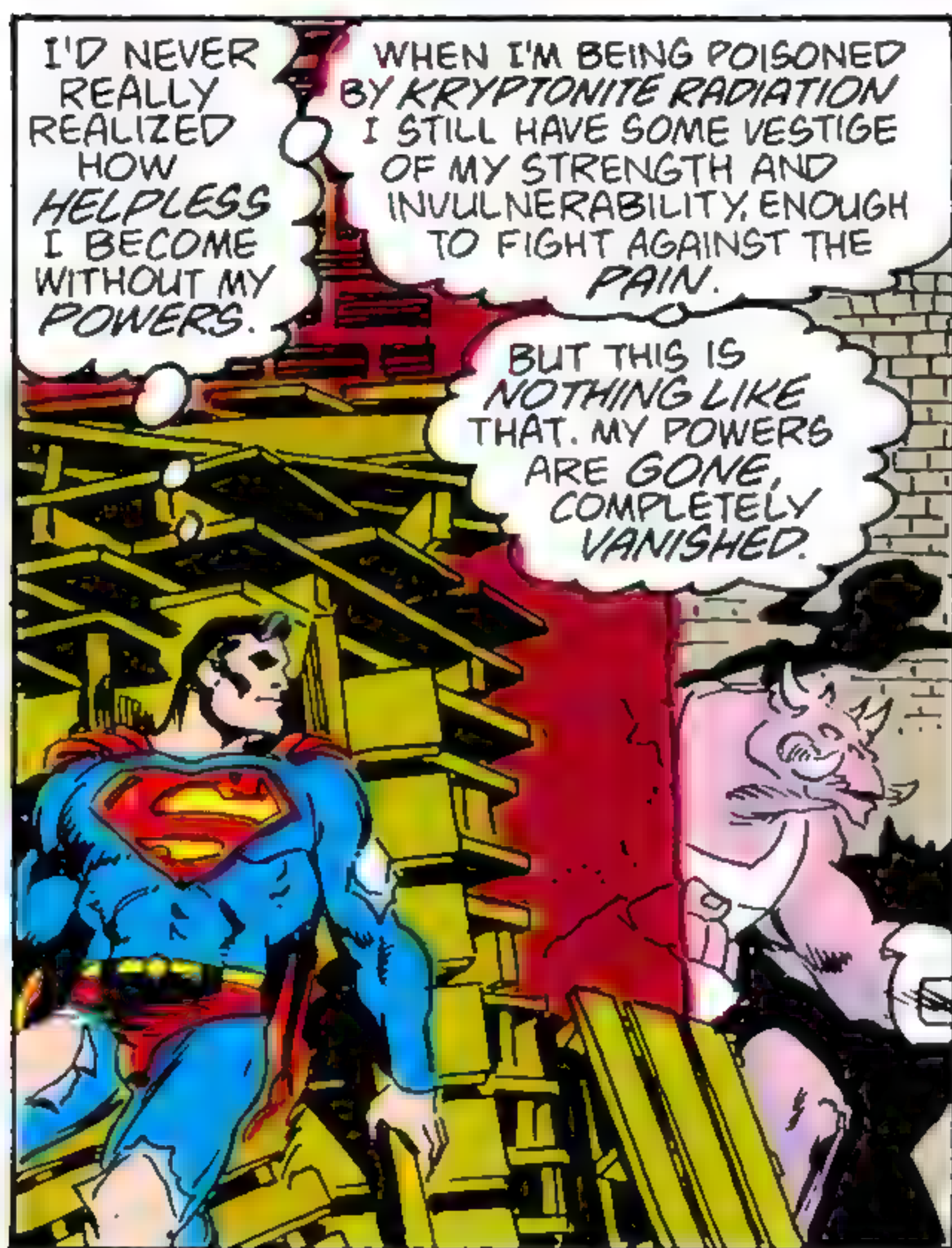
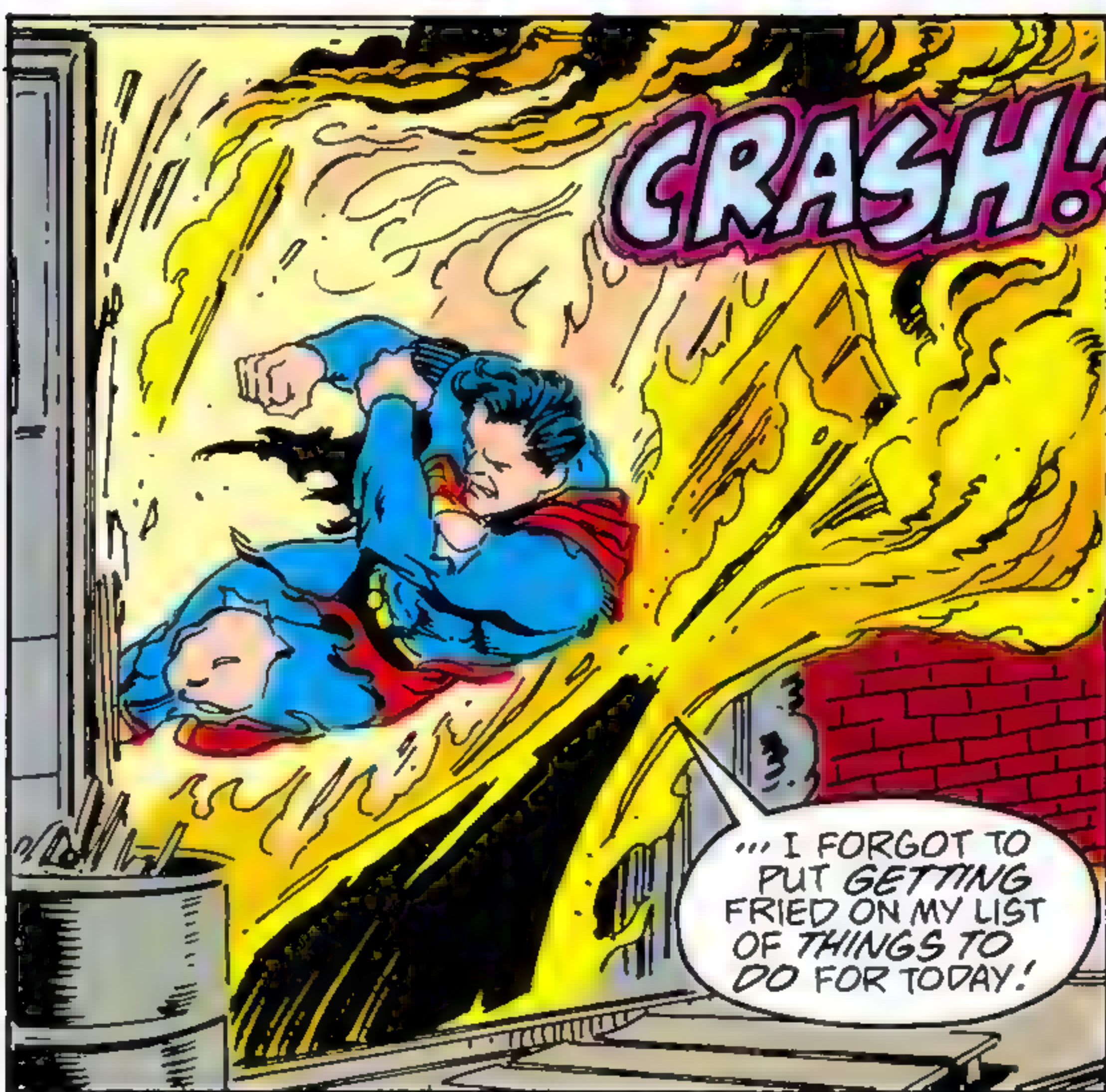
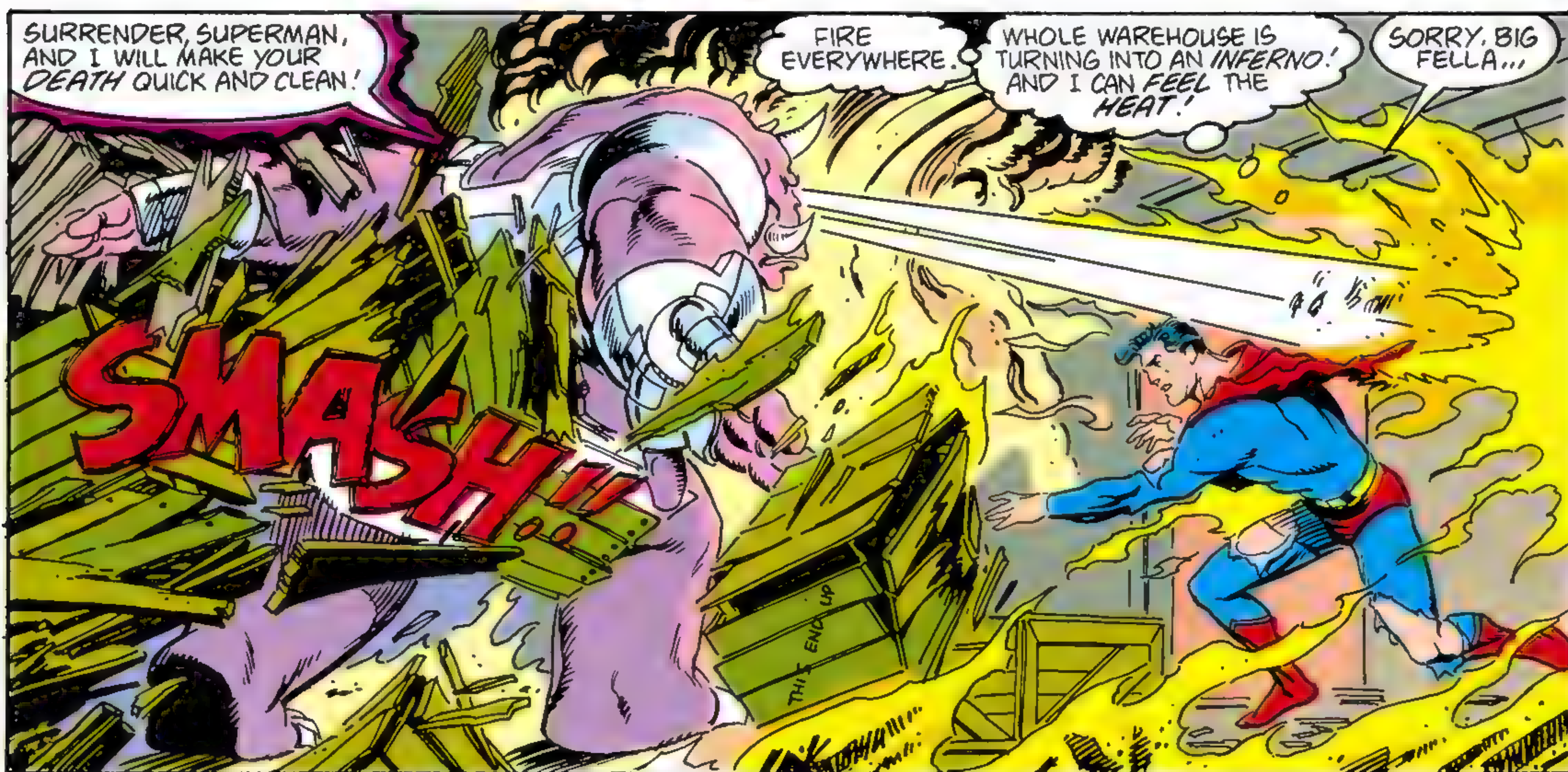
THIS BIG BRUISER IS GONNA KILL ME WITHOUT EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT...

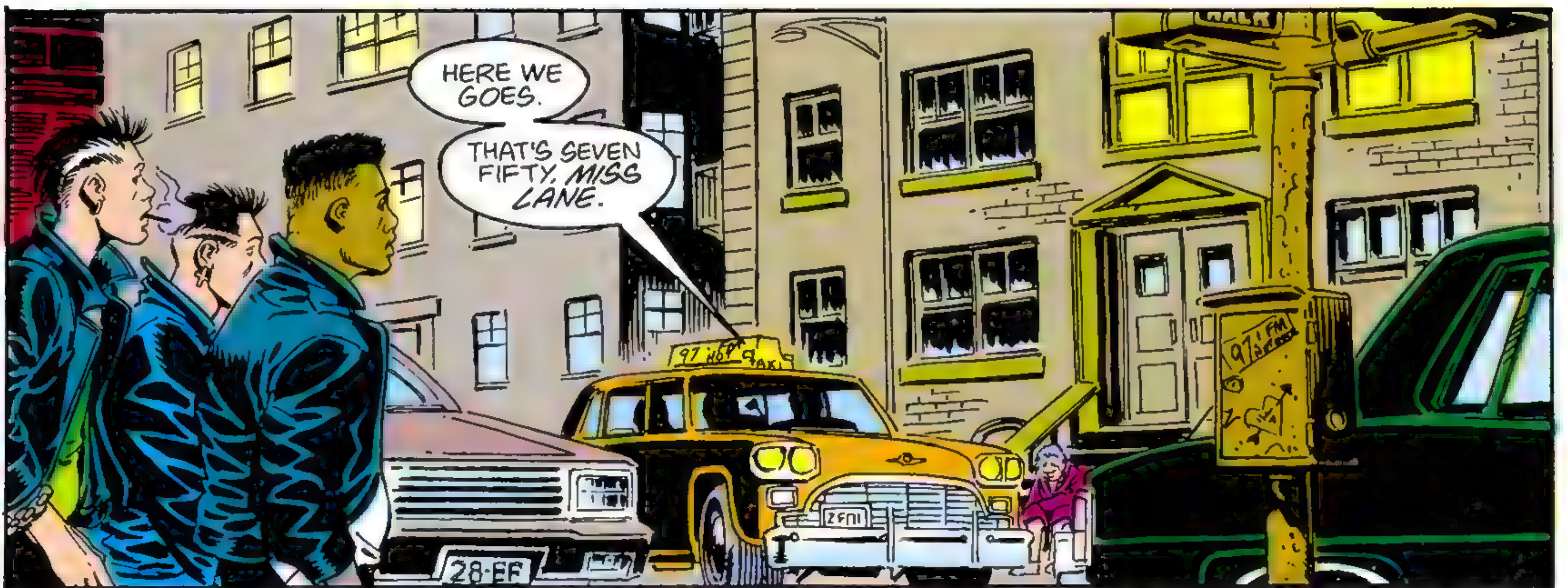
AND WITH MY OWN POWERS!

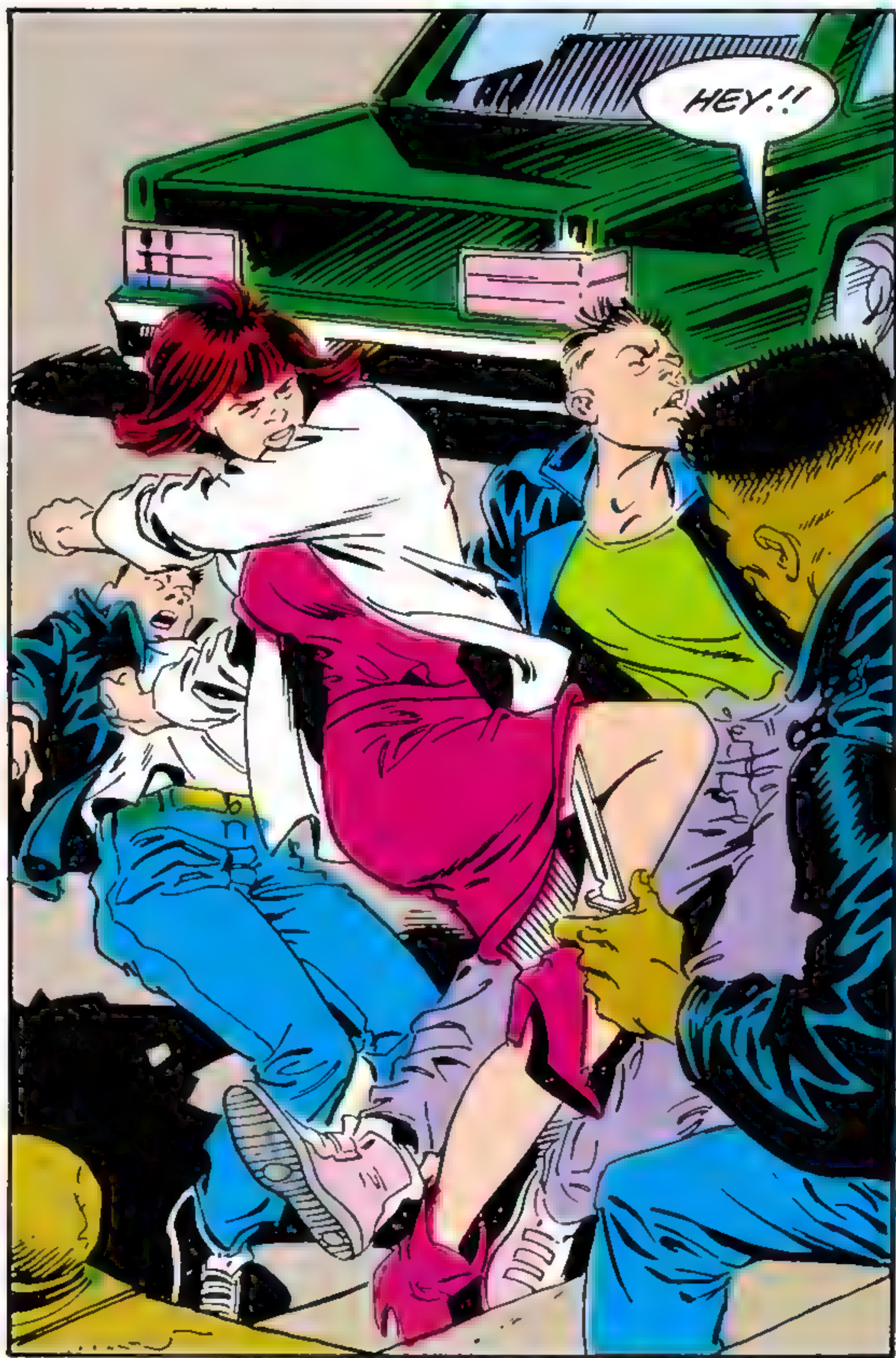


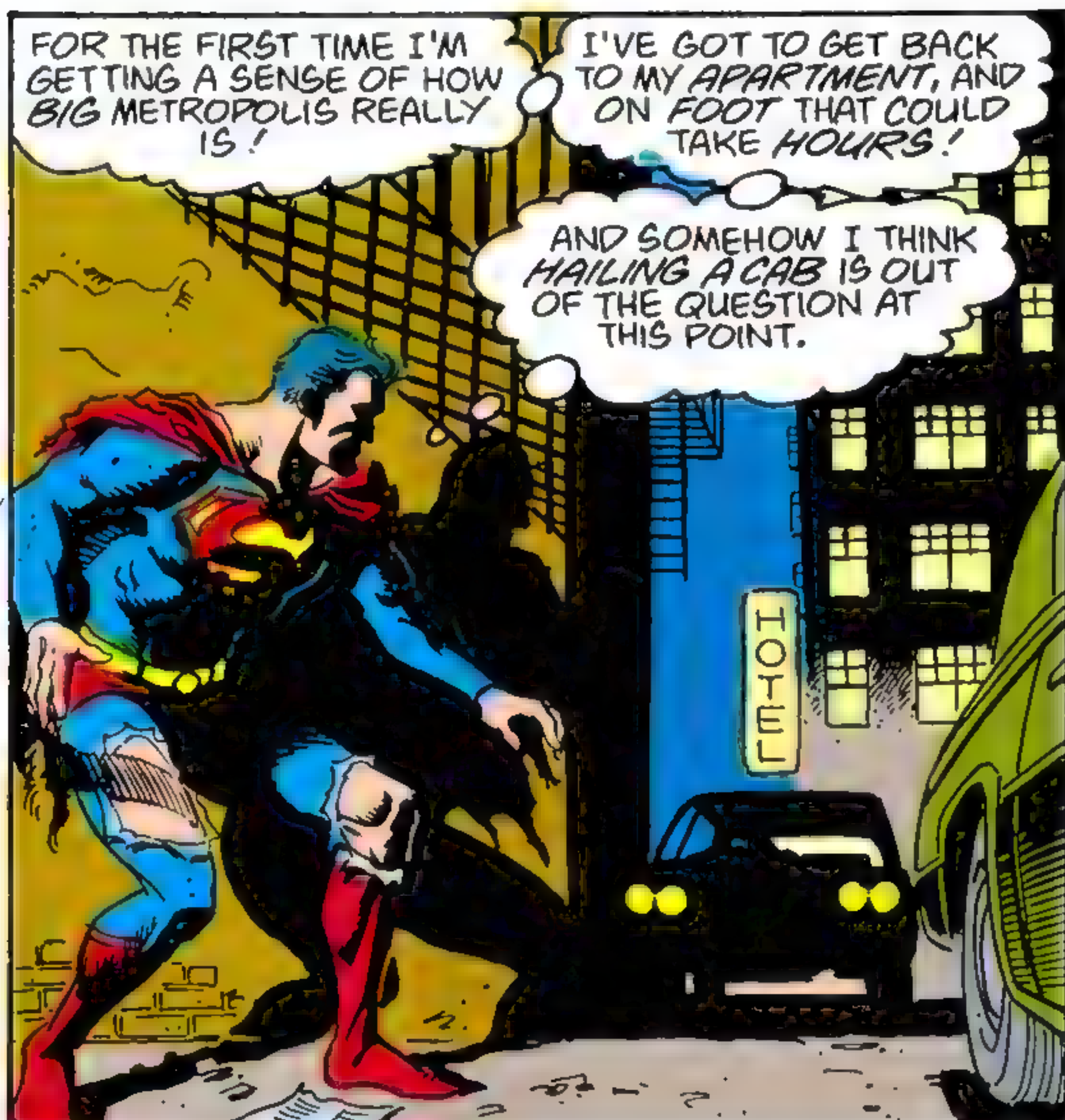
BUT NOT ALL OF THEM!!







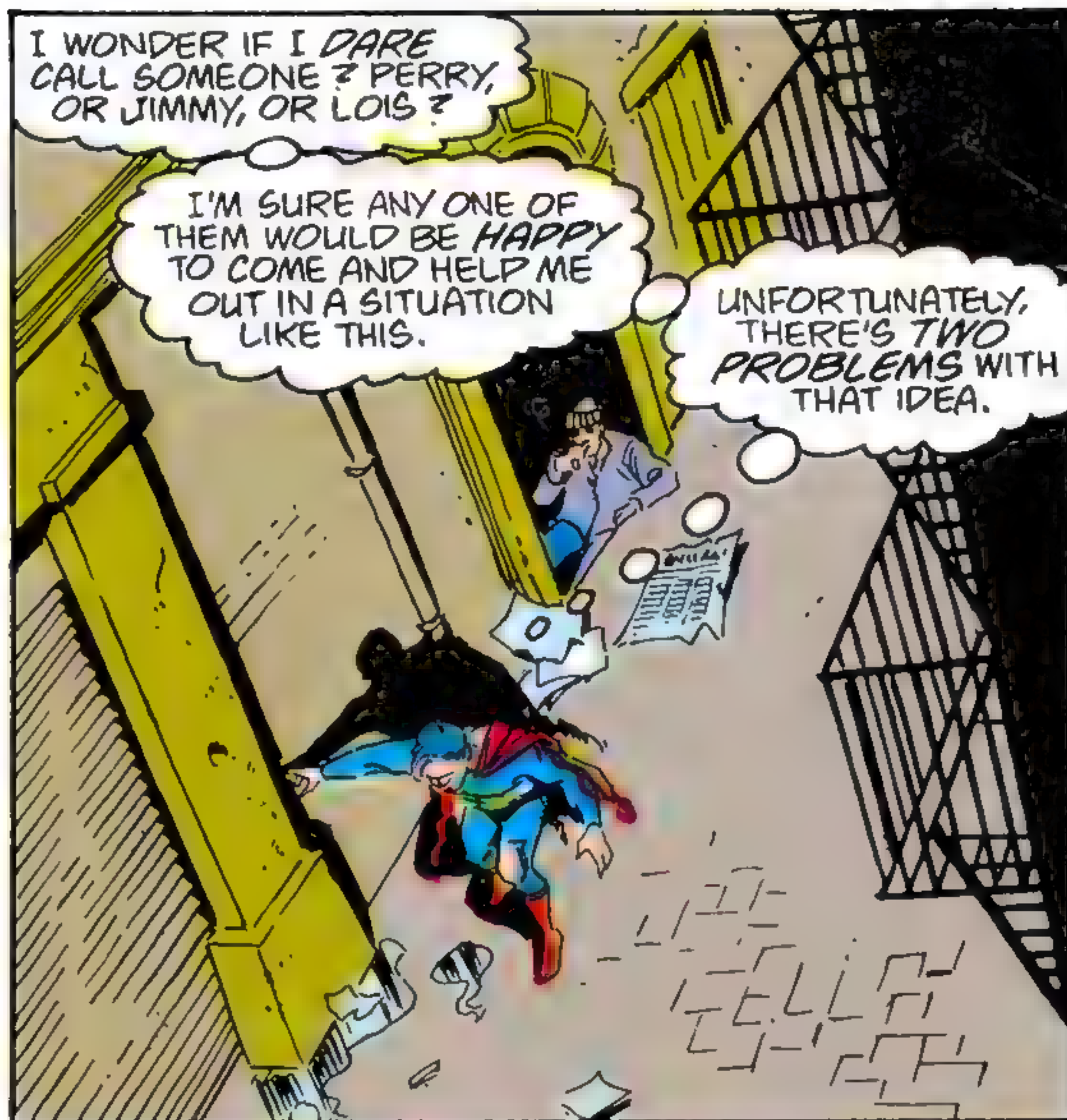




FOR THE FIRST TIME I'M GETTING A SENSE OF HOW BIG METROPOLIS REALLY IS!

I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY APARTMENT, AND ON FOOT THAT COULD TAKE HOURS!

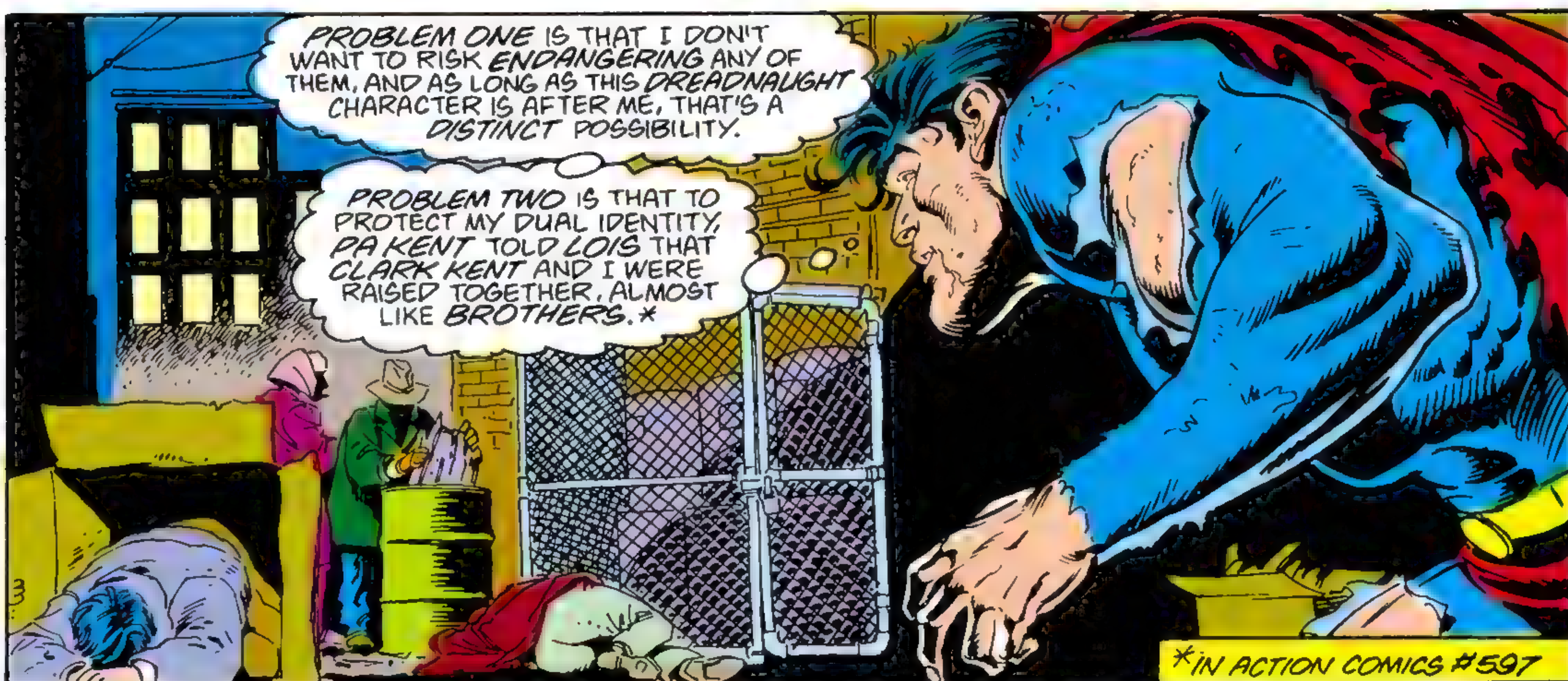
AND SOMEHOW I THINK HAILING A CAB IS OUT OF THE QUESTION AT THIS POINT.



I WONDER IF I DARE CALL SOMEONE? PERRY, OR JIMMY, OR LOIS?

I'M SURE ANY ONE OF THEM WOULD BE HAPPY TO COME AND HELP ME OUT IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS.

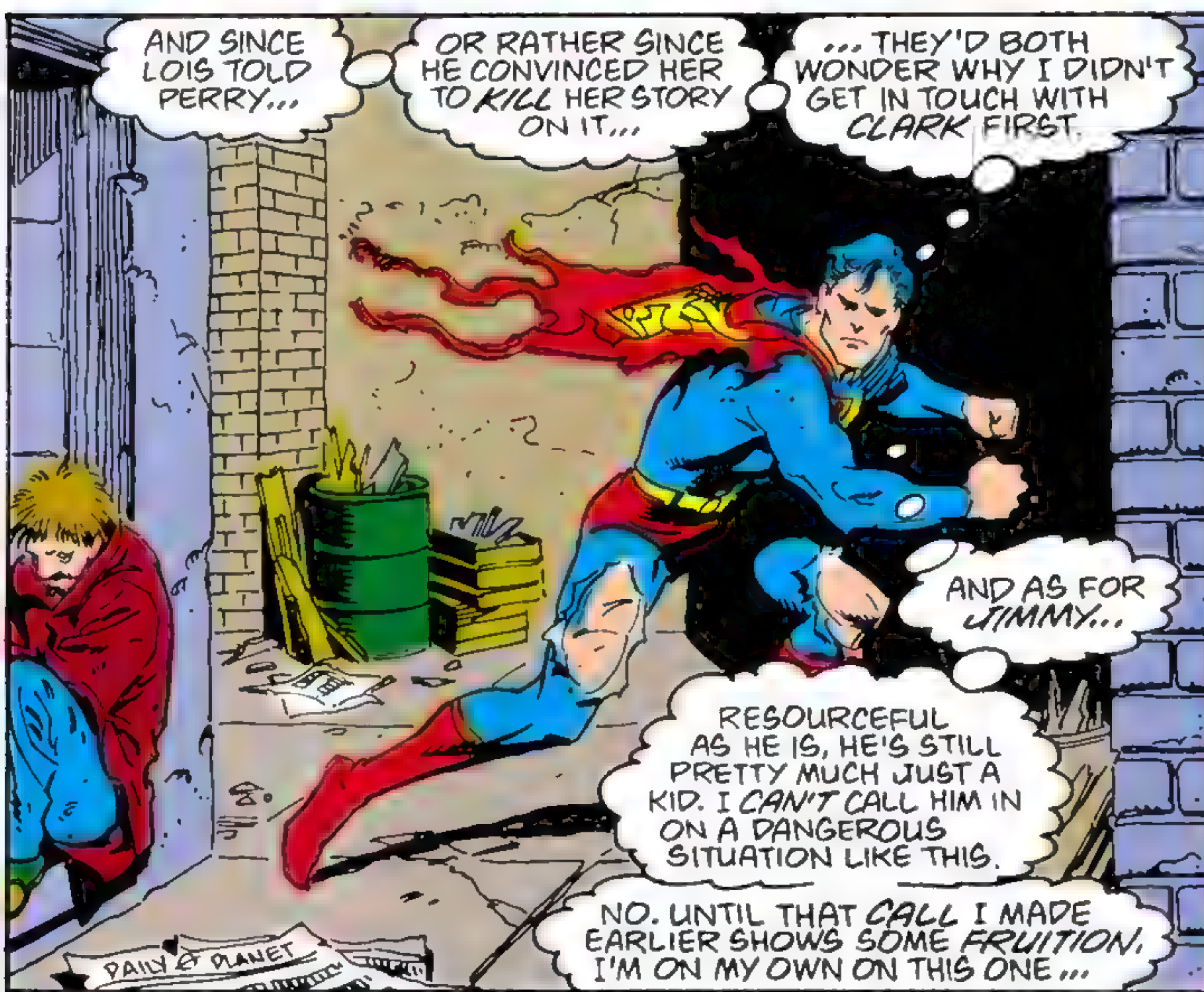
UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S TWO PROBLEMS WITH THAT IDEA.



PROBLEM ONE IS THAT I DON'T WANT TO RISK ENDANGERING ANY OF THEM, AND AS LONG AS THIS DREADNAUGHT CHARACTER IS AFTER ME, THAT'S A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY.

PROBLEM TWO IS THAT TO PROTECT MY DUAL IDENTITY, PA KENT TOLD LOIS THAT CLARK KENT AND I WERE RAISED TOGETHER, ALMOST LIKE BROTHERS.*

*IN ACTION COMICS #597



AND SINCE LOIS TOLD PERRY...

OR RATHER SINCE HE CONVINCED HER TO KILL HER STORY ON IT...

... THEY'D BOTH WONDER WHY I DIDN'T GET IN TOUCH WITH CLARK FIRST.

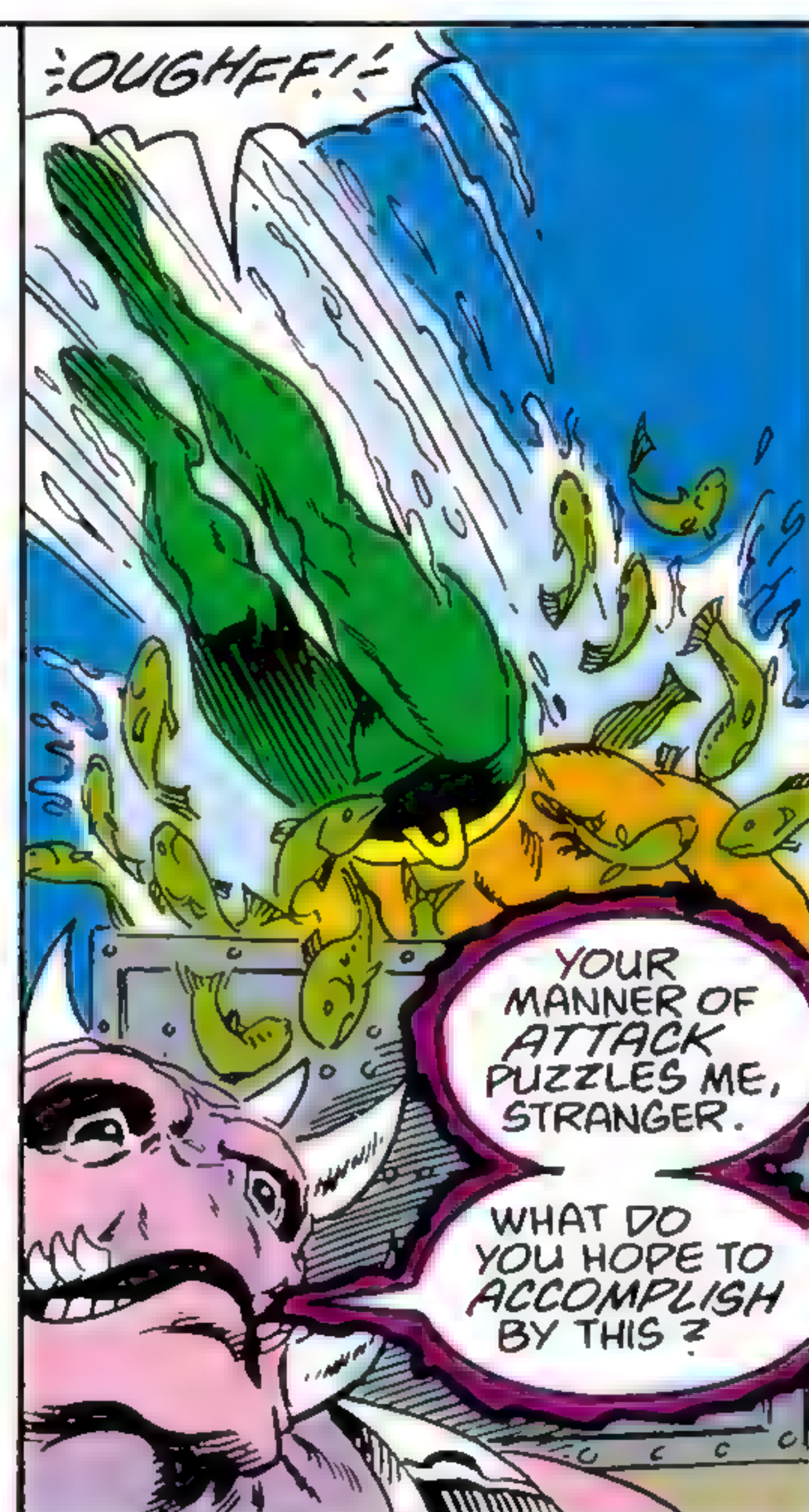
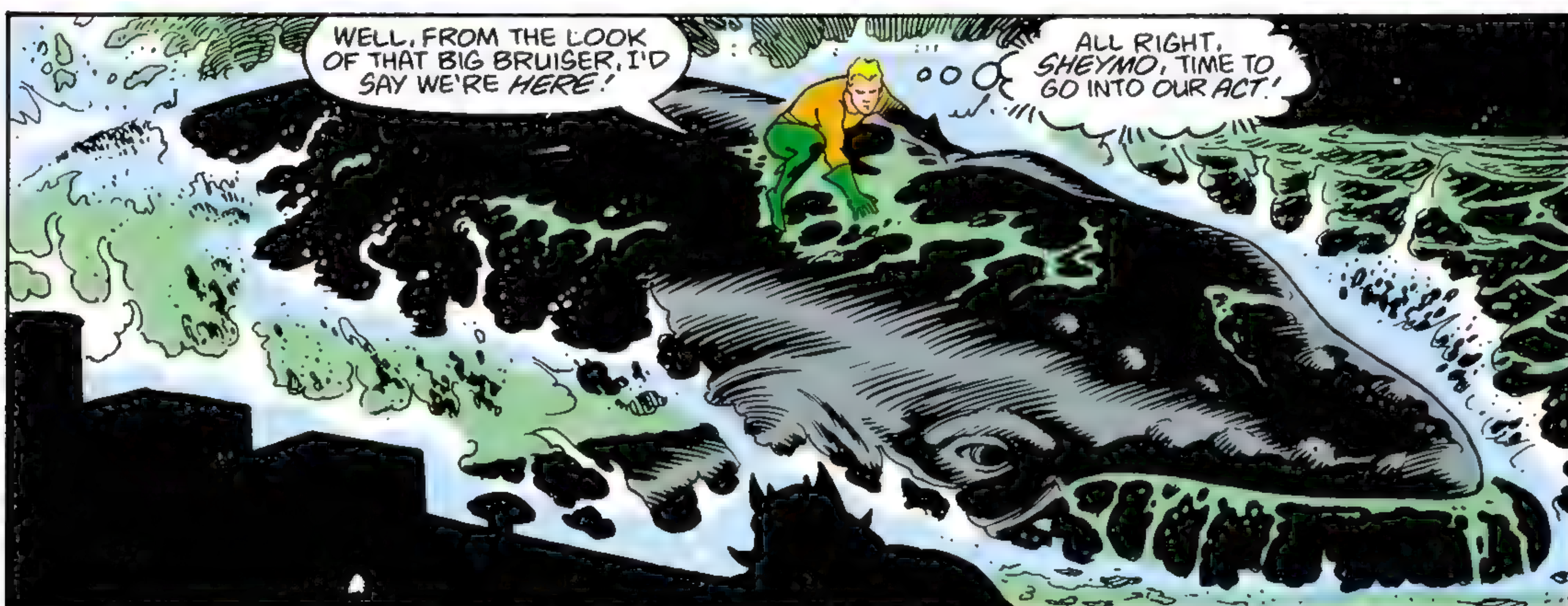
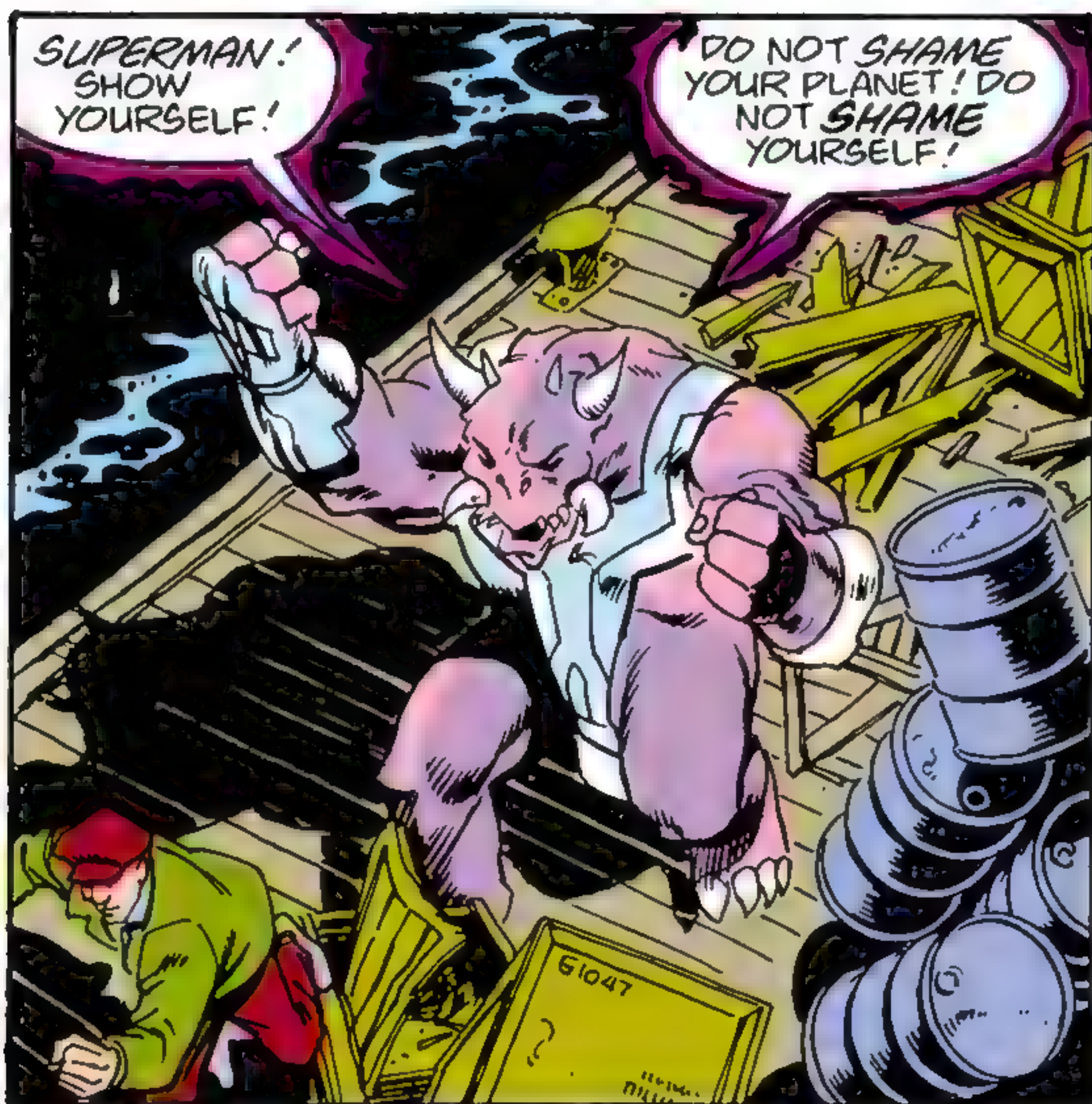
AND AS FOR JIMMY...

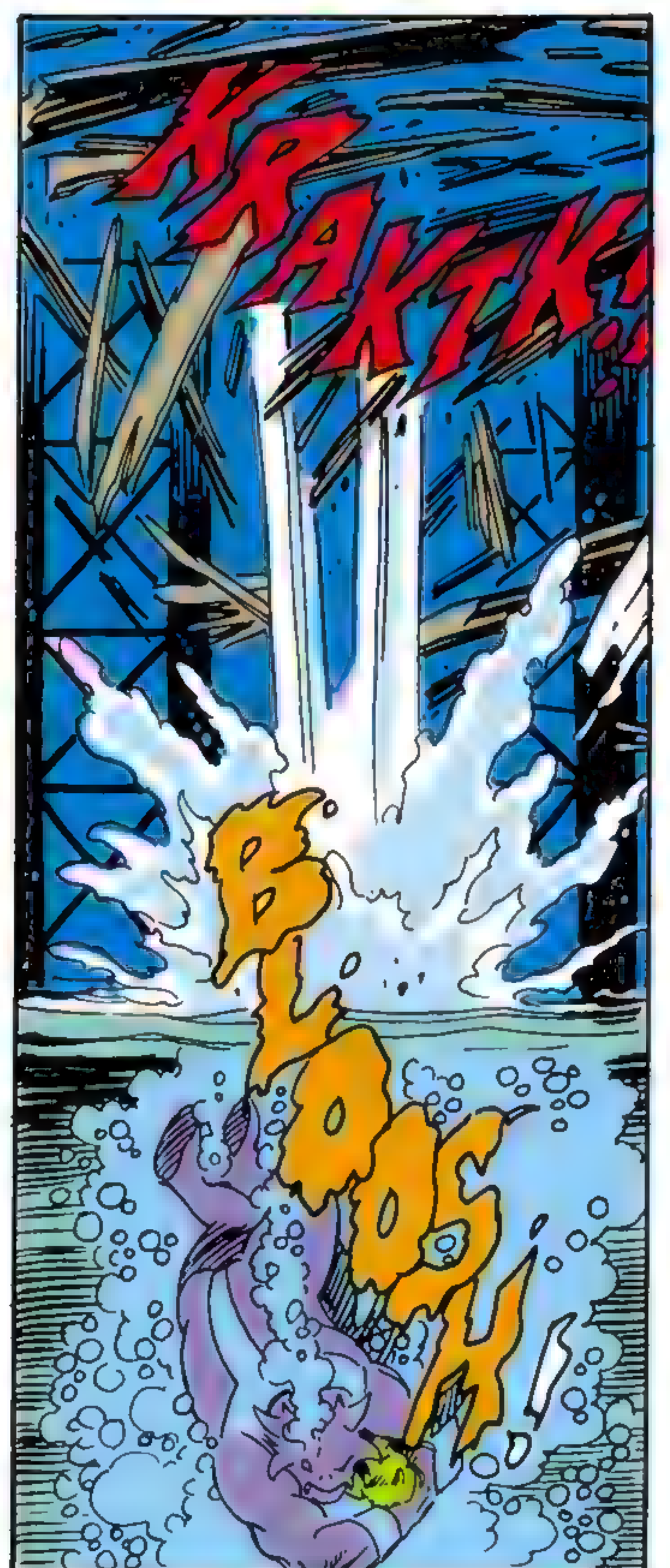
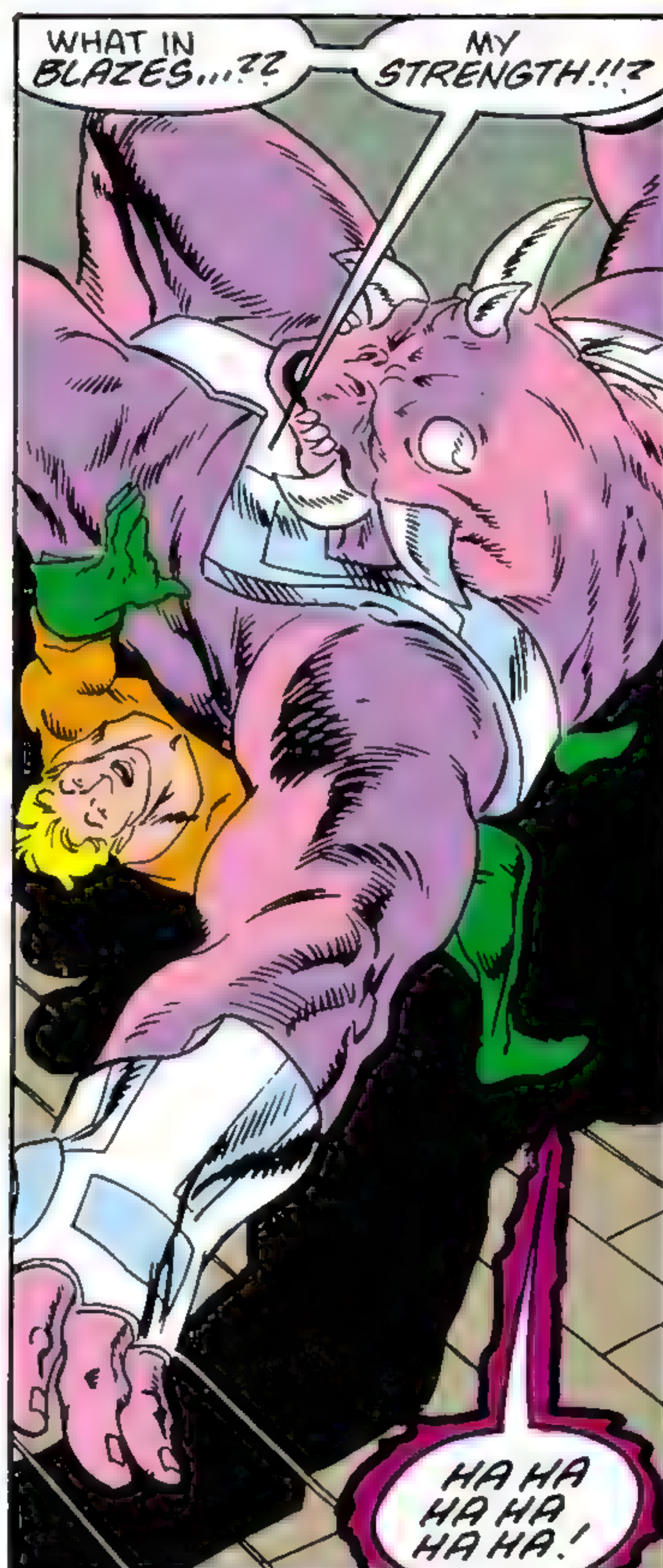
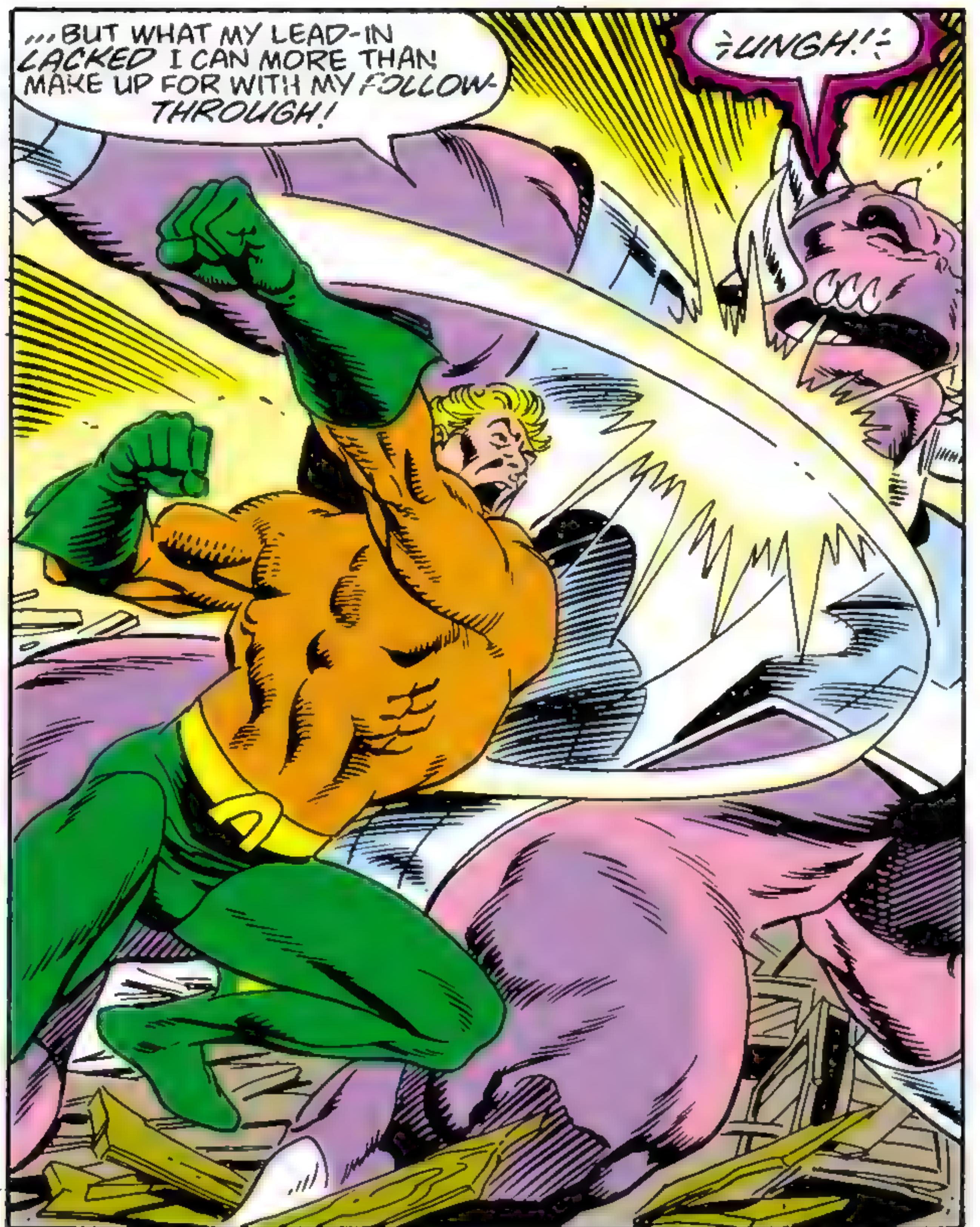
RESOURCEFUL AS HE IS, HE'S STILL PRETTY MUCH JUST A KID. I CAN'T CALL HIM IN ON A DANGEROUS SITUATION LIKE THIS.

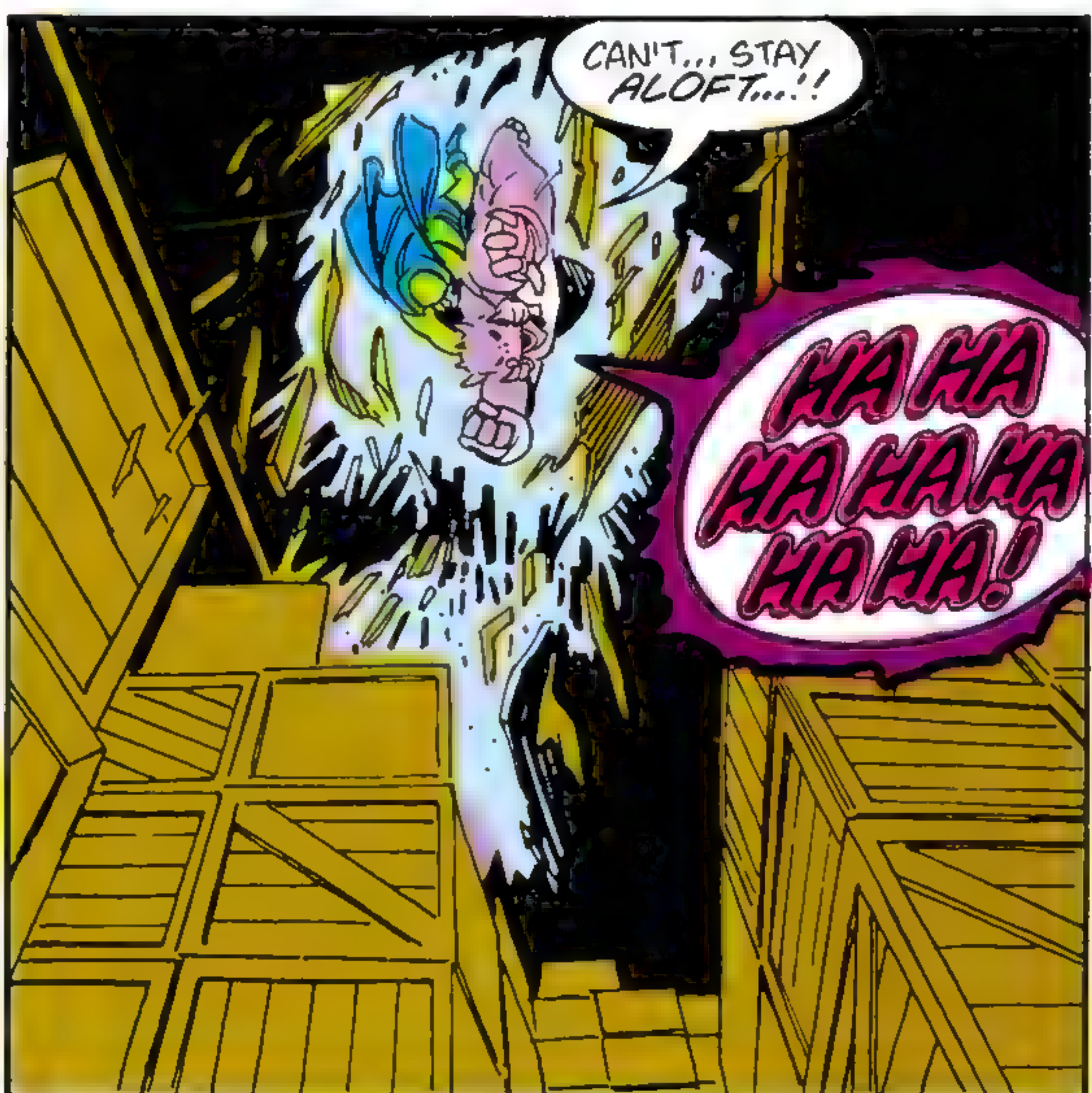
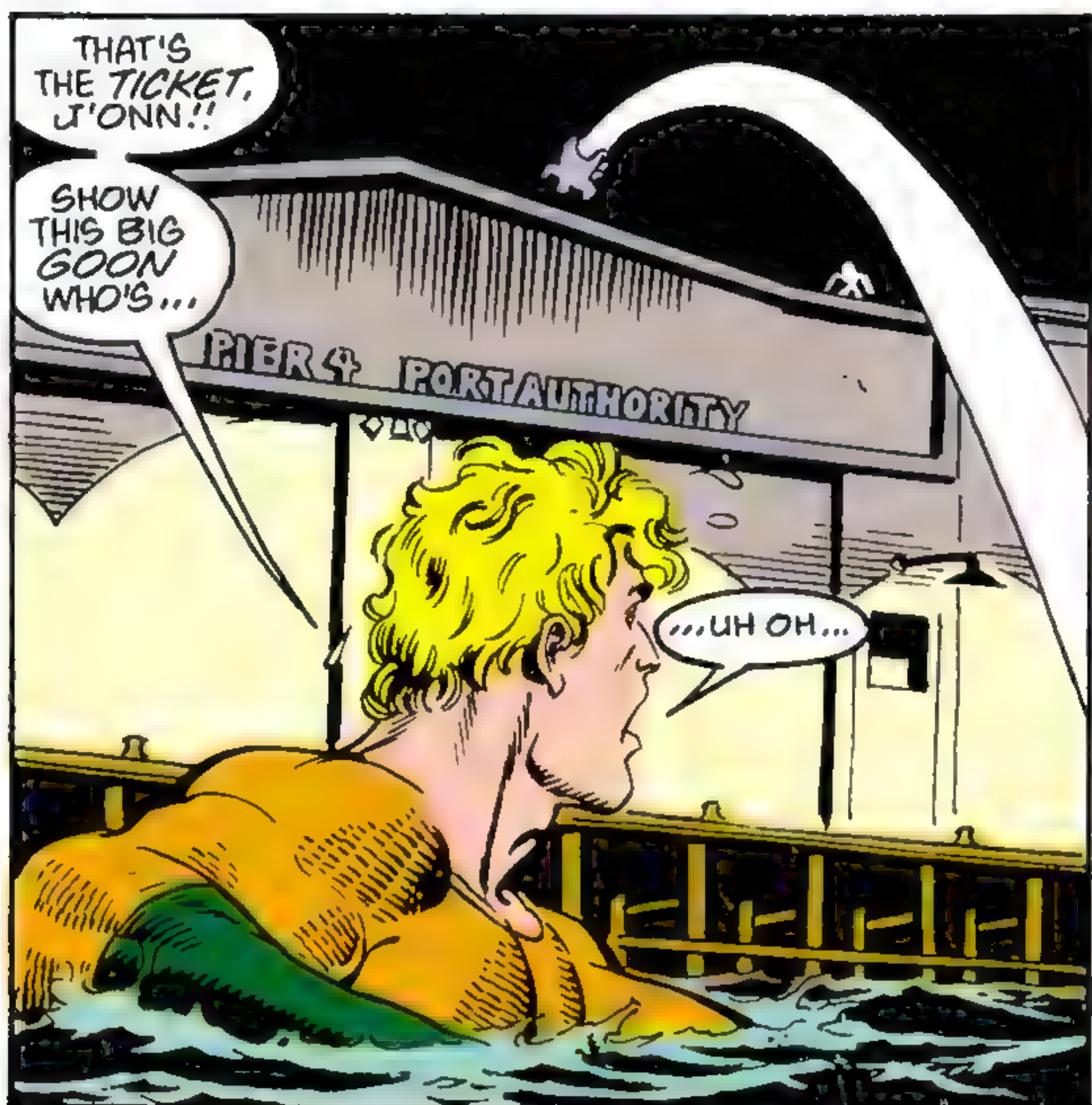
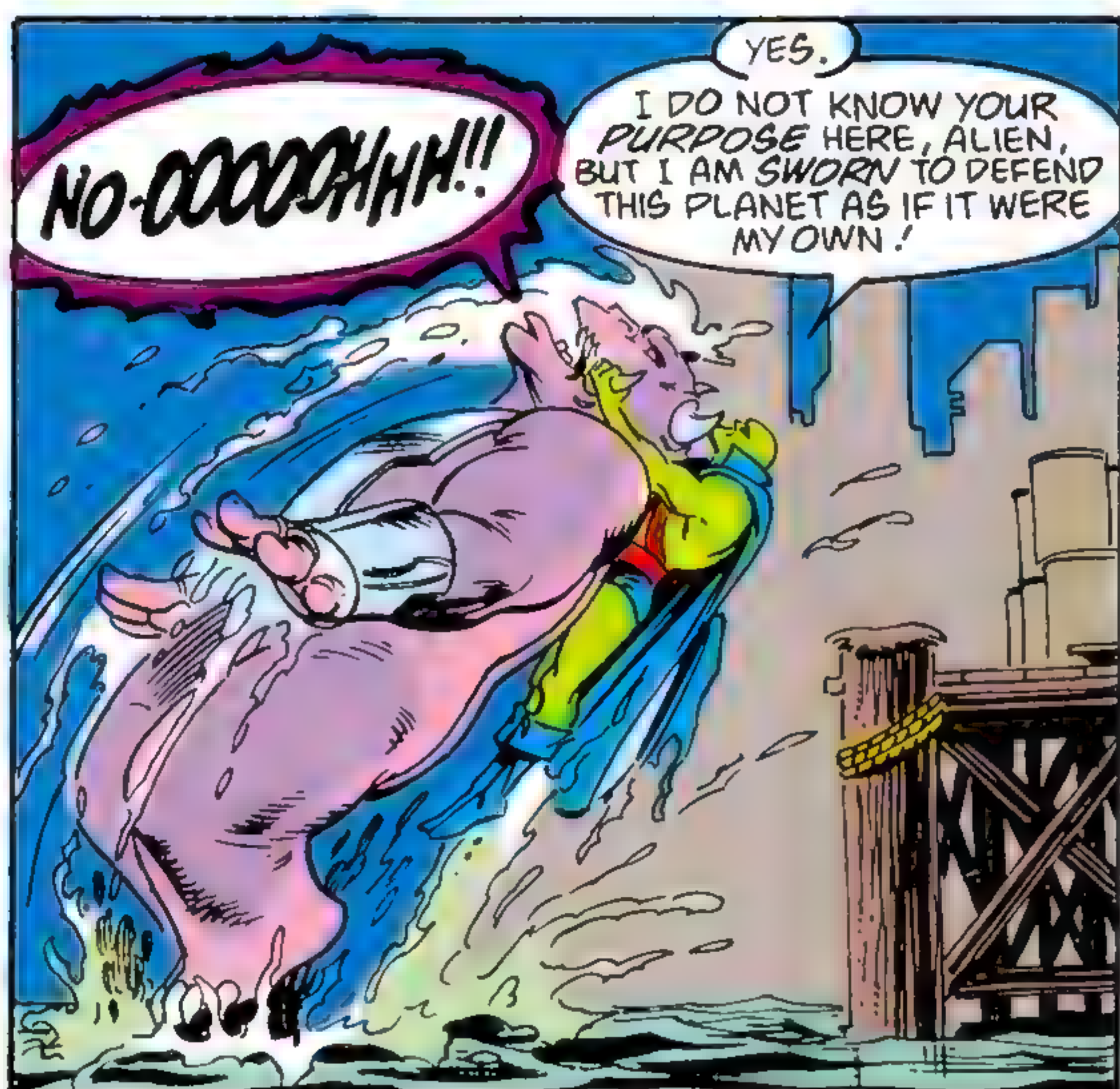
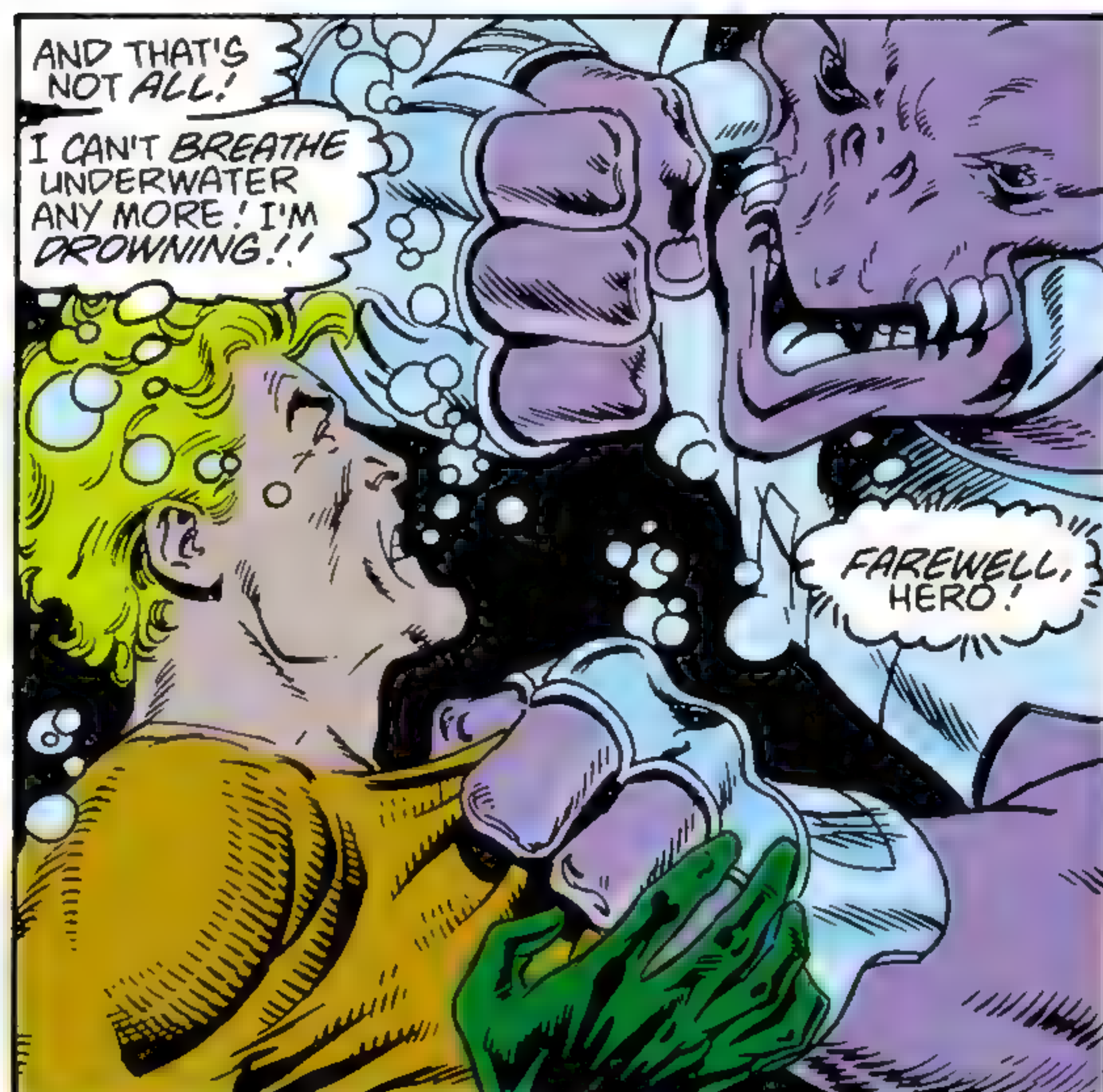
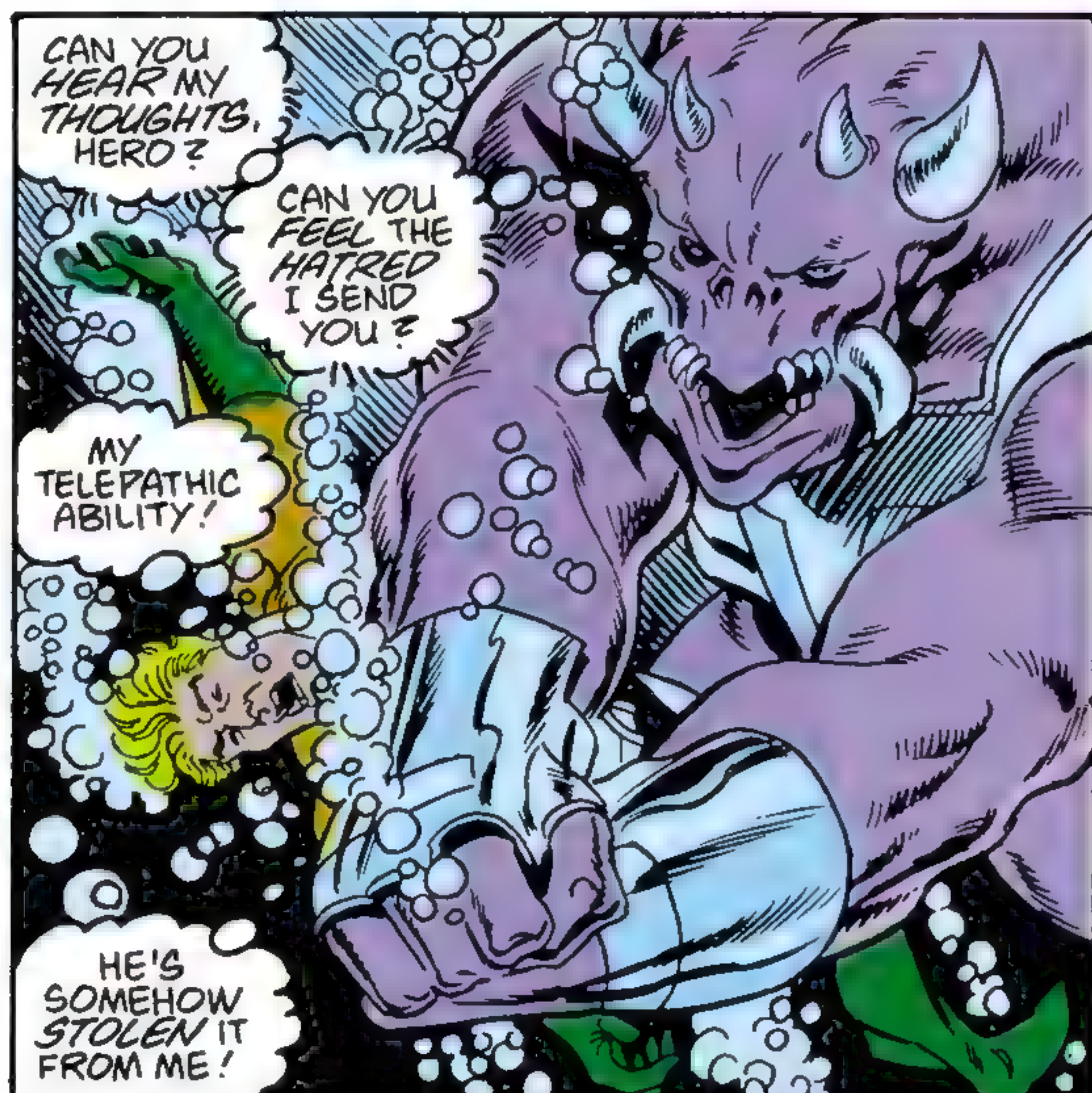
NO. UNTIL THAT CALL I MADE EARLIER SHOWS SOME FRUITION, I'M ON MY OWN ON THIS ONE...

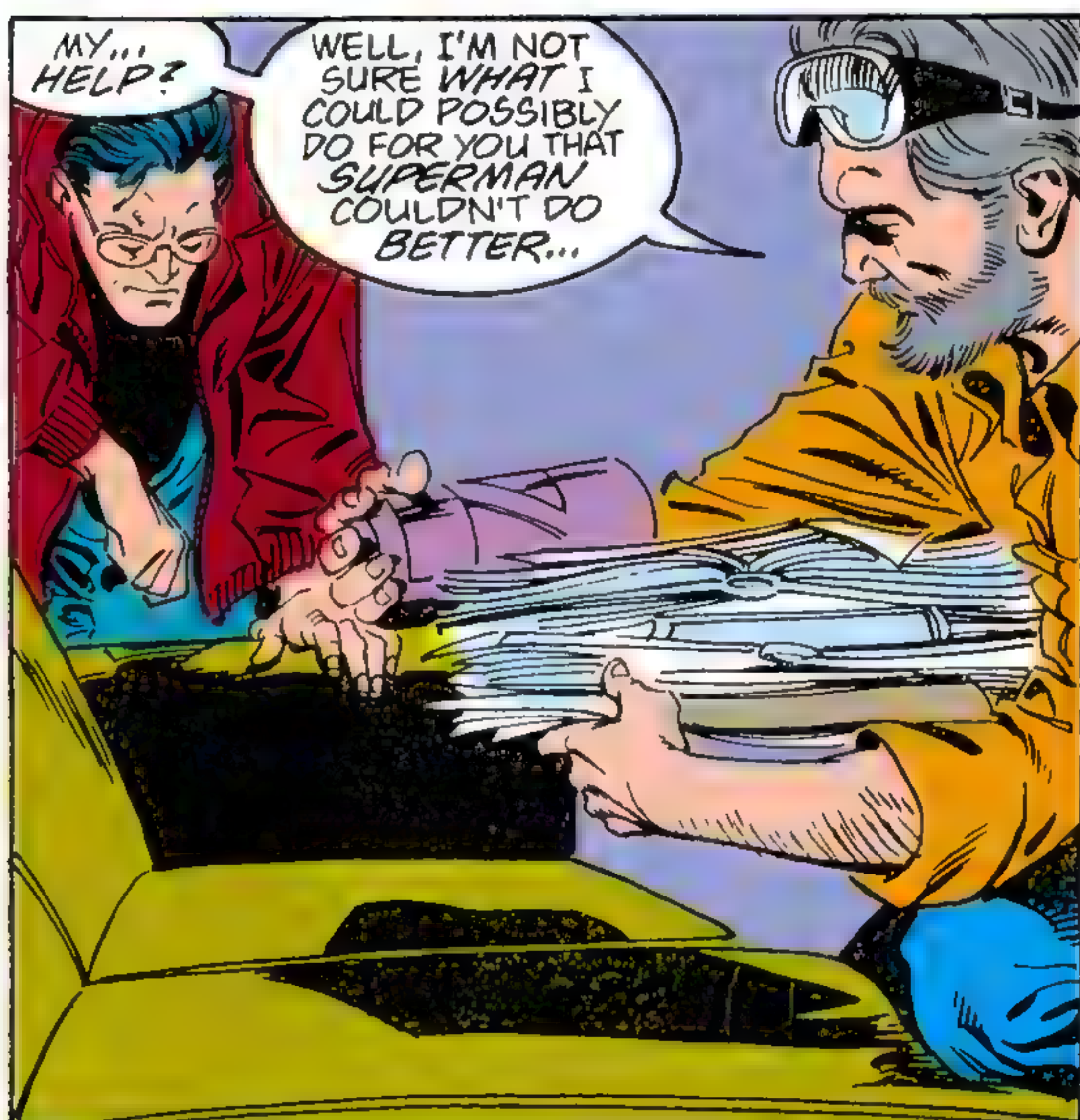
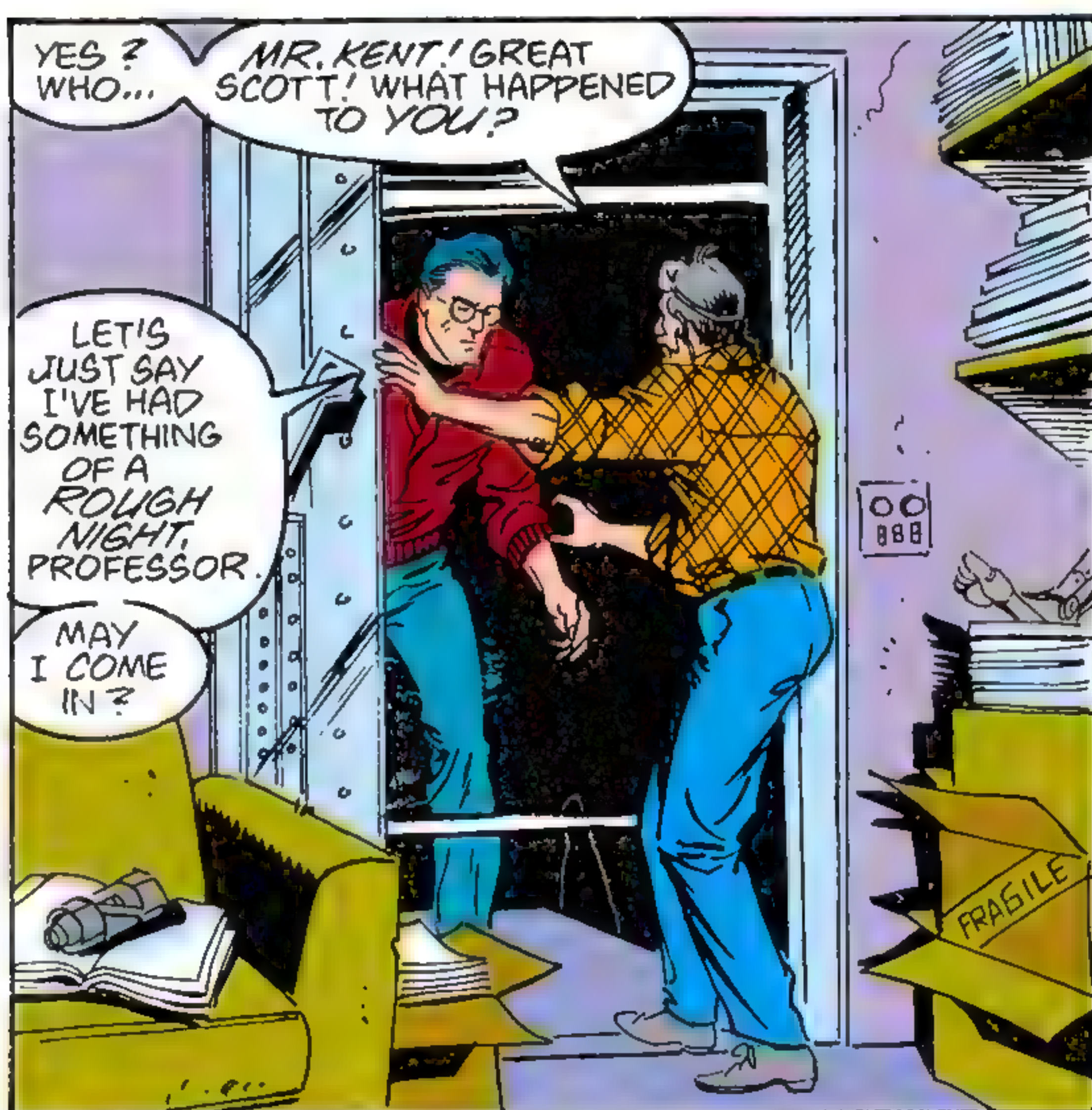
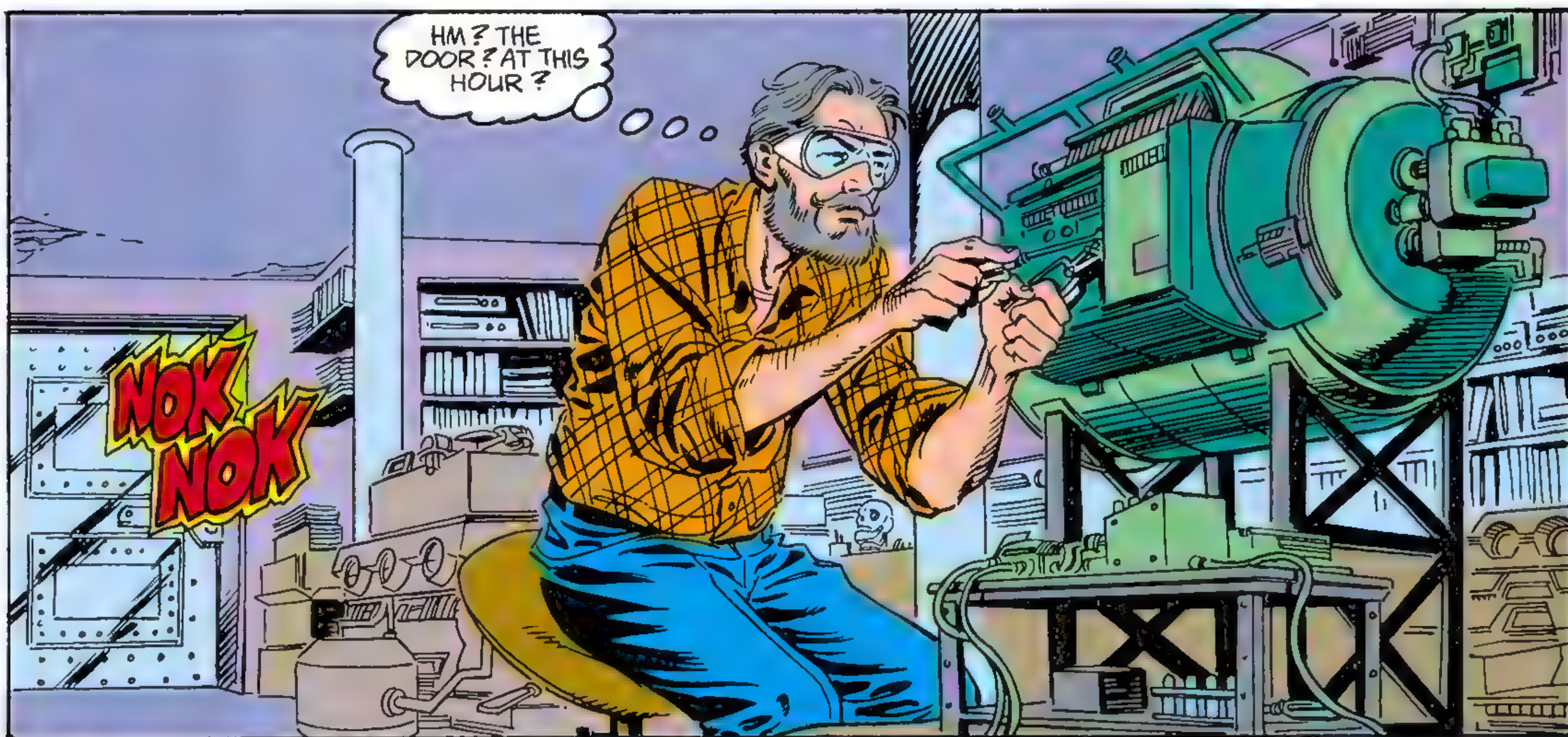


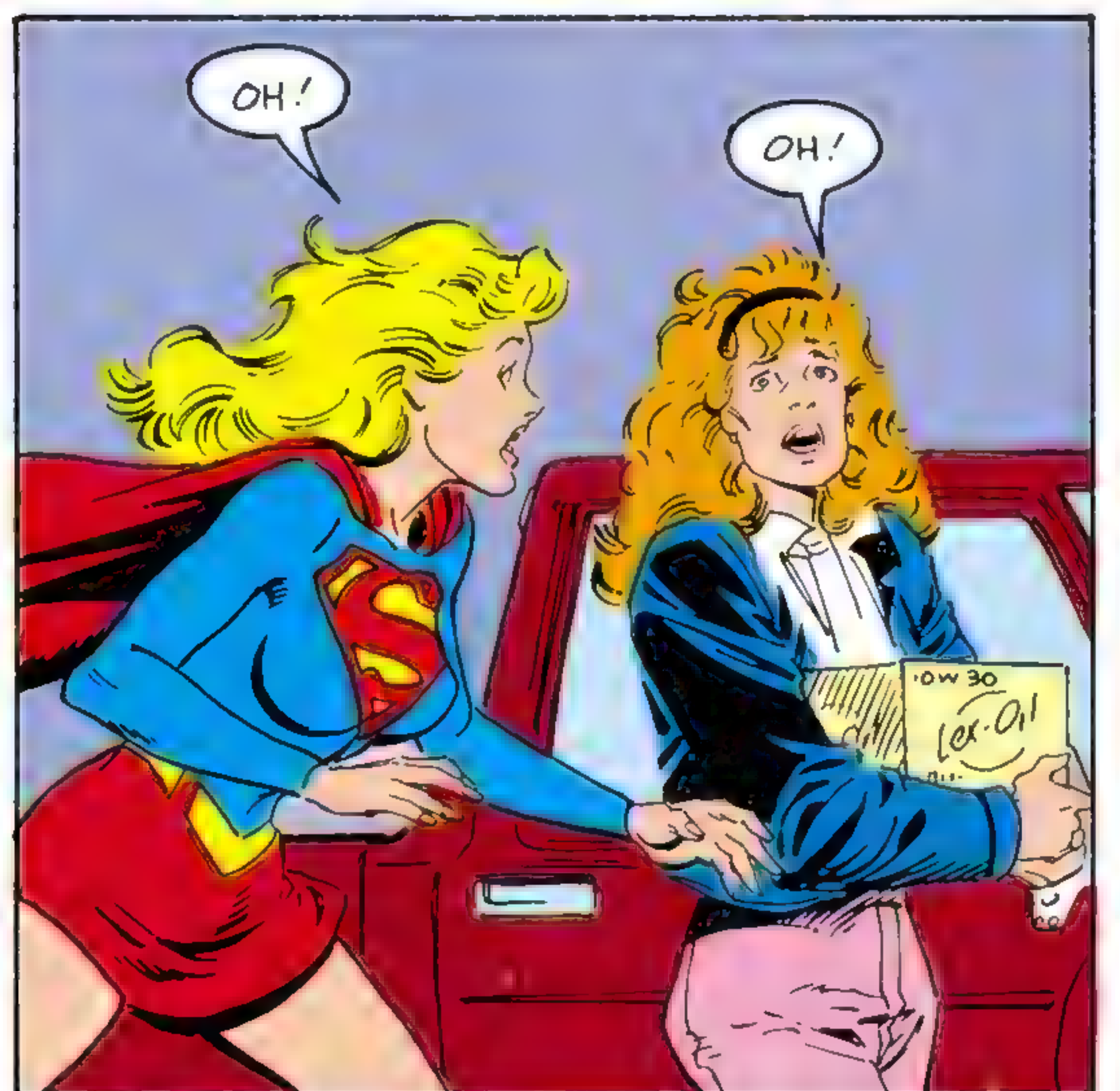
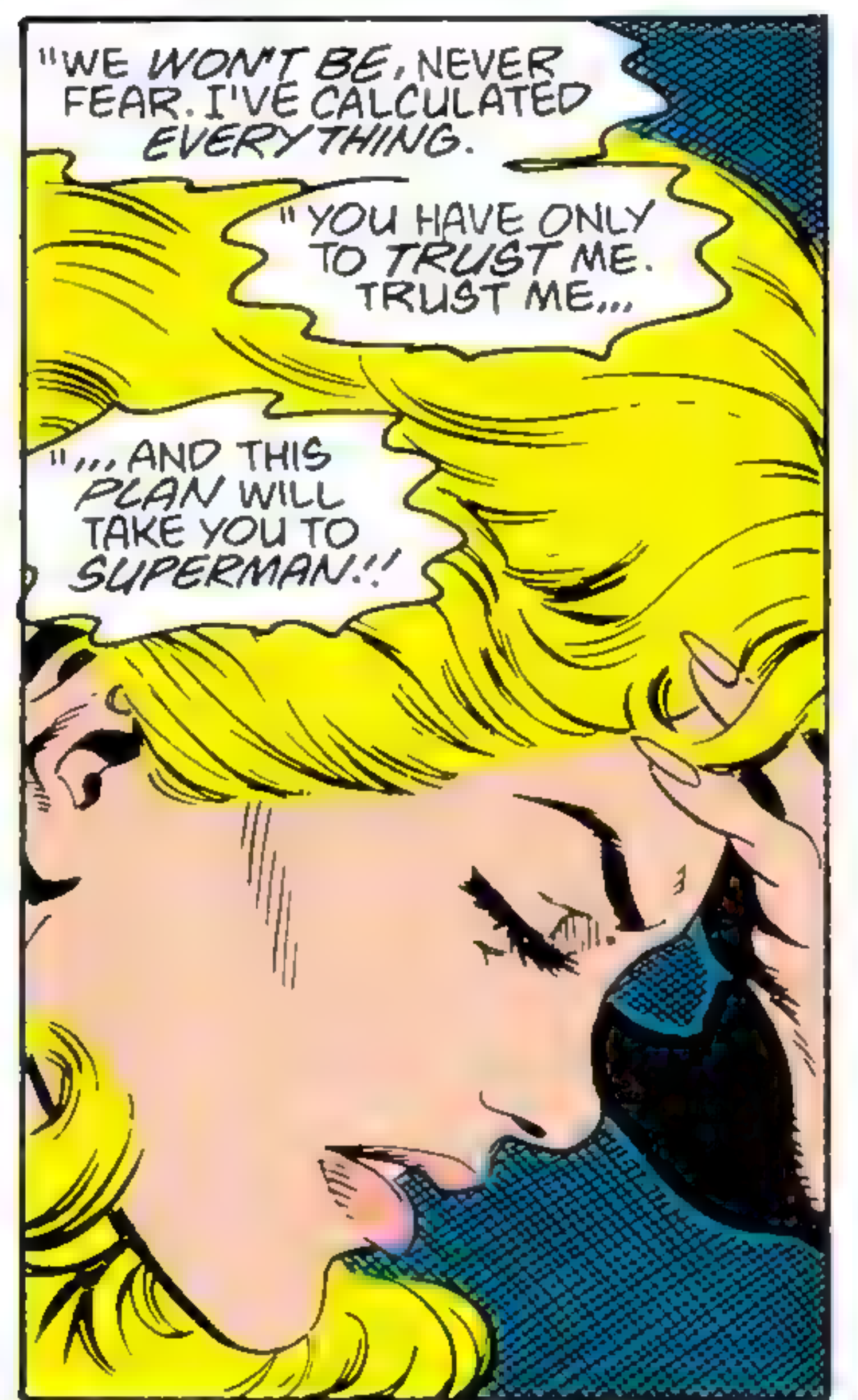
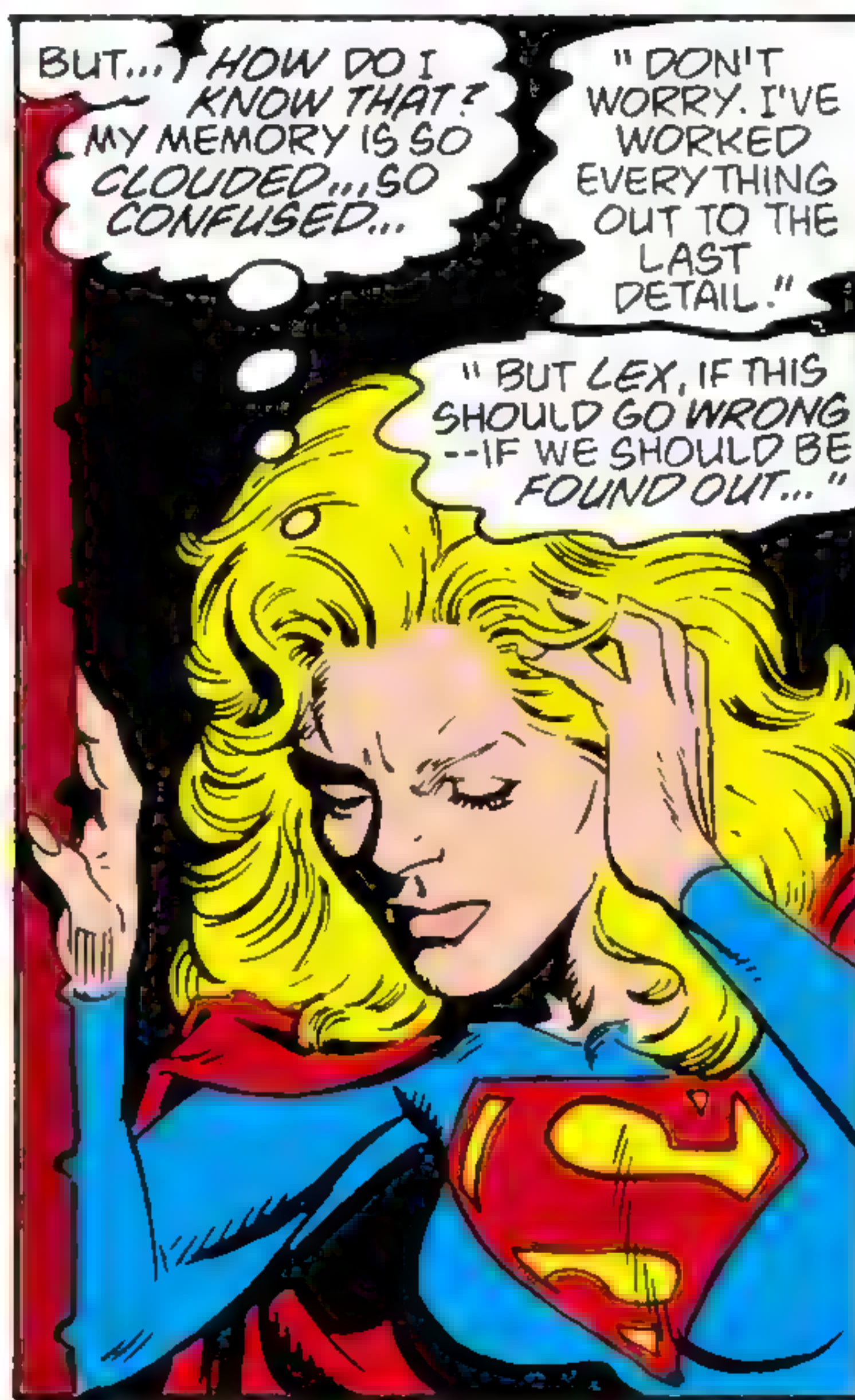
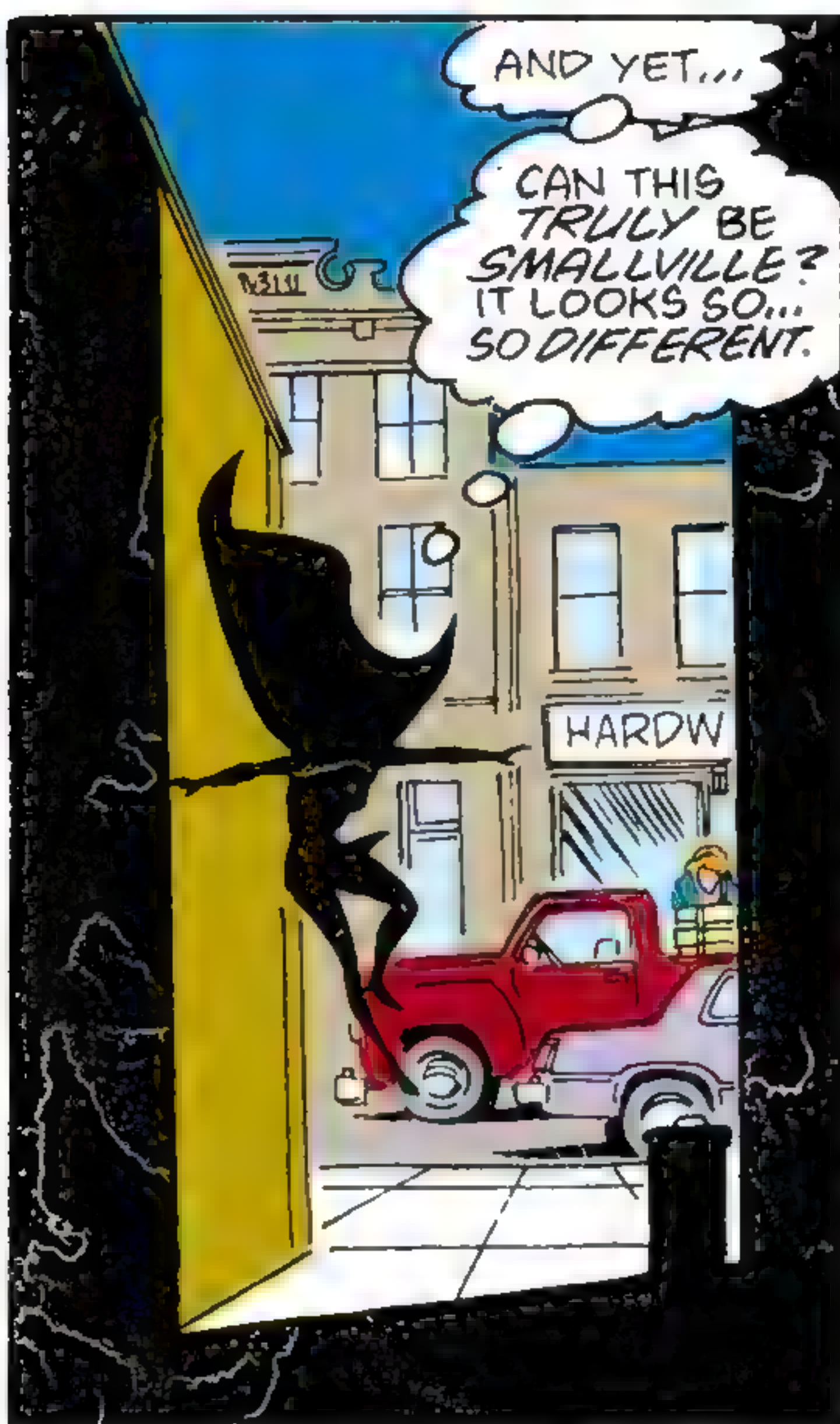
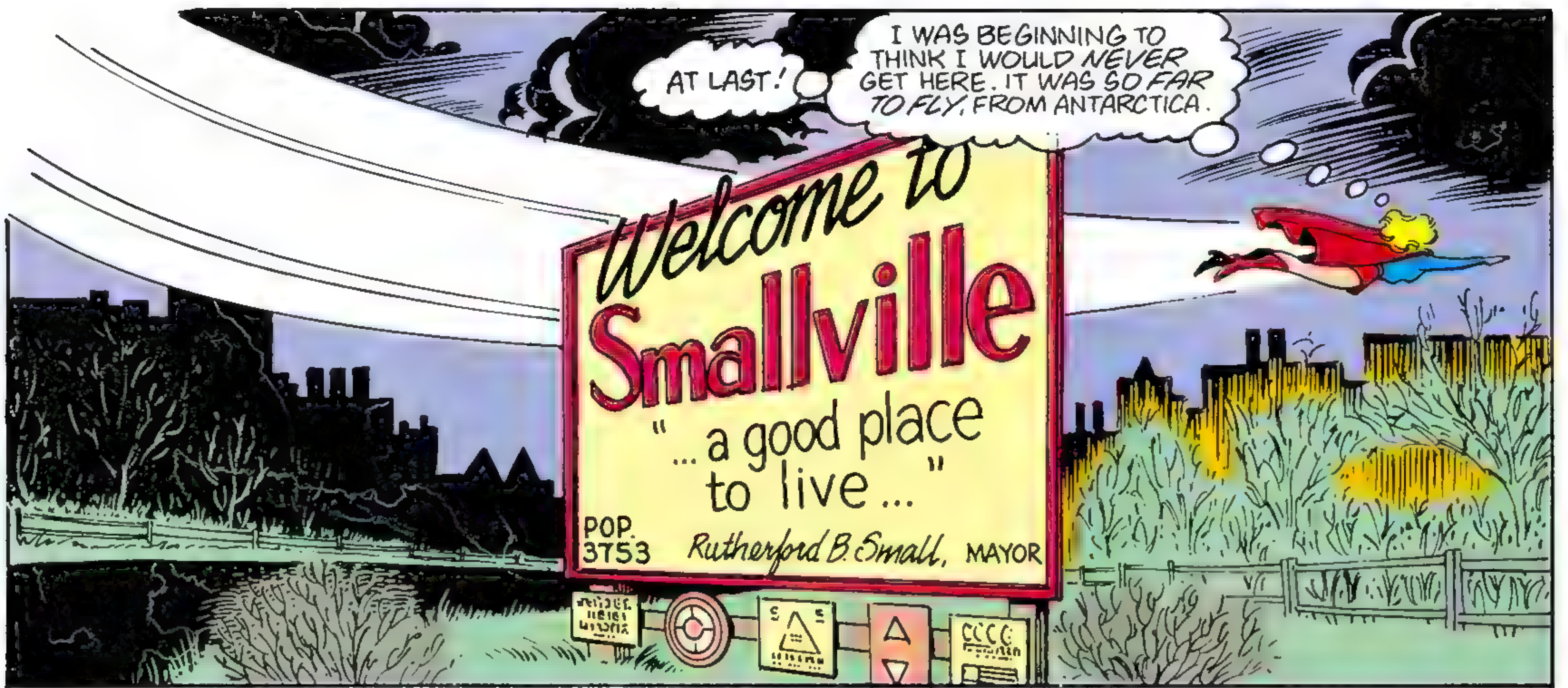
OR AM I...?

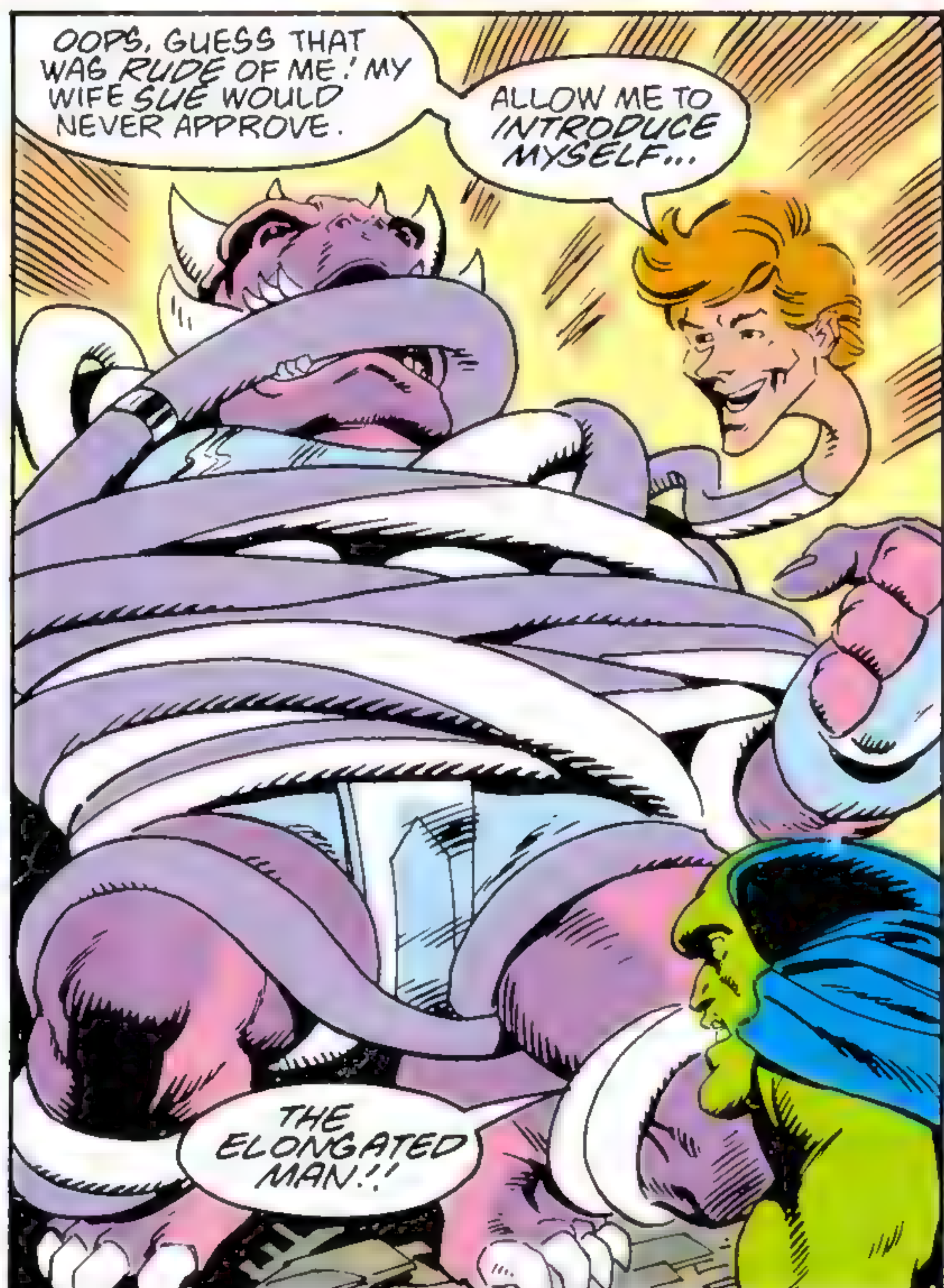














WHEW!

I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO DO THAT AGAIN FOR A FEW THOUSAND YEARS OR SO!

YOU REALLY DIDN'T HAVE TO CARRY ME UP THE STAIRS, LOIS. I... COULD HAVE MANAGED.

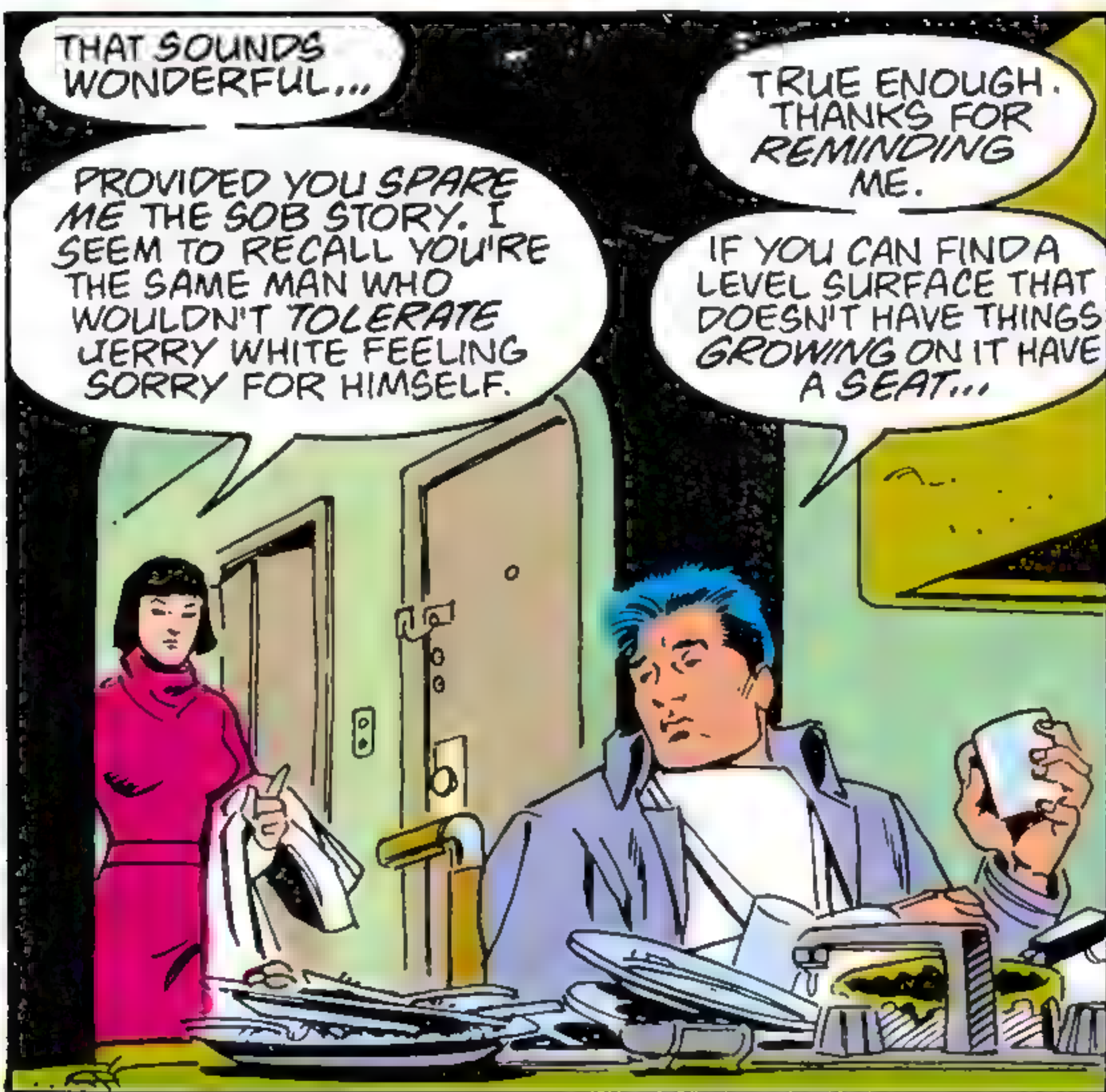


SAVE THE MACHO STUFF FOR SOMEONE WHO ISN'T ALREADY IMPRESSED, JOSE.

BUT... YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO NEED SOMEONE TO HELP YOU WITH THOSE STAIRS...

I KNOW. ONE MORE JOY IN THE LIFE OF A CRIPPLE.

CAN I OFFER YOU A CUP OF COFFEE?

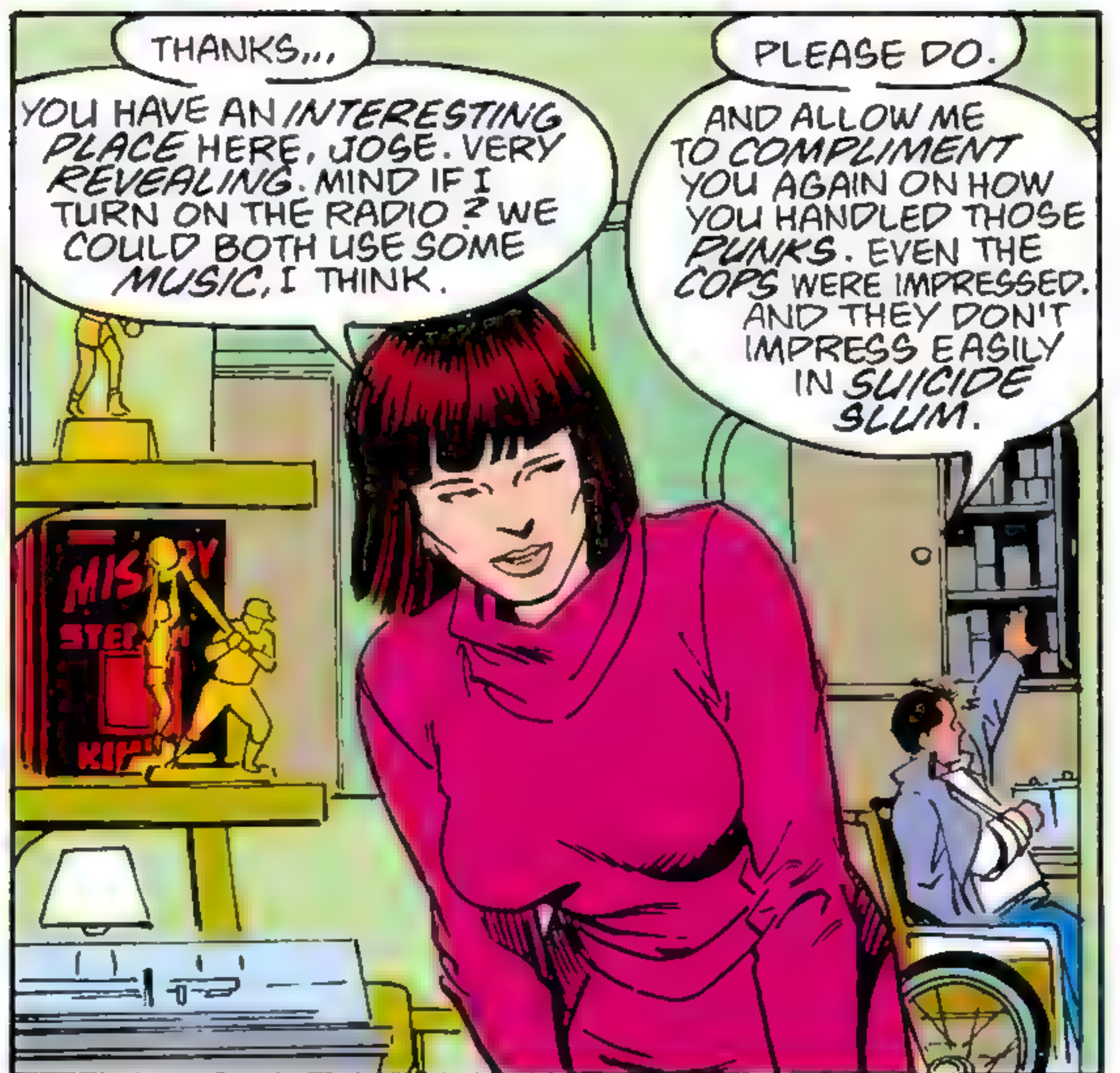


THAT SOUNDS WONDERFUL...

PROVIDED YOU SPARE ME THE SOB STORY. I SEEM TO RECALL YOU'RE THE SAME MAN WHO WOULDN'T TOLERATE JERRY WHITE FEELING SORRY FOR HIMSELF.

TRUE ENOUGH. THANKS FOR REMINDING ME.

IF YOU CAN FIND A LEVEL SURFACE THAT DOESN'T HAVE THINGS GROWING ON IT HAVE A SEAT...



THANKS...

YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING PLACE HERE, JOSE. VERY REVEALING. MIND IF I TURN ON THE RADIO? WE COULD BOTH USE SOME MUSIC, I THINK.

PLEASE DO.

AND ALLOW ME TO COMPLIMENT YOU AGAIN ON HOW YOU HANDLED THOSE PUNKS. EVEN THE COPS WERE IMPRESSED. AND THEY DON'T IMPRESS EASILY IN SUICIDE SLUM.



YES, WELL, ONE OF THE FEW THINGS I EVER GOT FROM MY FATHER WAS KNOWING HOW TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF...

OH! JOSE, LET ME GET THAT...

...WGBS INTERRUPTS ITS REGULAR PROGRAM OF LIGHT MUSIC TO BRING YOU THIS SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN.



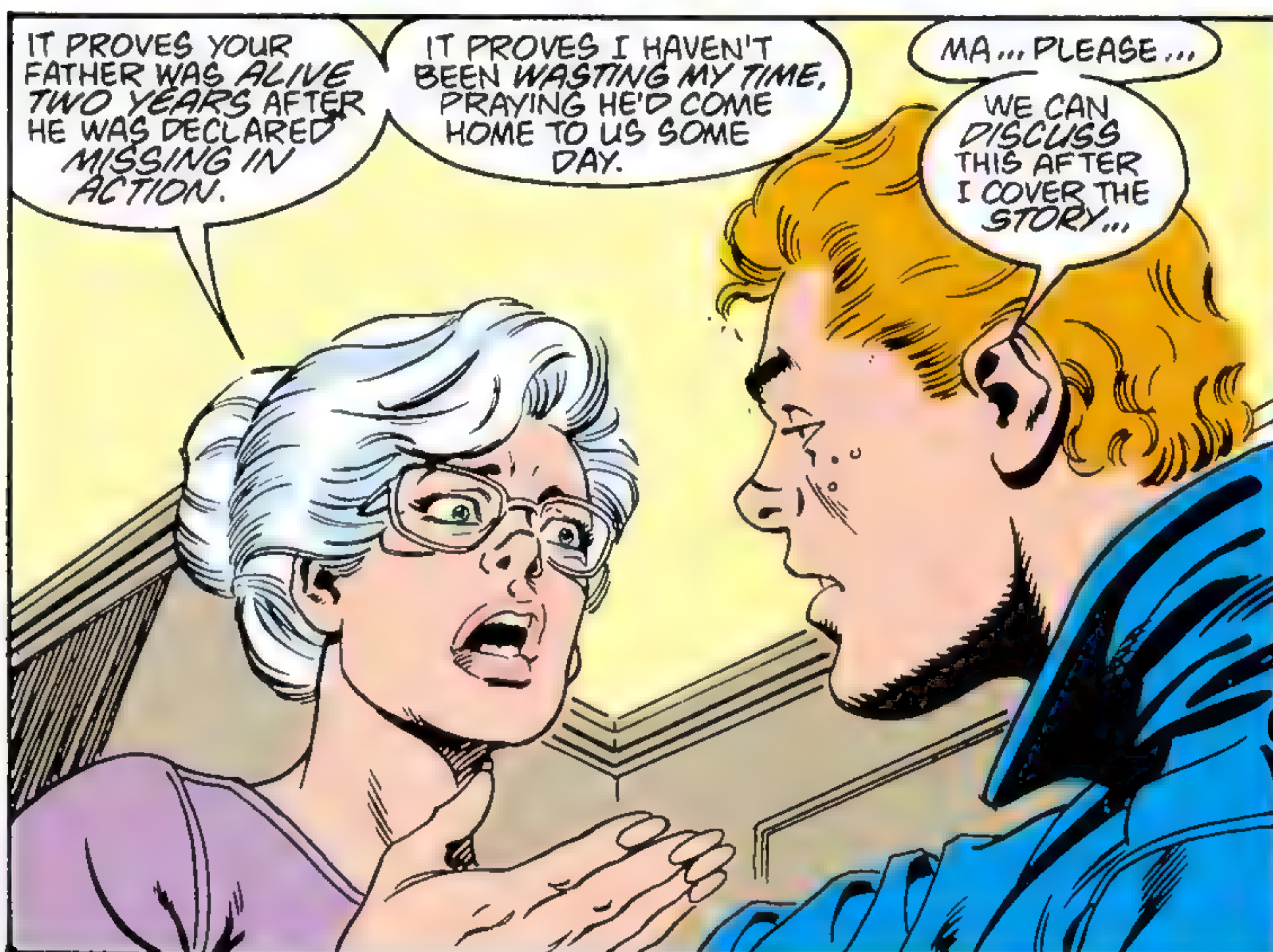
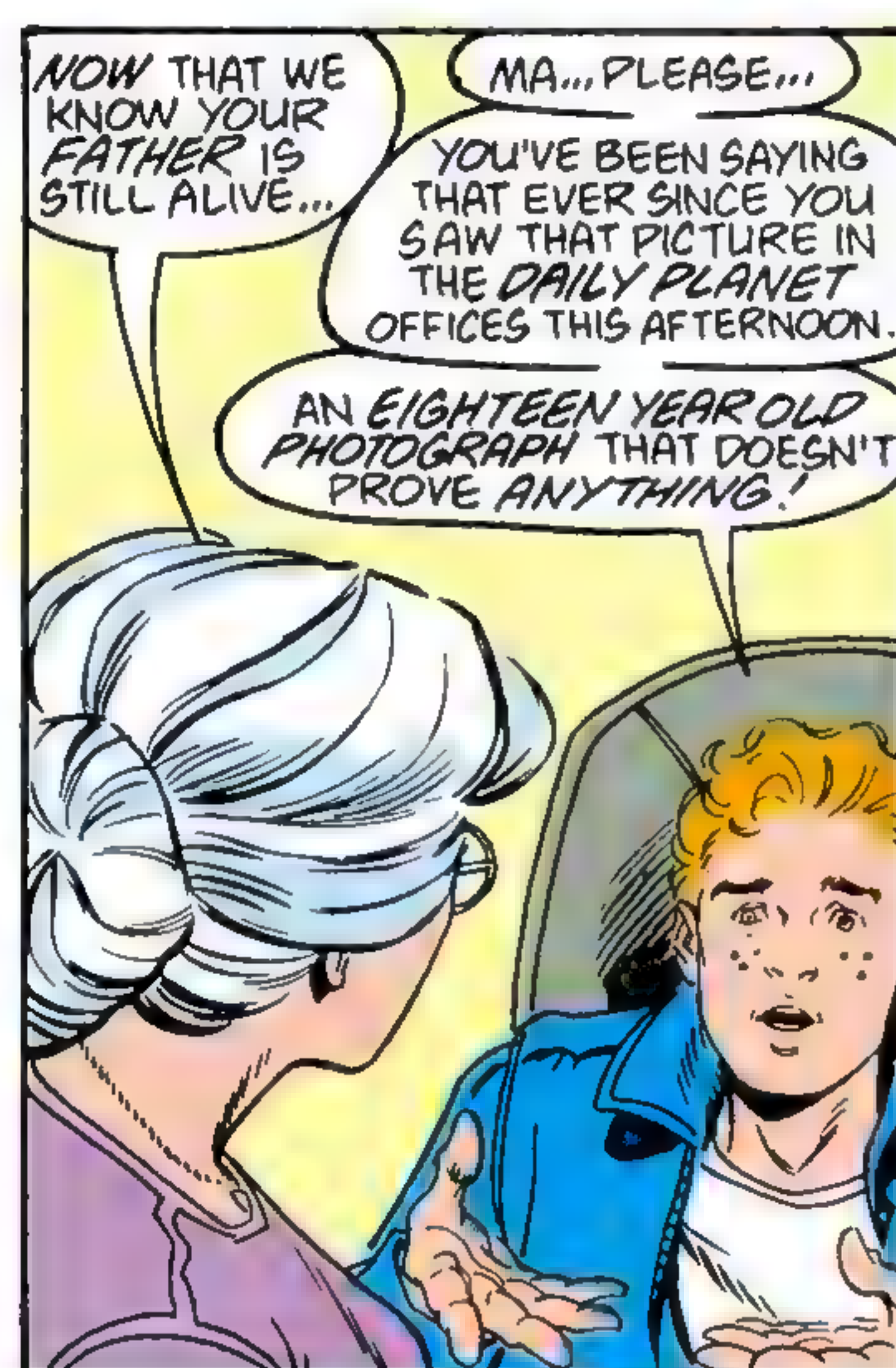
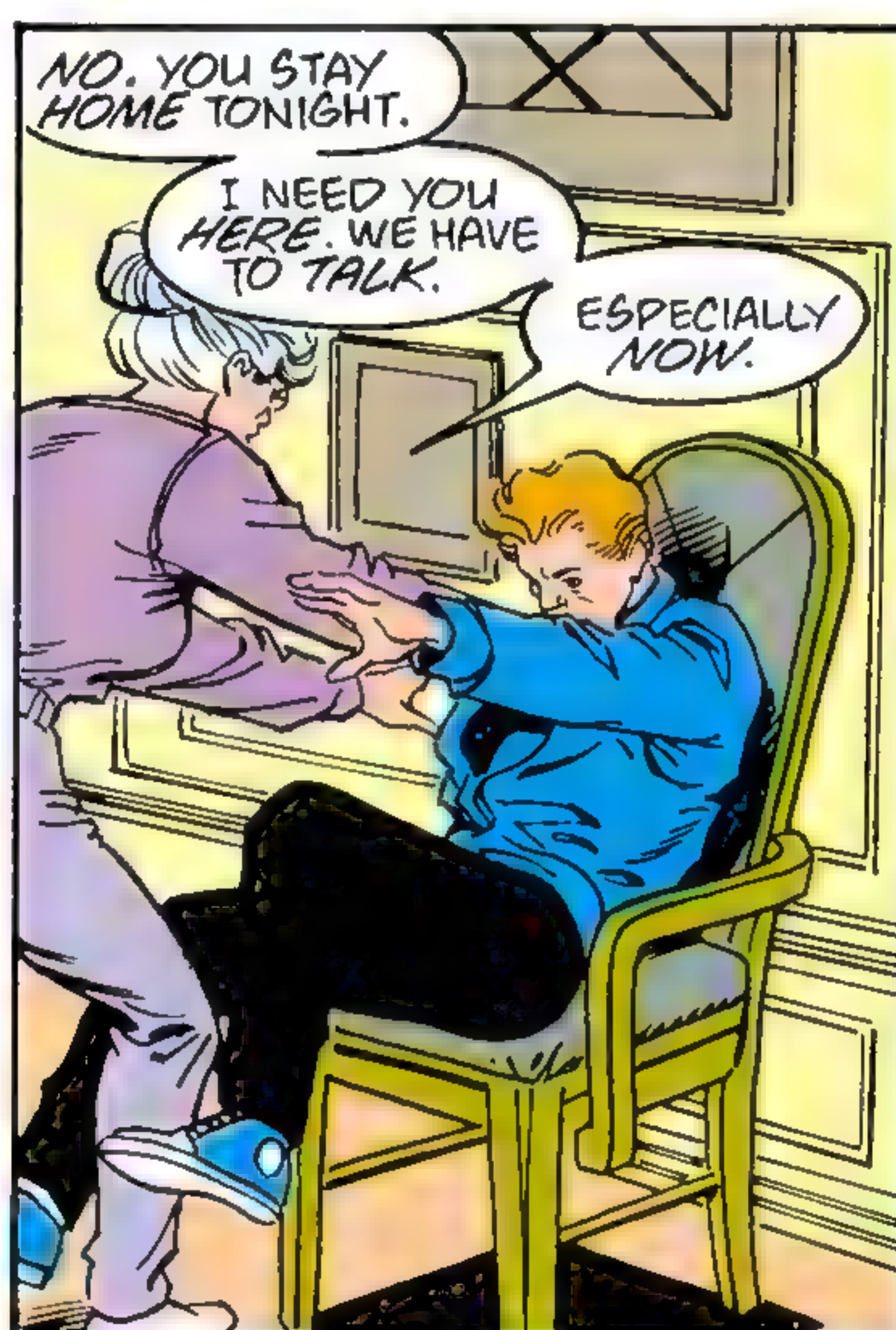
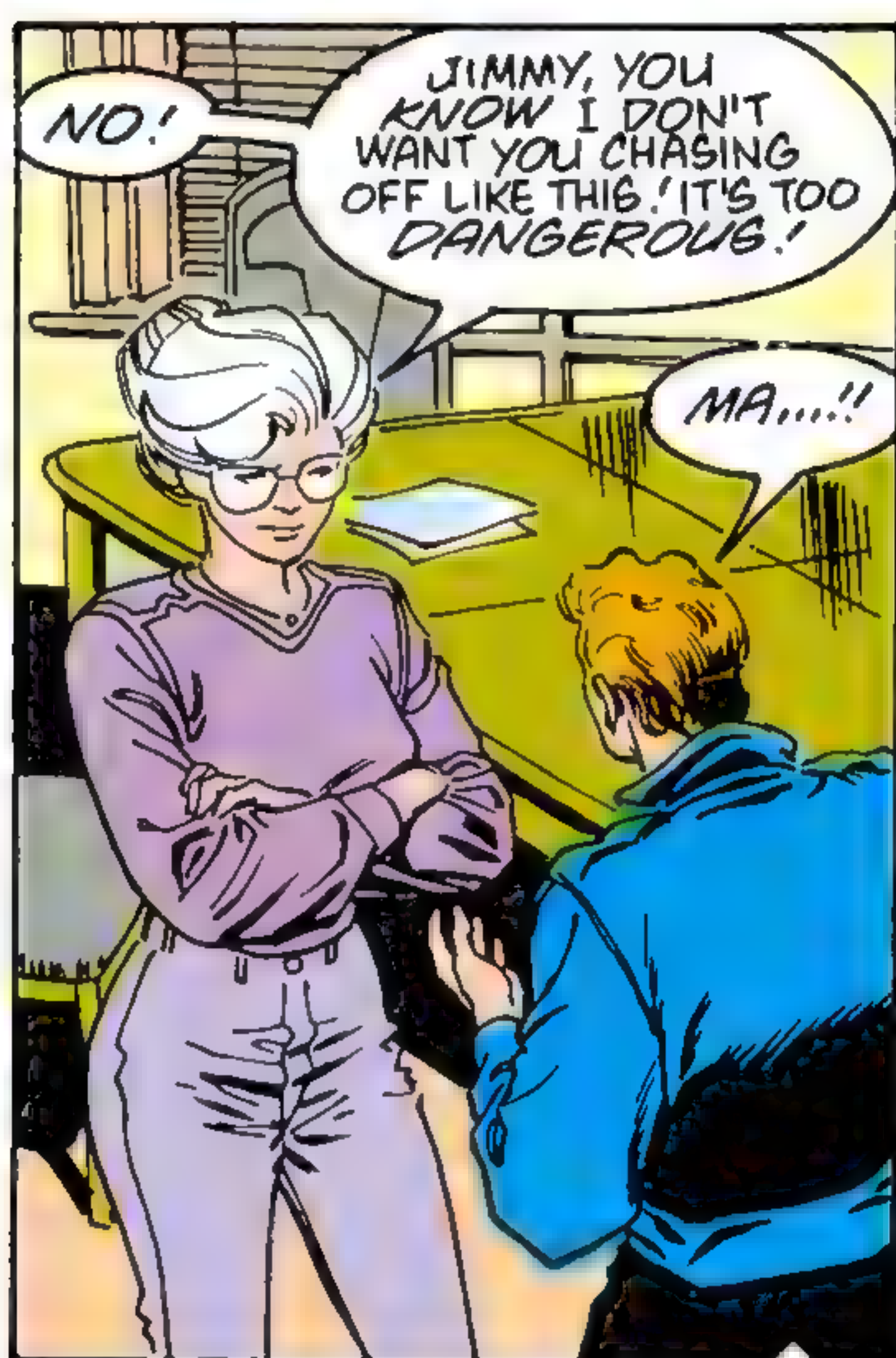
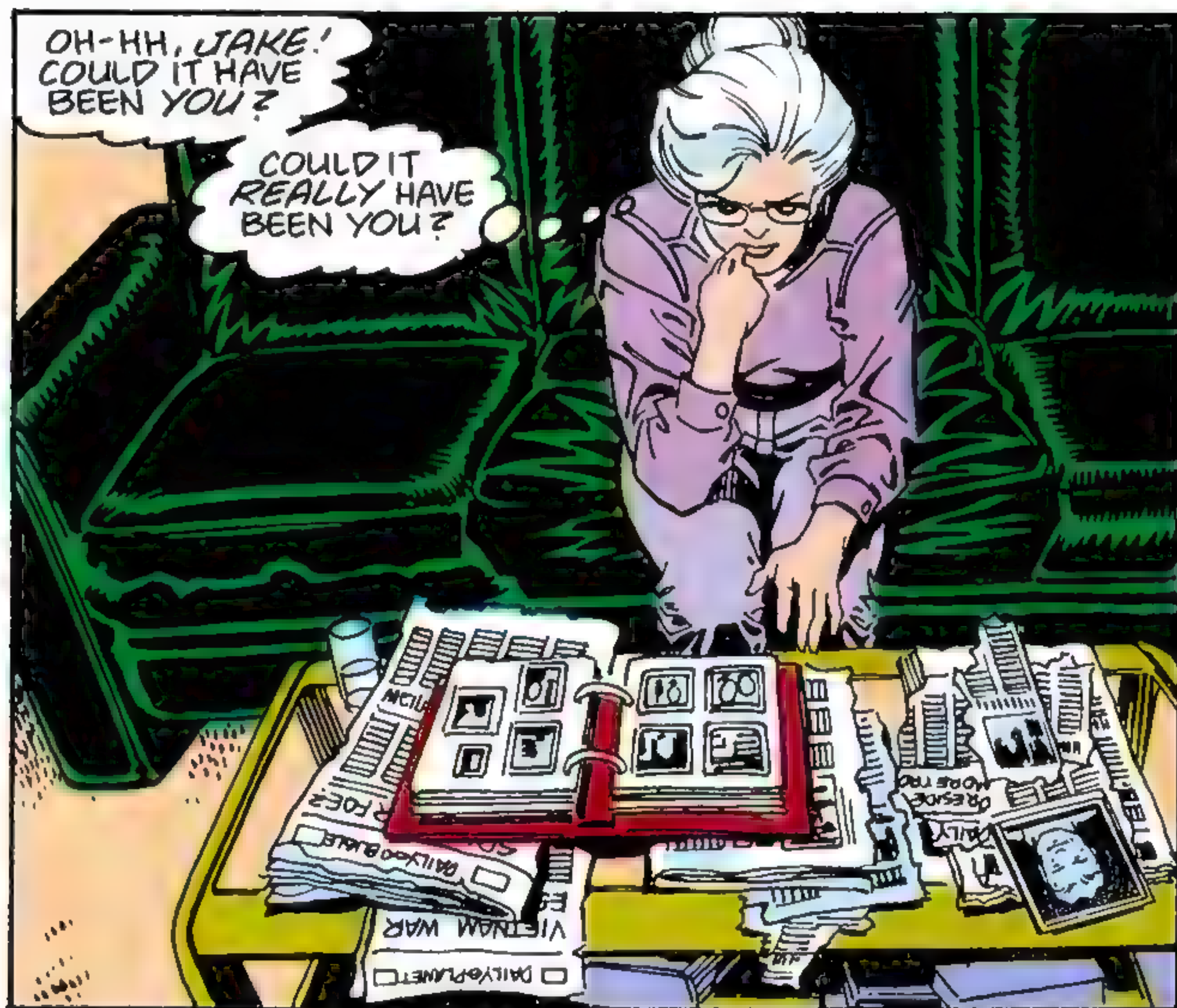
DAMN!

I'M NEVER GOING TO BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING FOR MYSELF!!

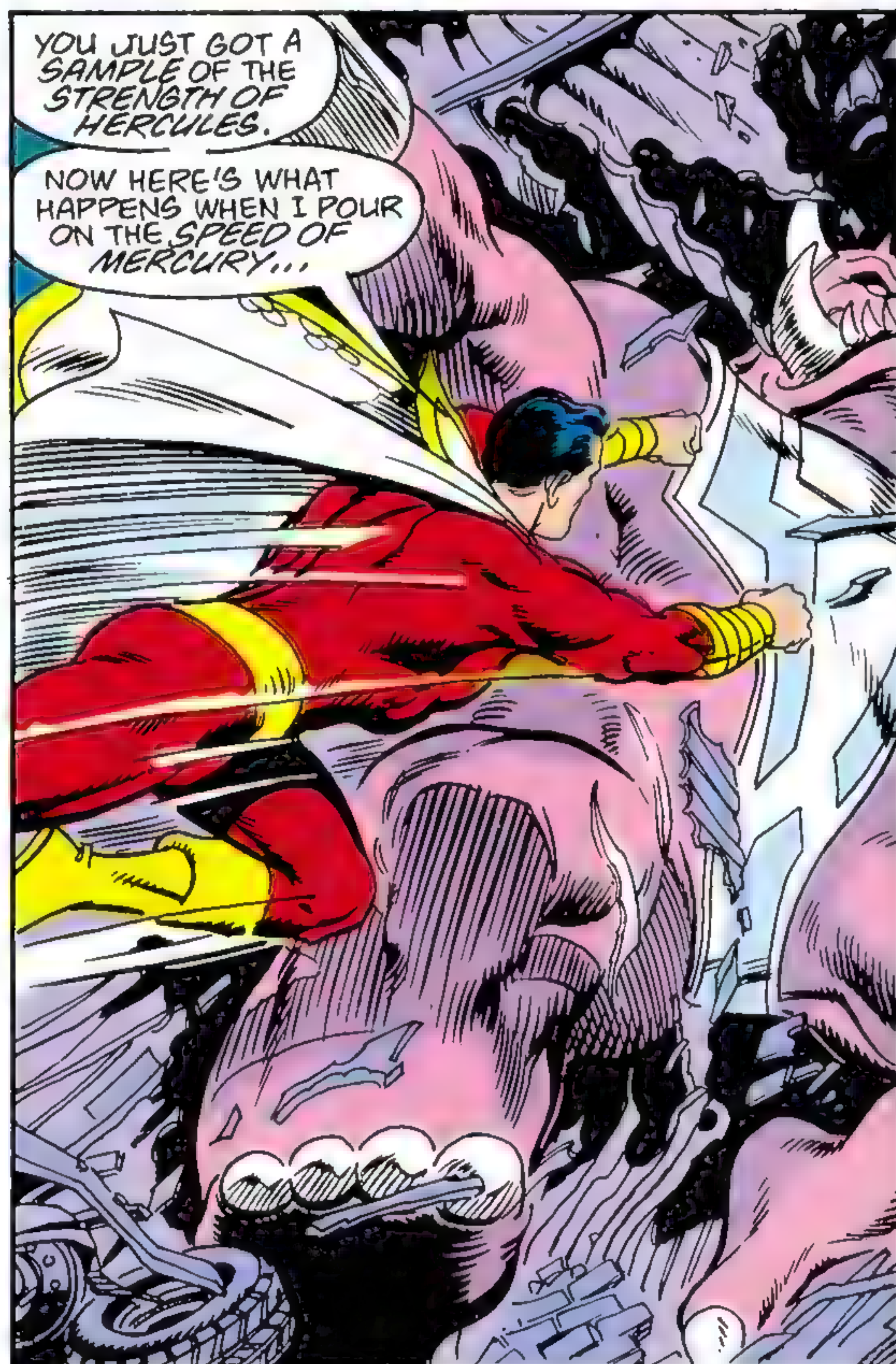
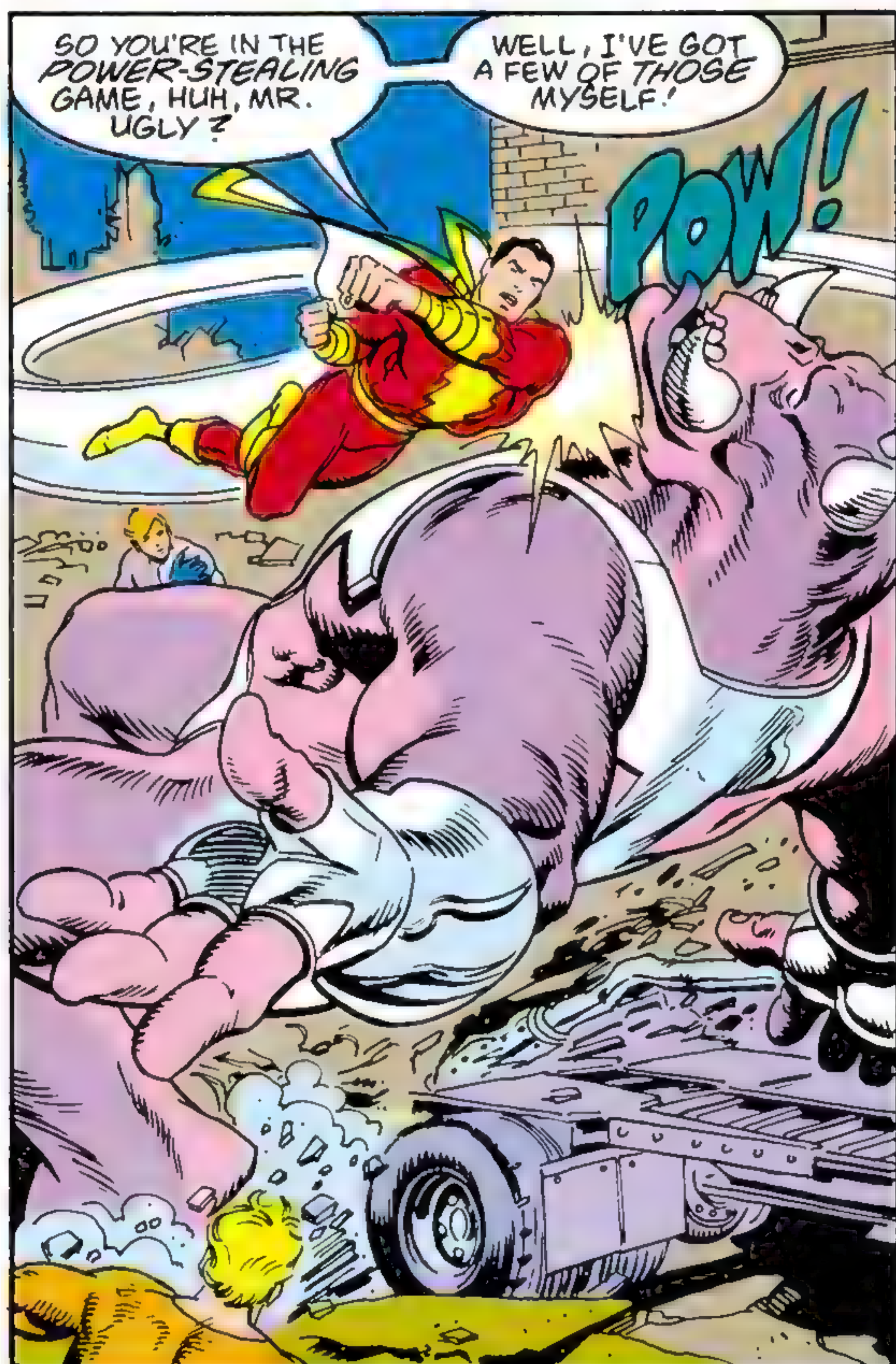
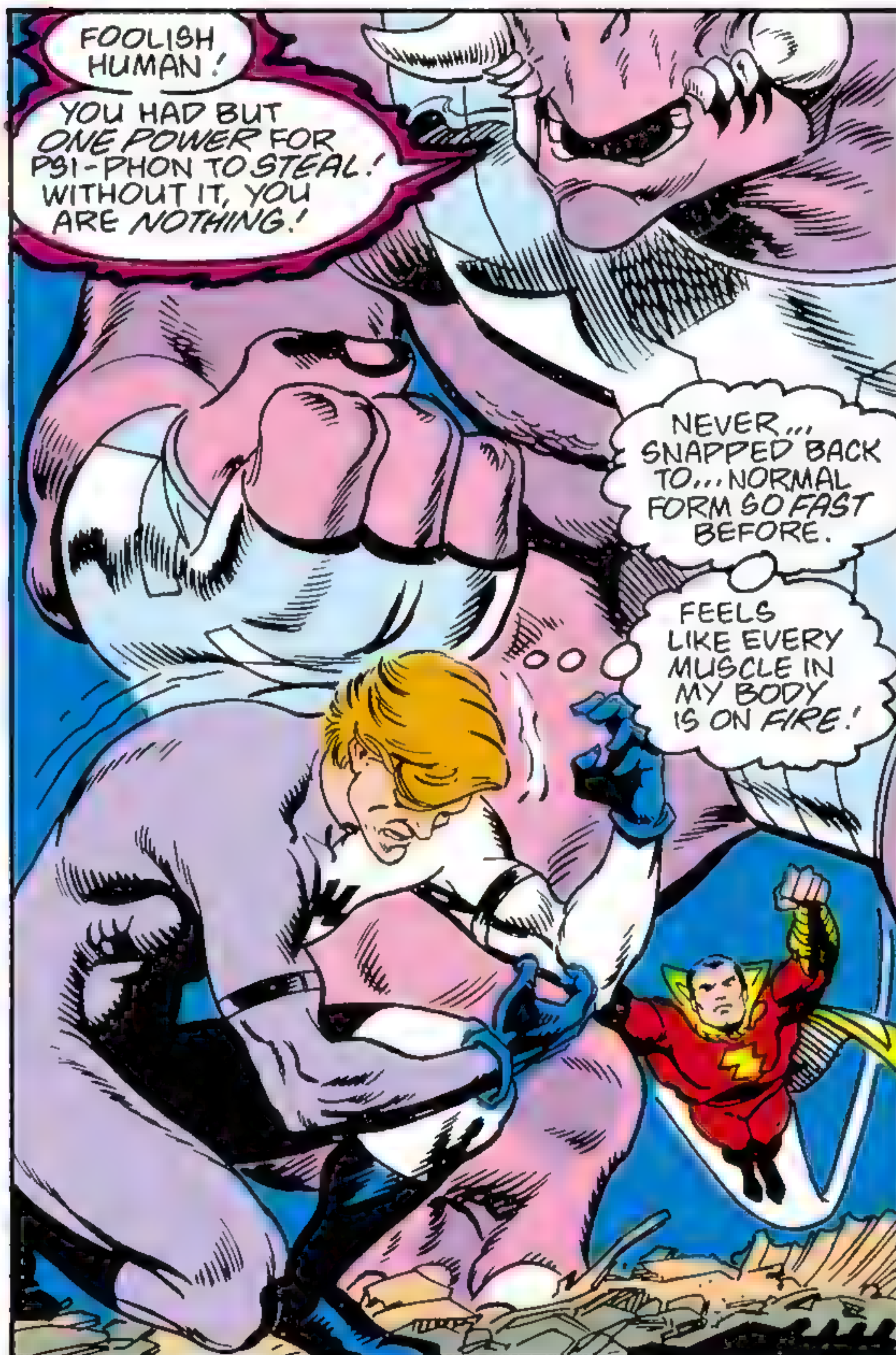
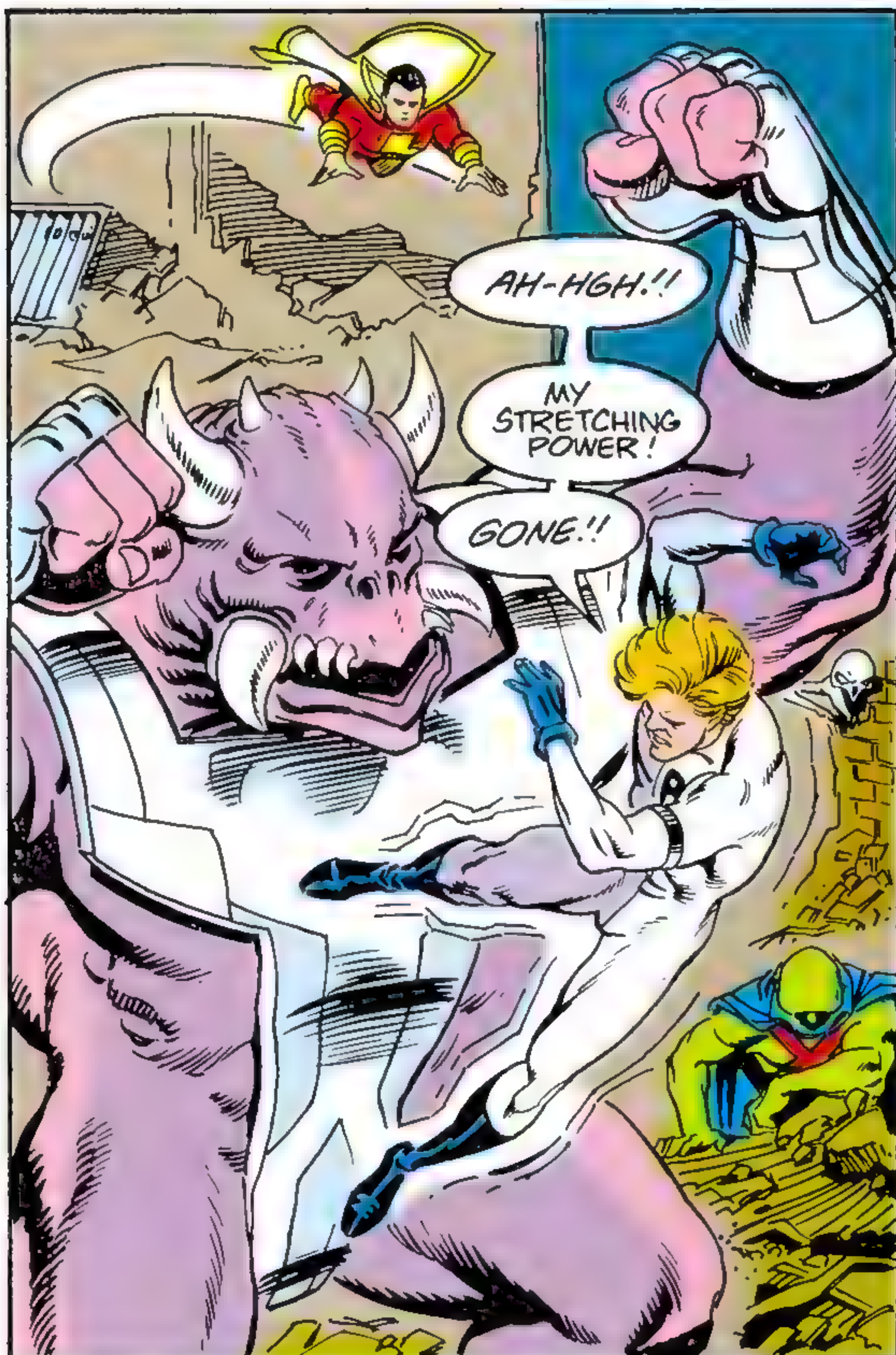
JOSE!

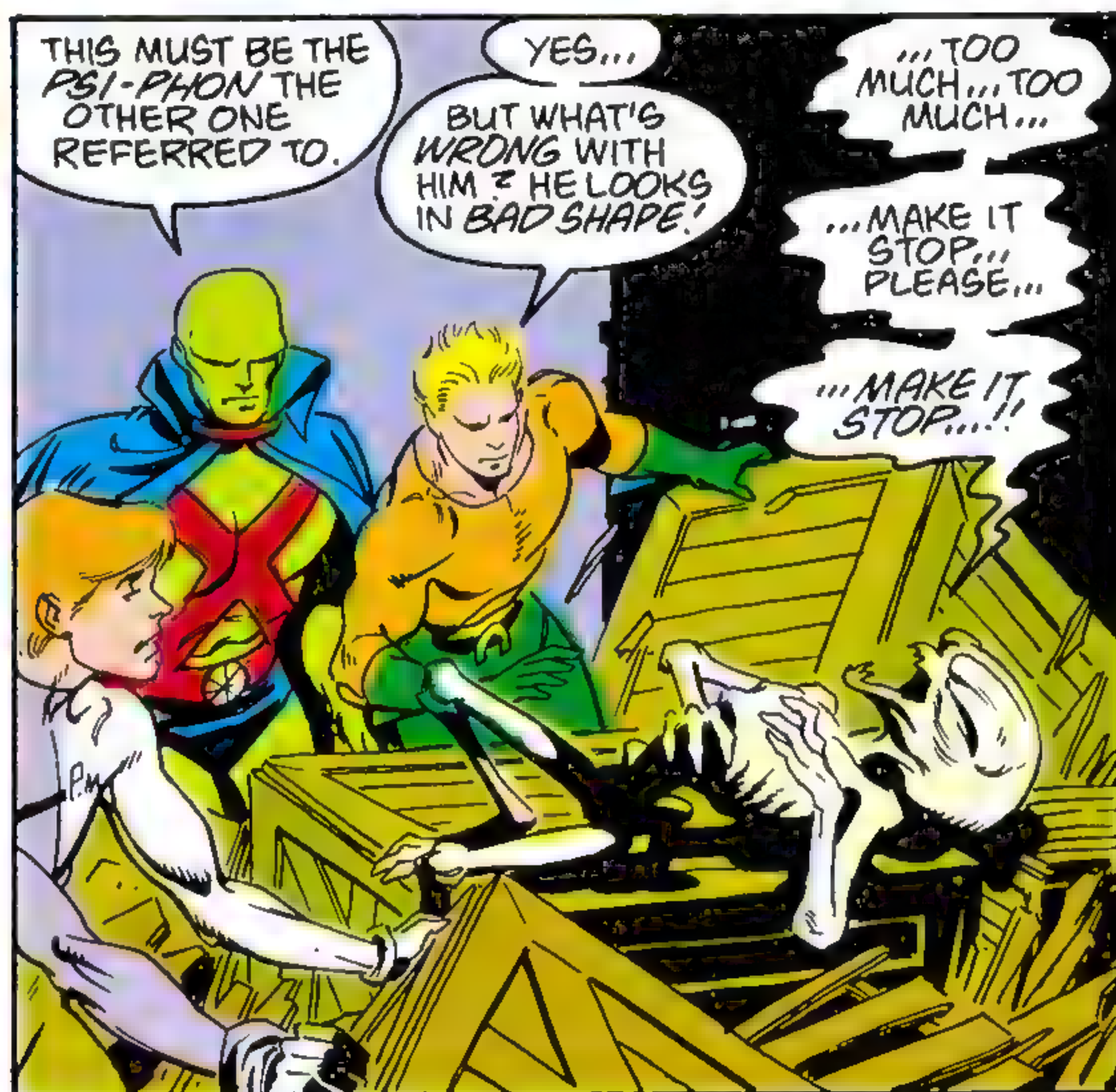
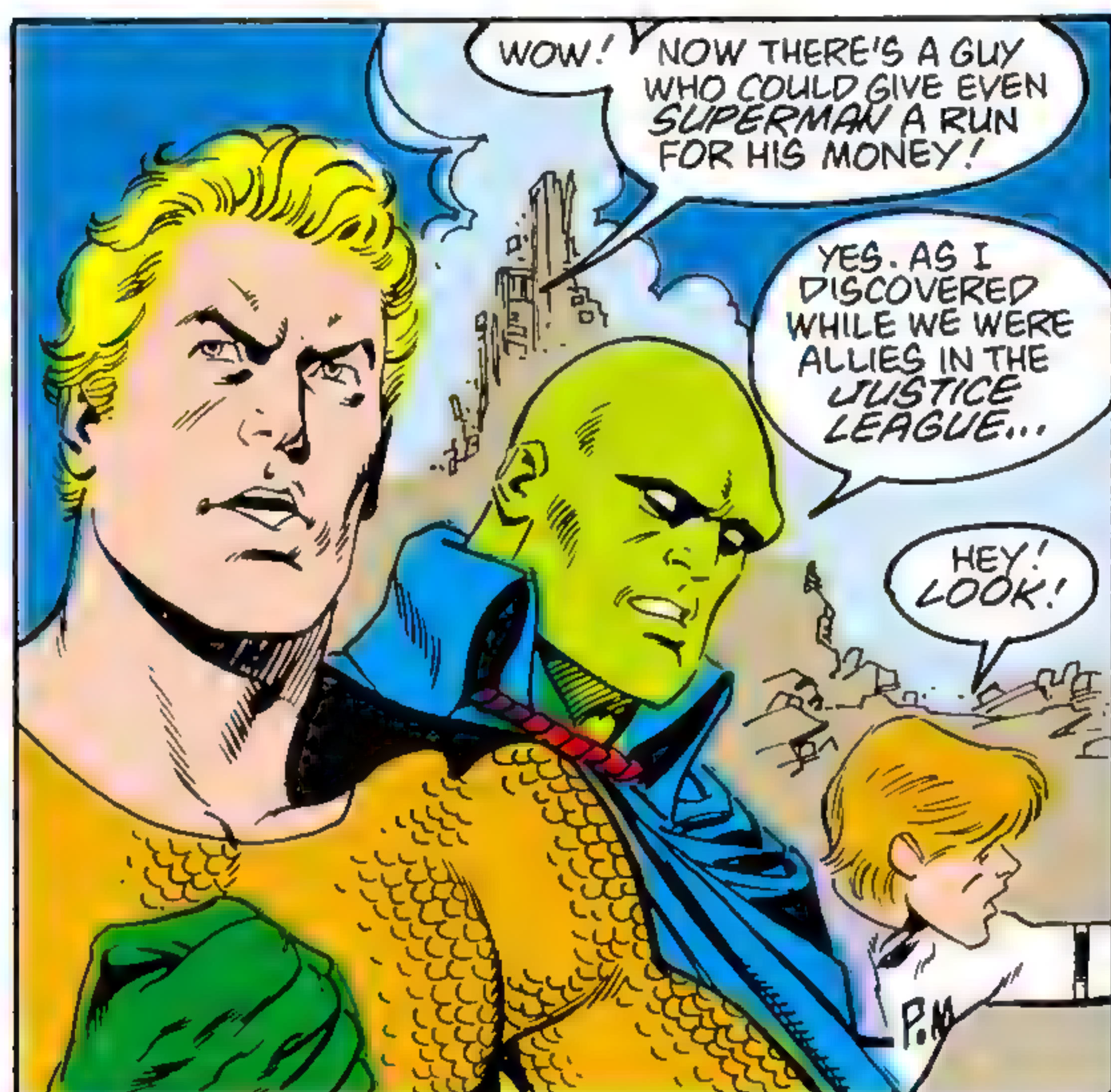
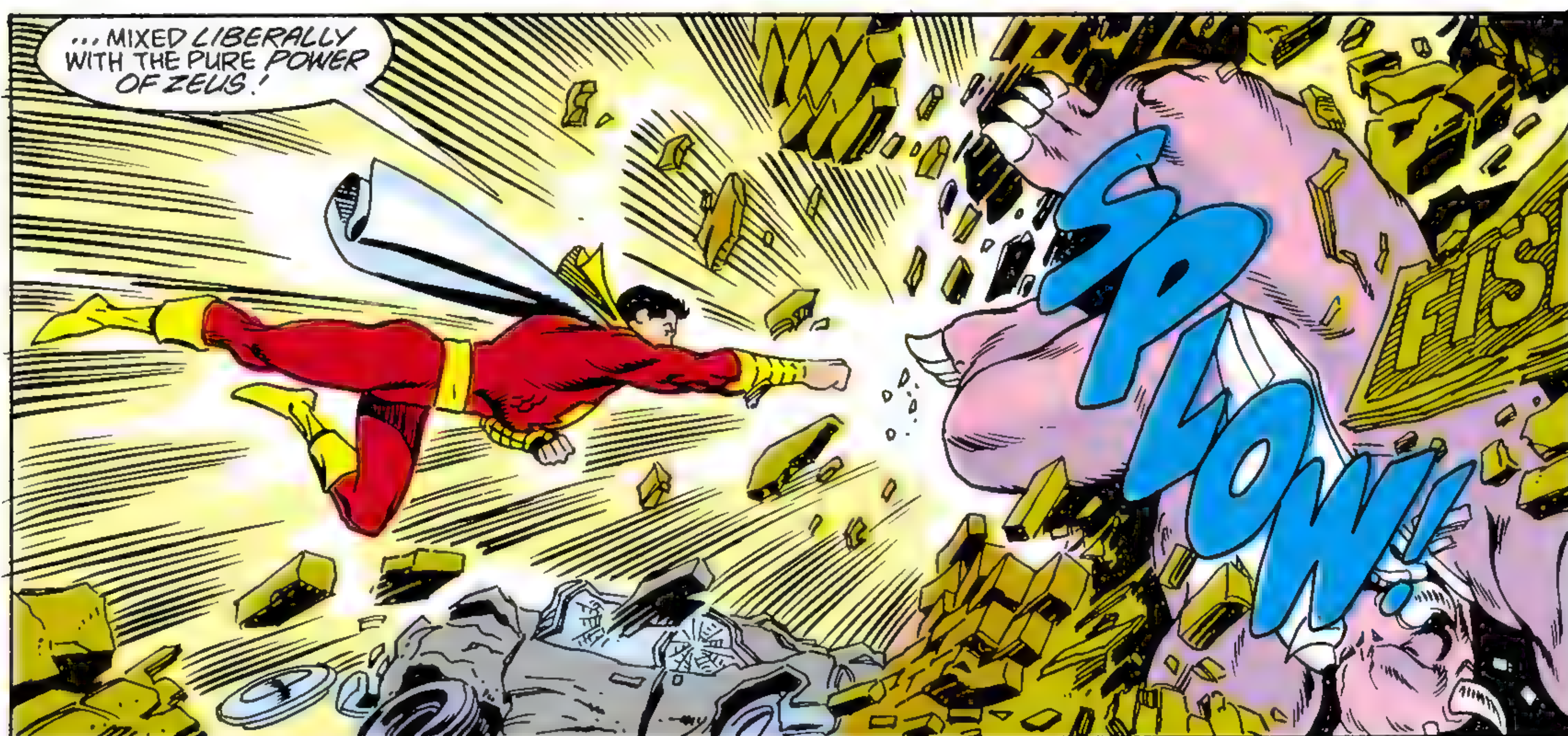
THIS IS SANDY KLIENERMAN REPORTING LIVE FROM THE METROPOLIS DOCKS, WHERE EVEN AS I SPEAK I CAN SEE A FEROCIOUS BATTLE UNFOLDING.

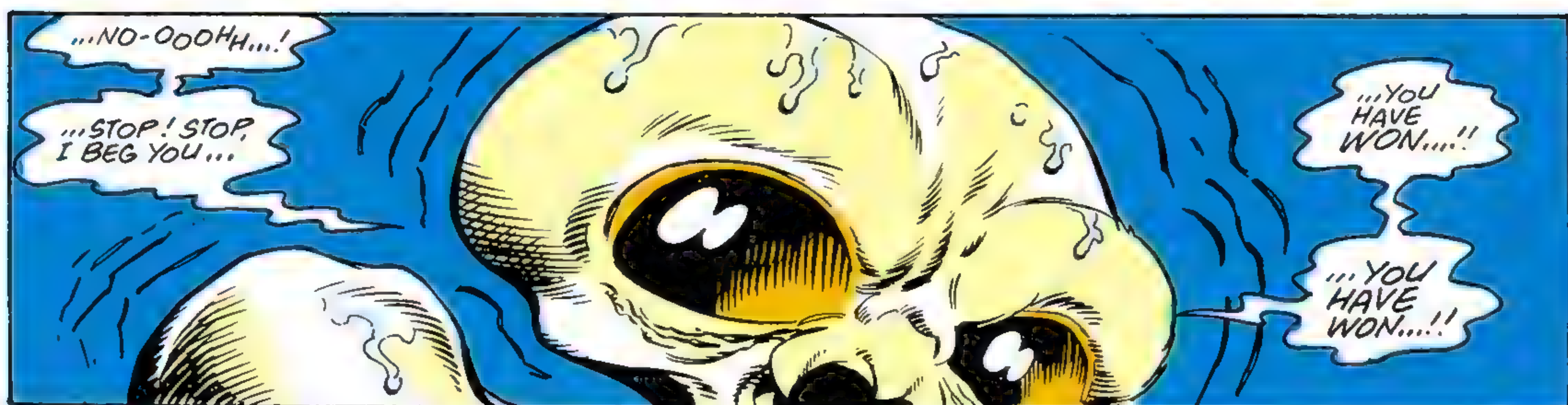
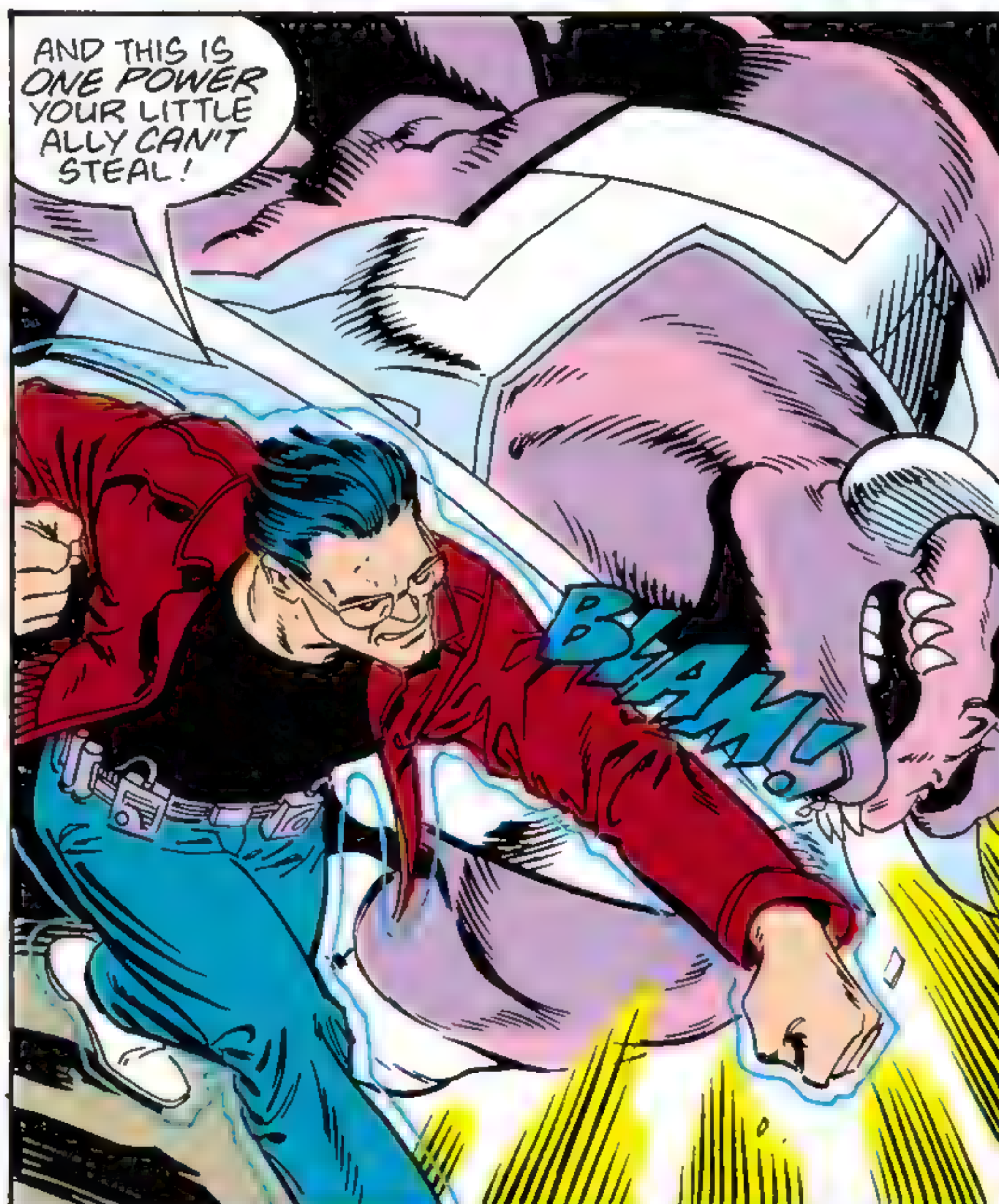


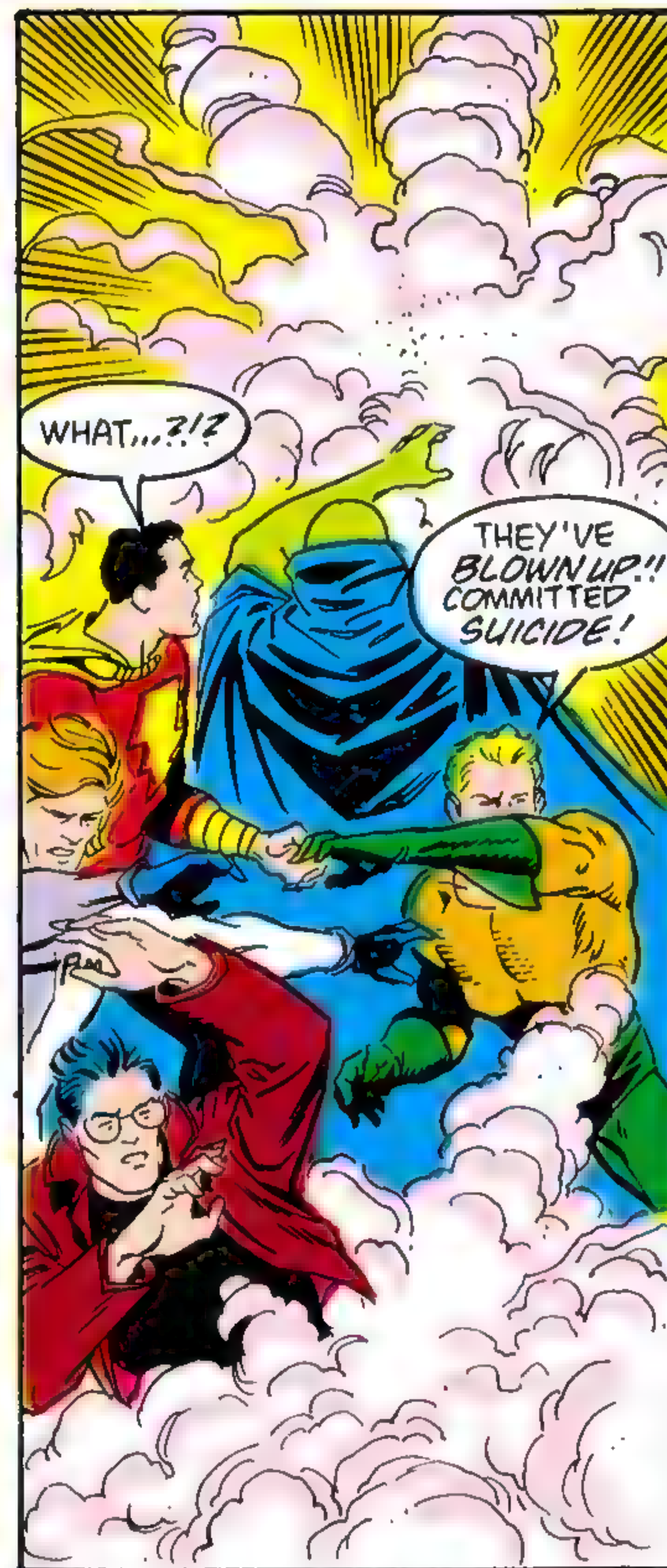
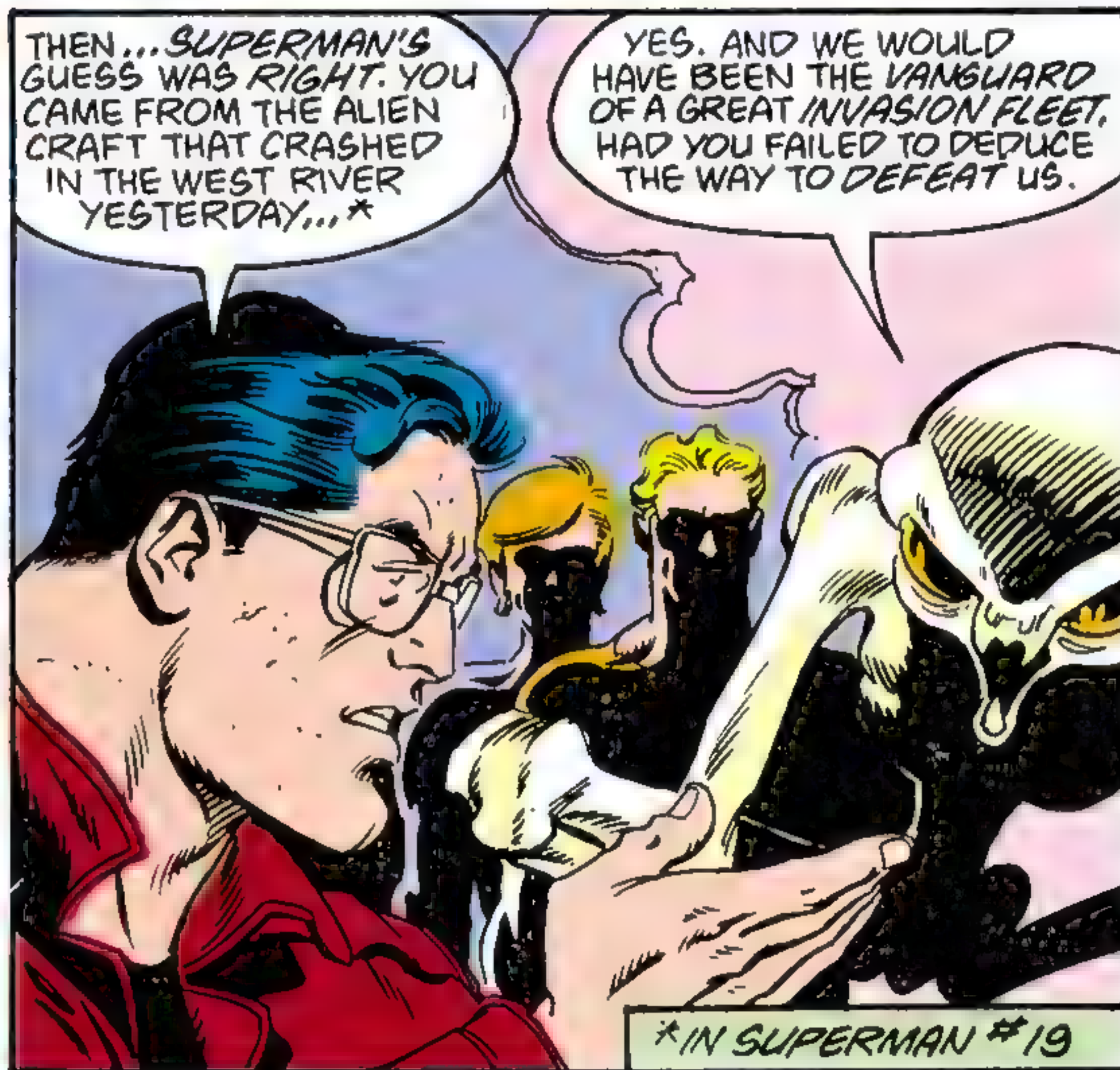


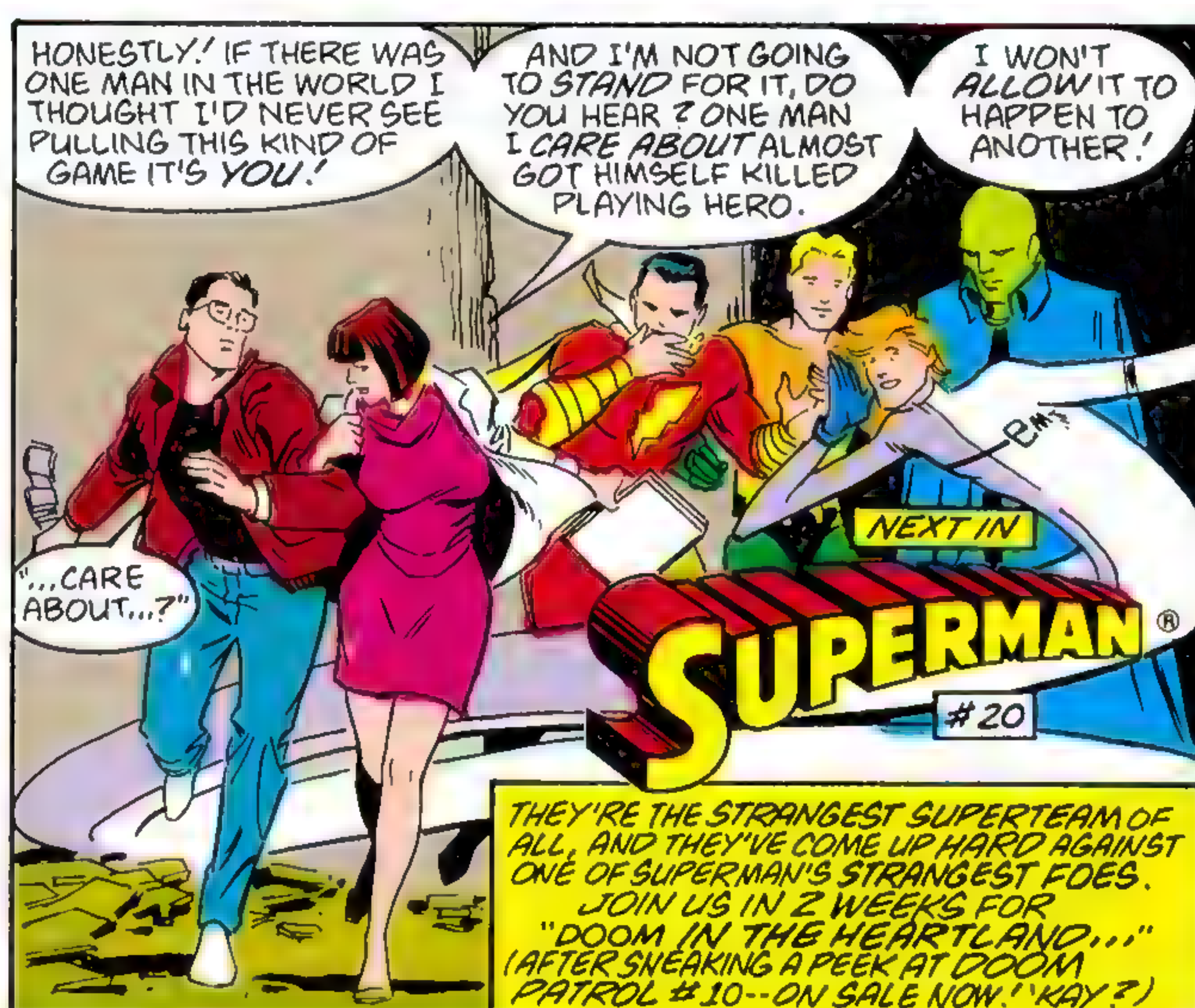
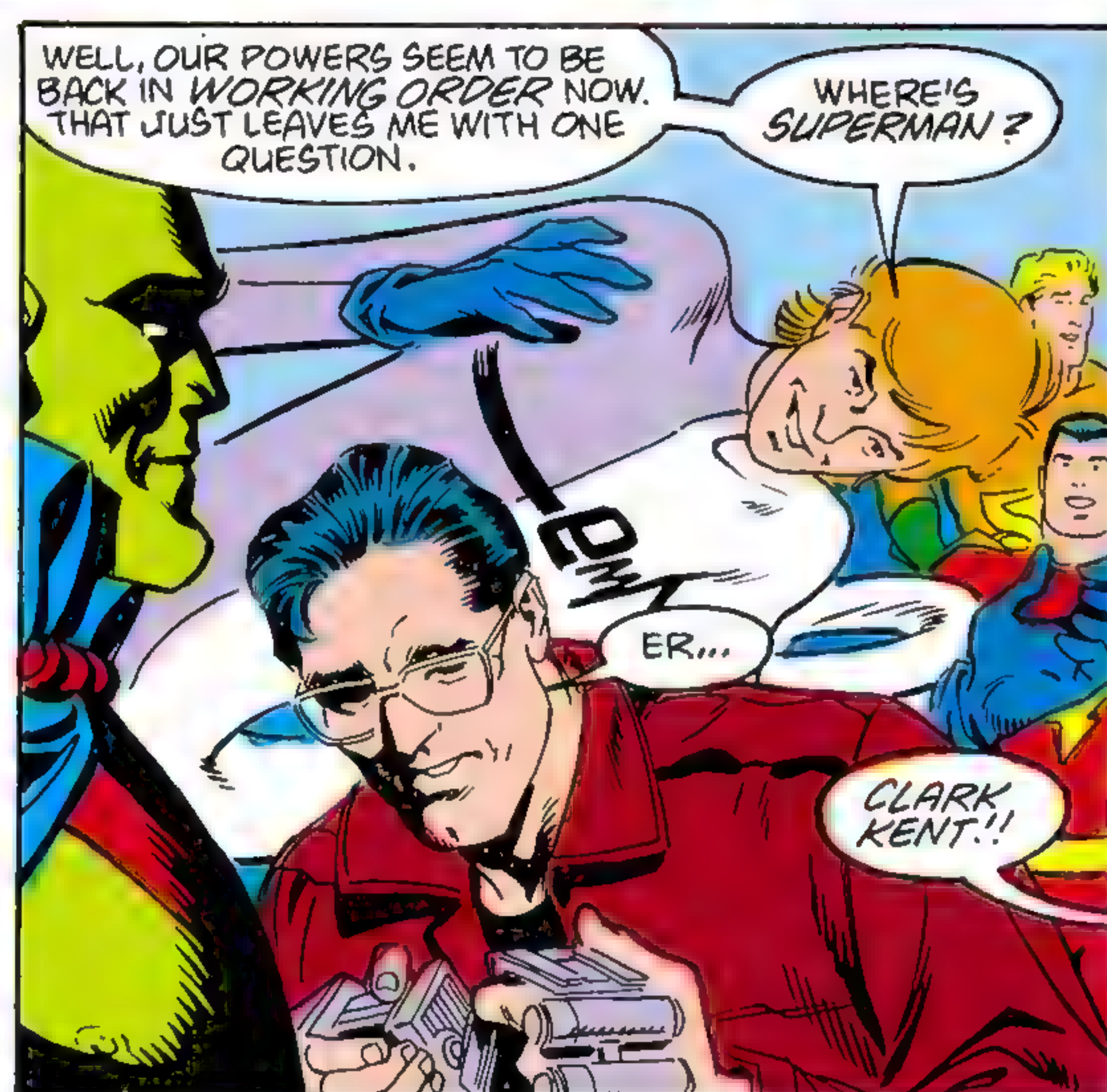
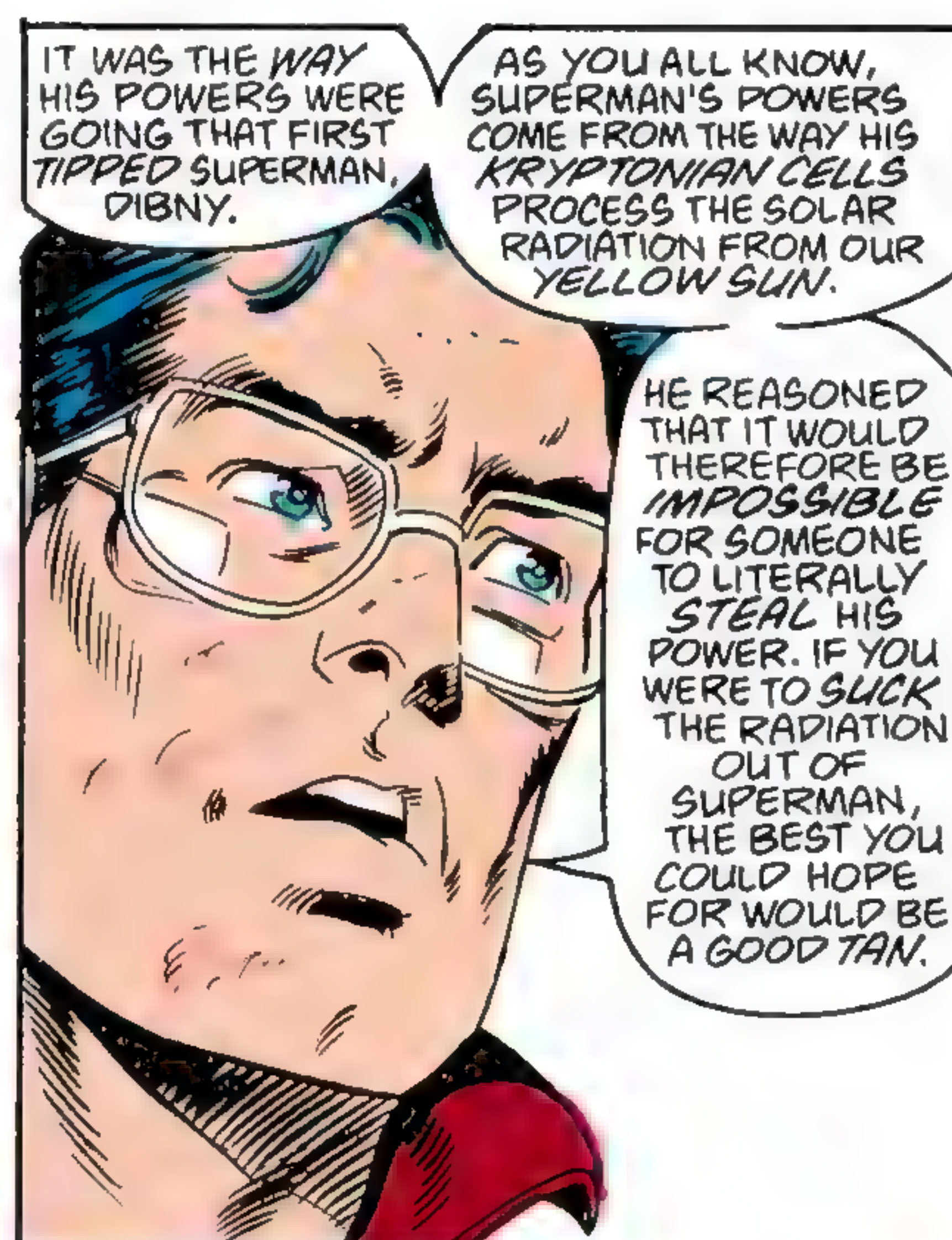












Superman Post-Crisis Chronology

Volume 021 Different Worlds

"Cries In The Night", first appeared in Superman issue #17, released March 9, 1988

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), (inker)

Excerpt from "Bird of Paradise/Bird of Prey!", first appeared in Wonder Woman issue #16, released March, 1988

George Pérez (writer), Len Wein (writer), George Pérez (penciller), Bruce Patterson (inker)

"The Hurrieder I Go", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #440, released March, 1988

Jerry Ordway (writer), John Byrne (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

"Return to Krypton", first appeared in Superman issue #18, released April 13, 1988

John Byrne (writer), Mike Mignola (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker)

"Different Worlds", first appeared in Action Comics issue #600, released March, 1988

John Byrne (writer), Roger Stern (writer), Curt Swan (penciller), Dick Giordano (penciller), John Byrne (penciller), John Byrne (penciller), Jon Bogdanove (penciller), Kevin Maguire (penciller), Kurt Schaffenberger (penciller), Mike Mignola (penciller), Mike Zeck (penciller), Walter Simonson (penciller), Art Adams (inker), Dave Gibbons (inker), George Pérez (inker), Jerry Ordway (inker), John Beatty (inker), John Byrne (inker), Jon Bogdanove (inker), Mike Mignola (inker), Mike Zeck (inker), Murphy Anderson (inker), Walter Simonson (inker)

"The Tiny Terror of Tinseltown", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #441, released April, 1988

Jerry Ordway (writer), John Byrne (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

"The Power That Failed!", first appeared in Superman issue #19, released May 25, 1988

John Byrne (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), John Byrne (penciller), Jerry Ordway (inker), John Beatty (inker)

"Power Play", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #442, released May, 1988

John Byrne (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Andy Kubert (inker)

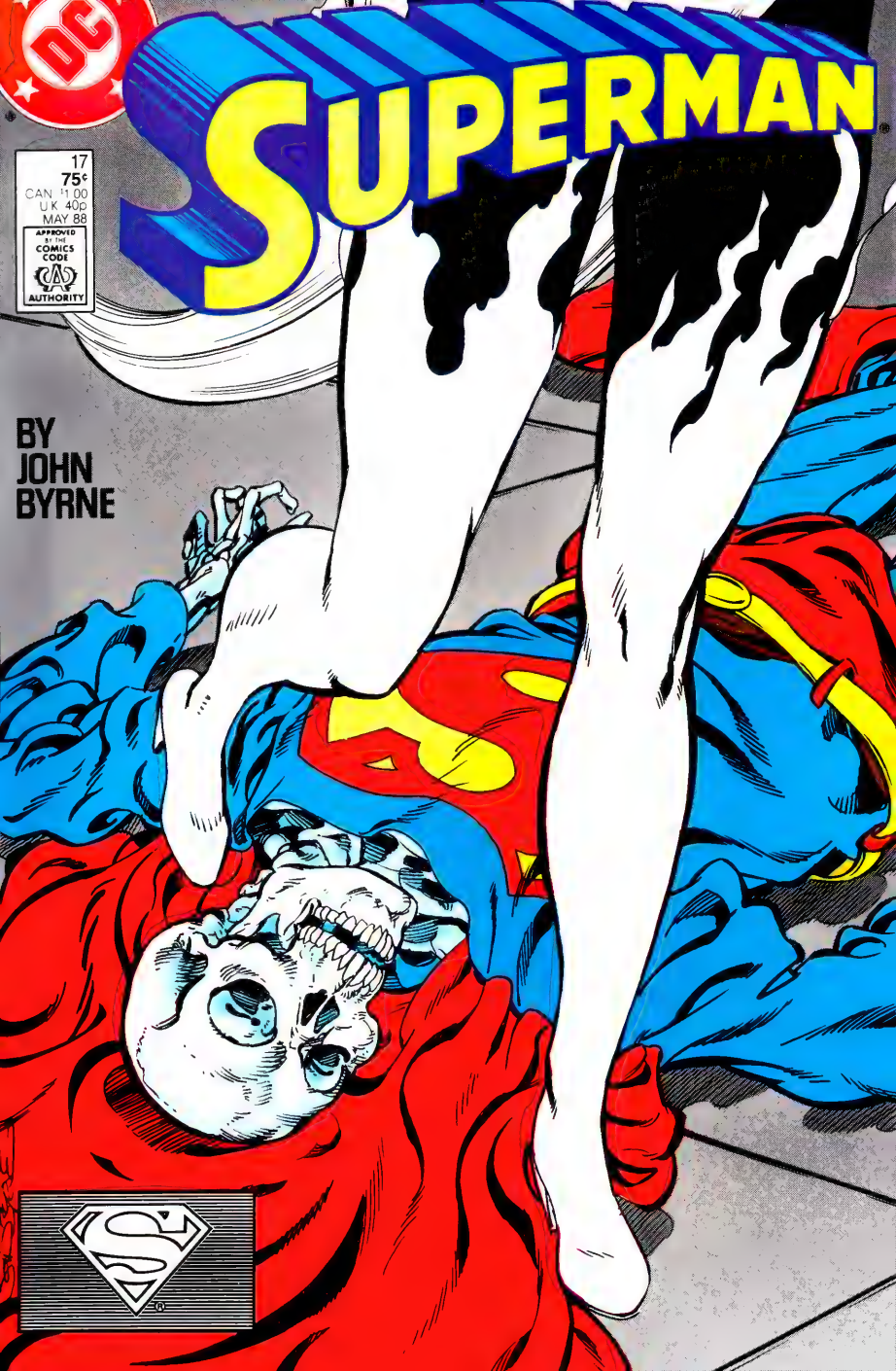




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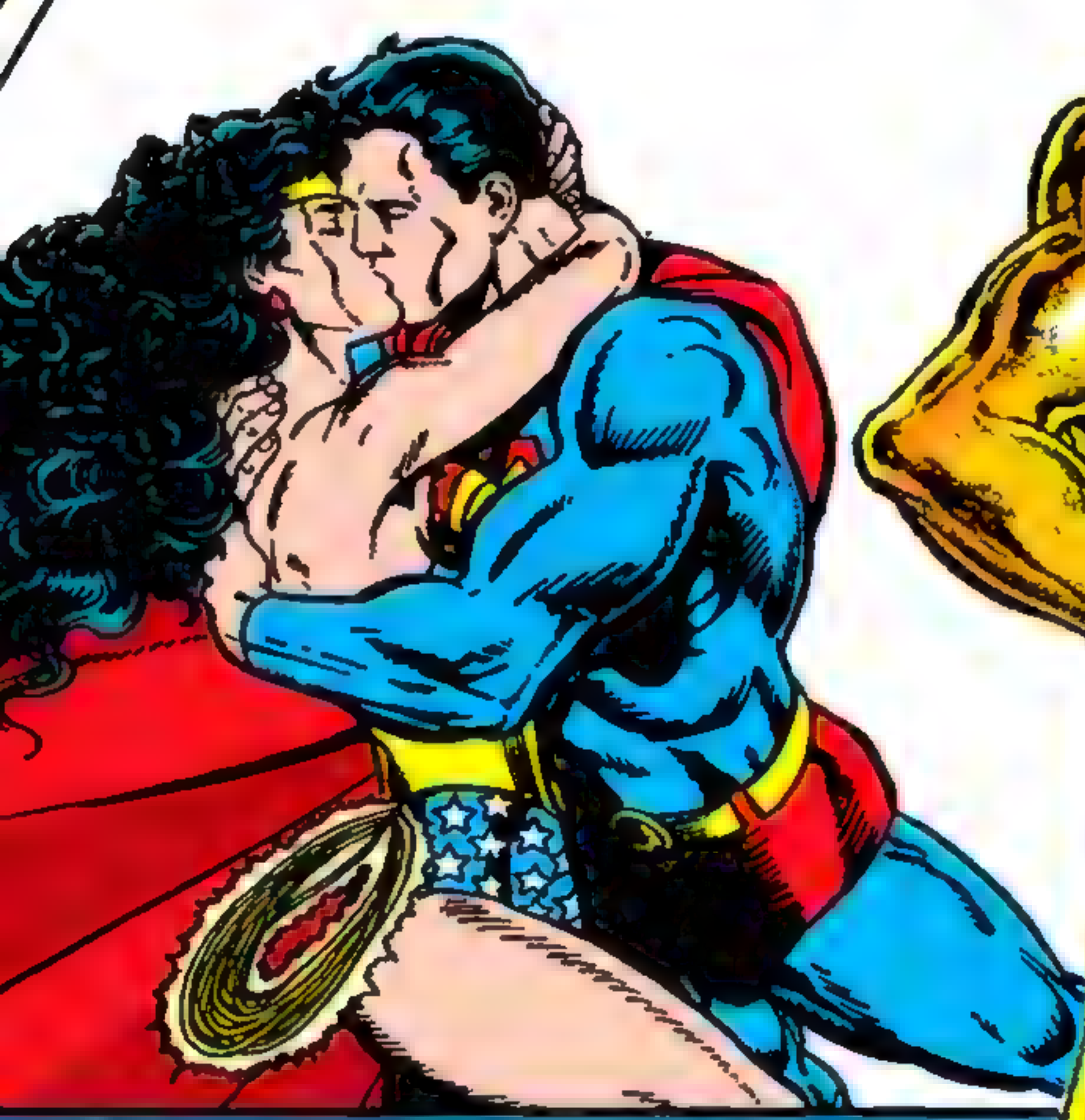
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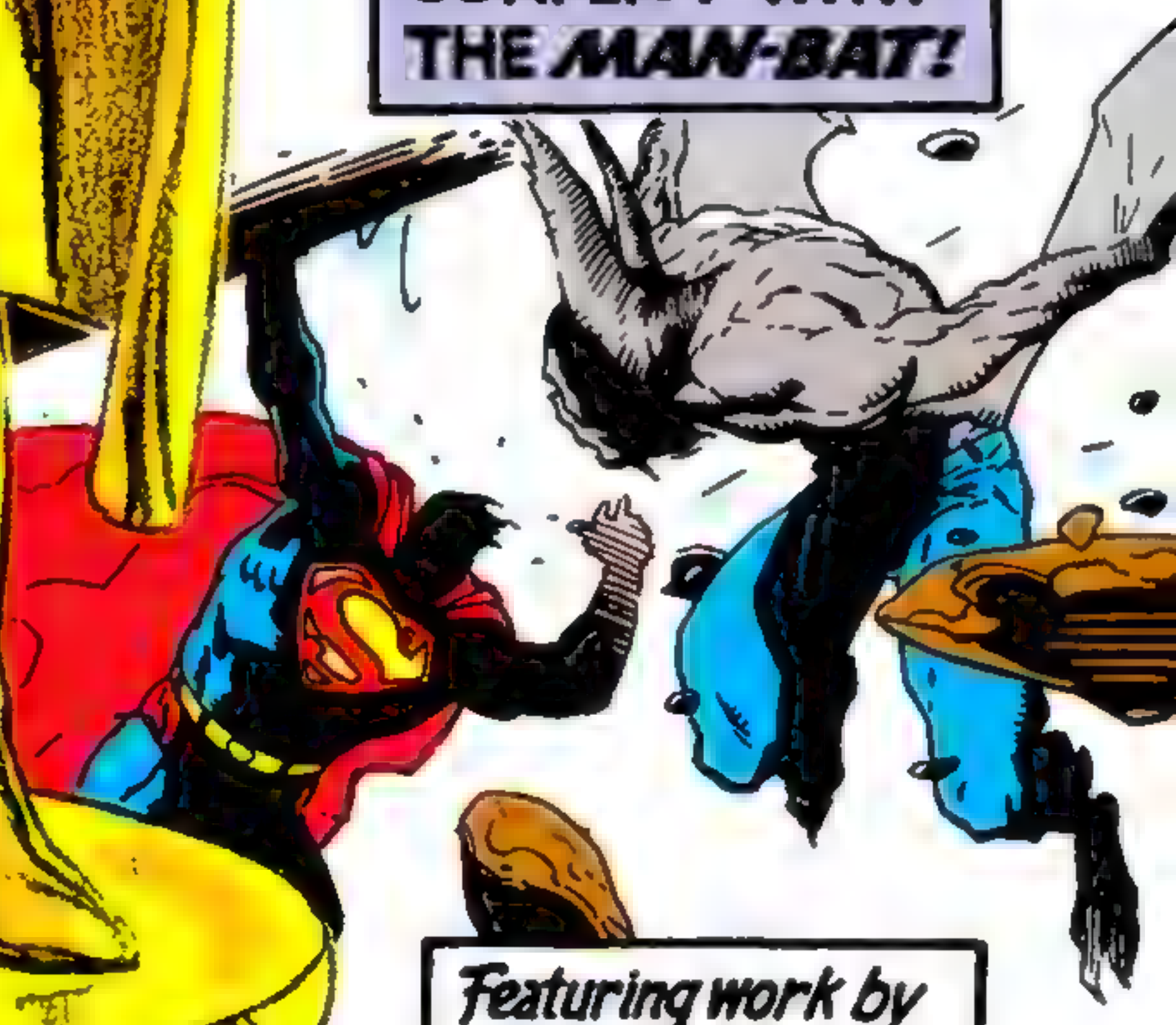
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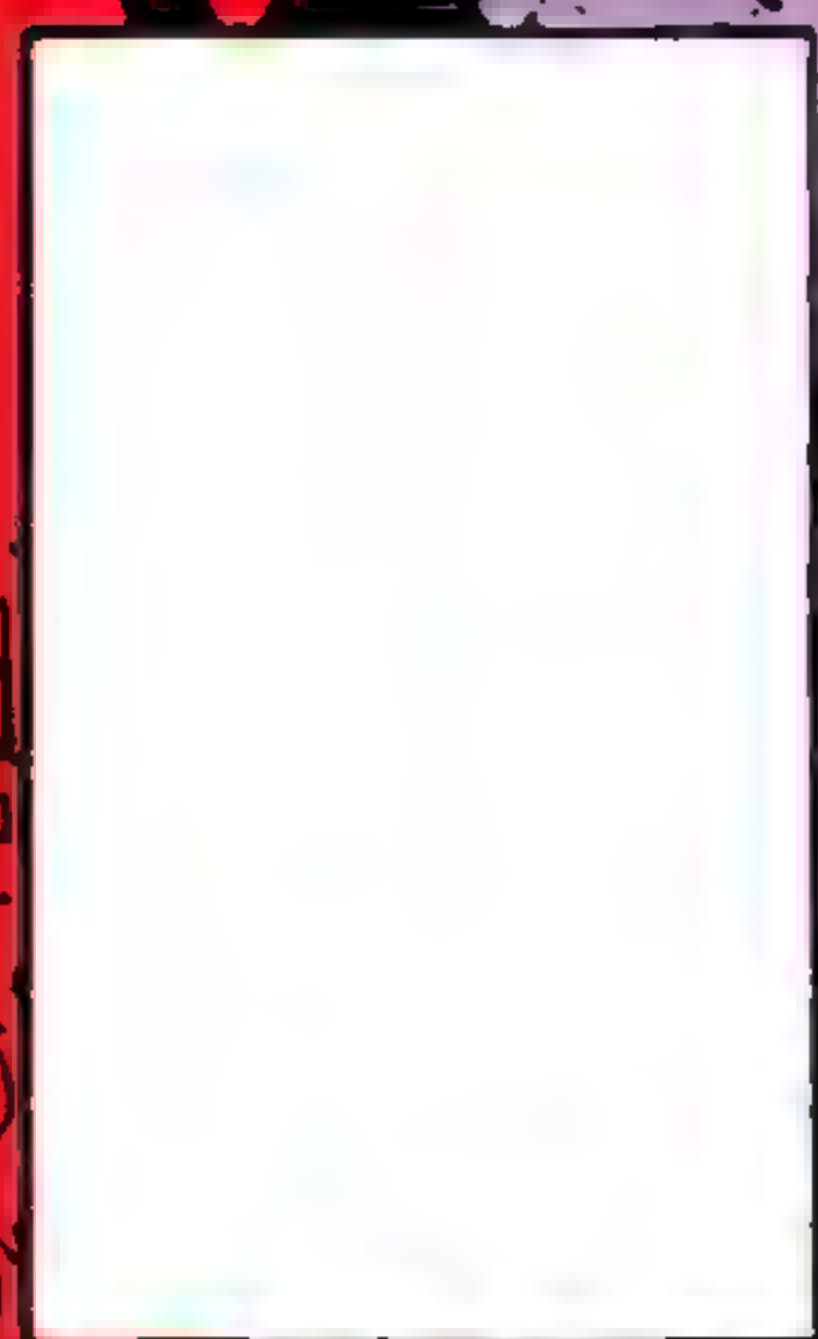


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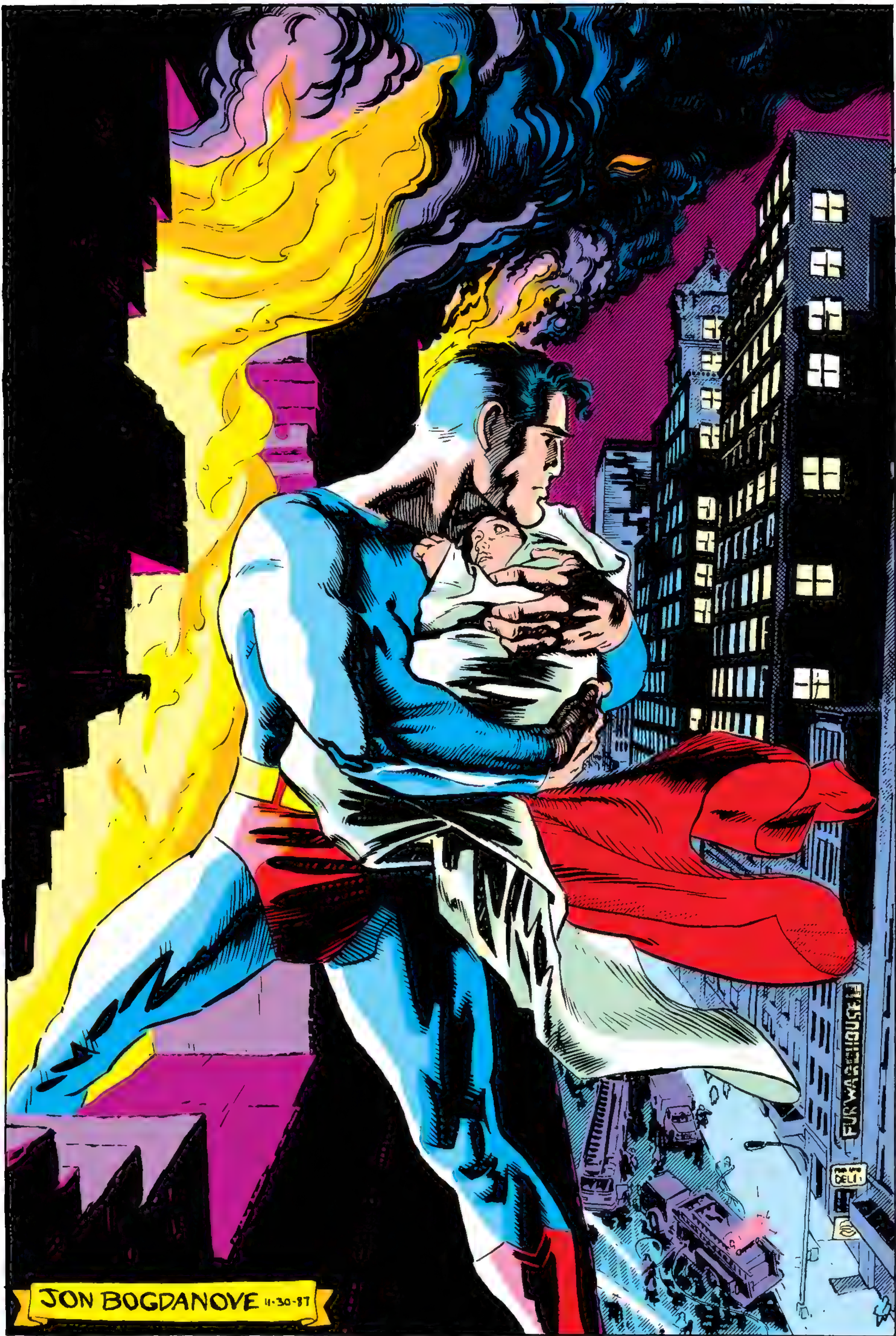
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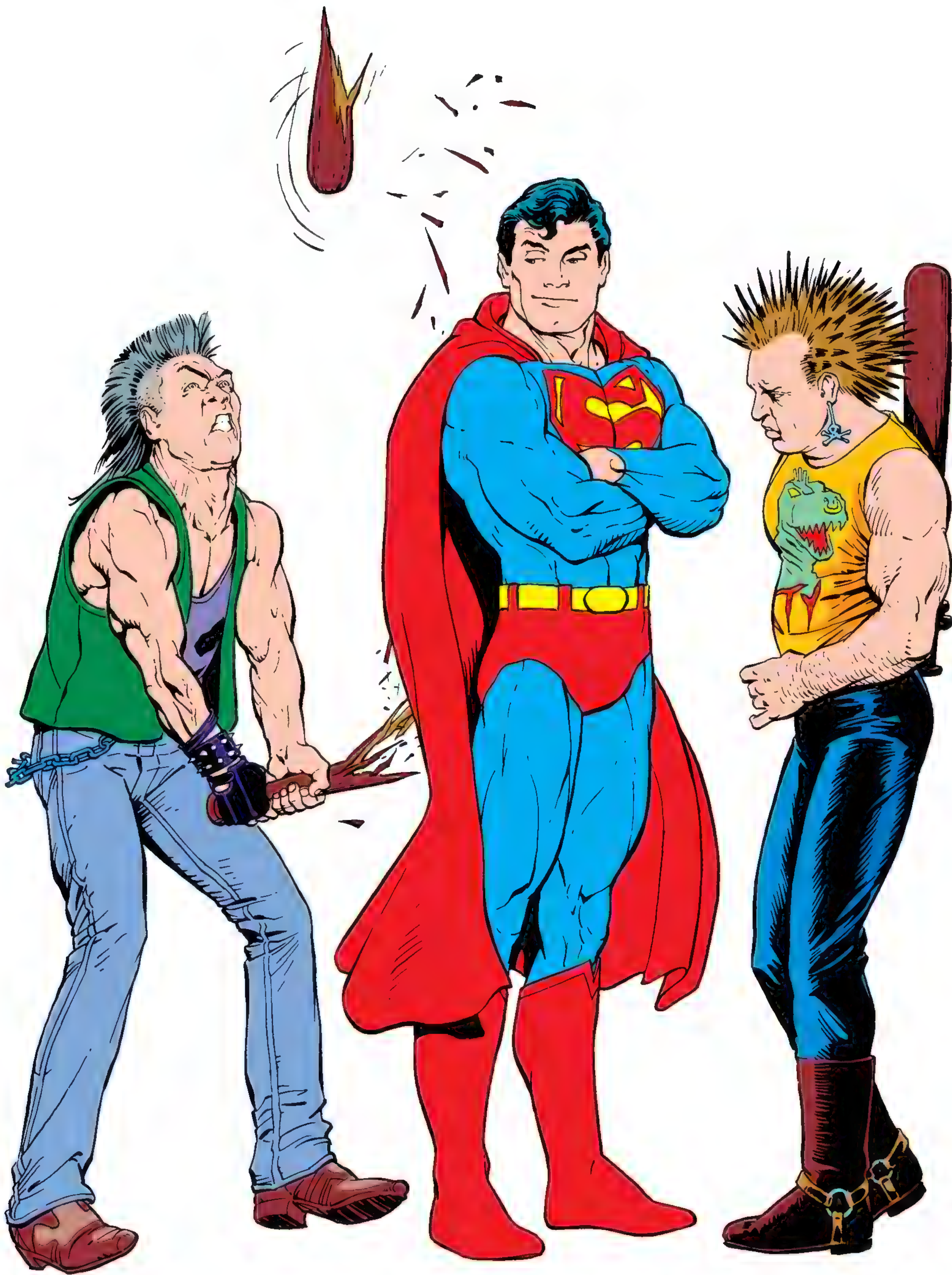




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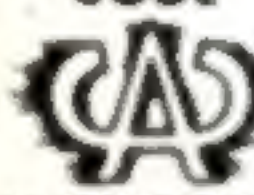
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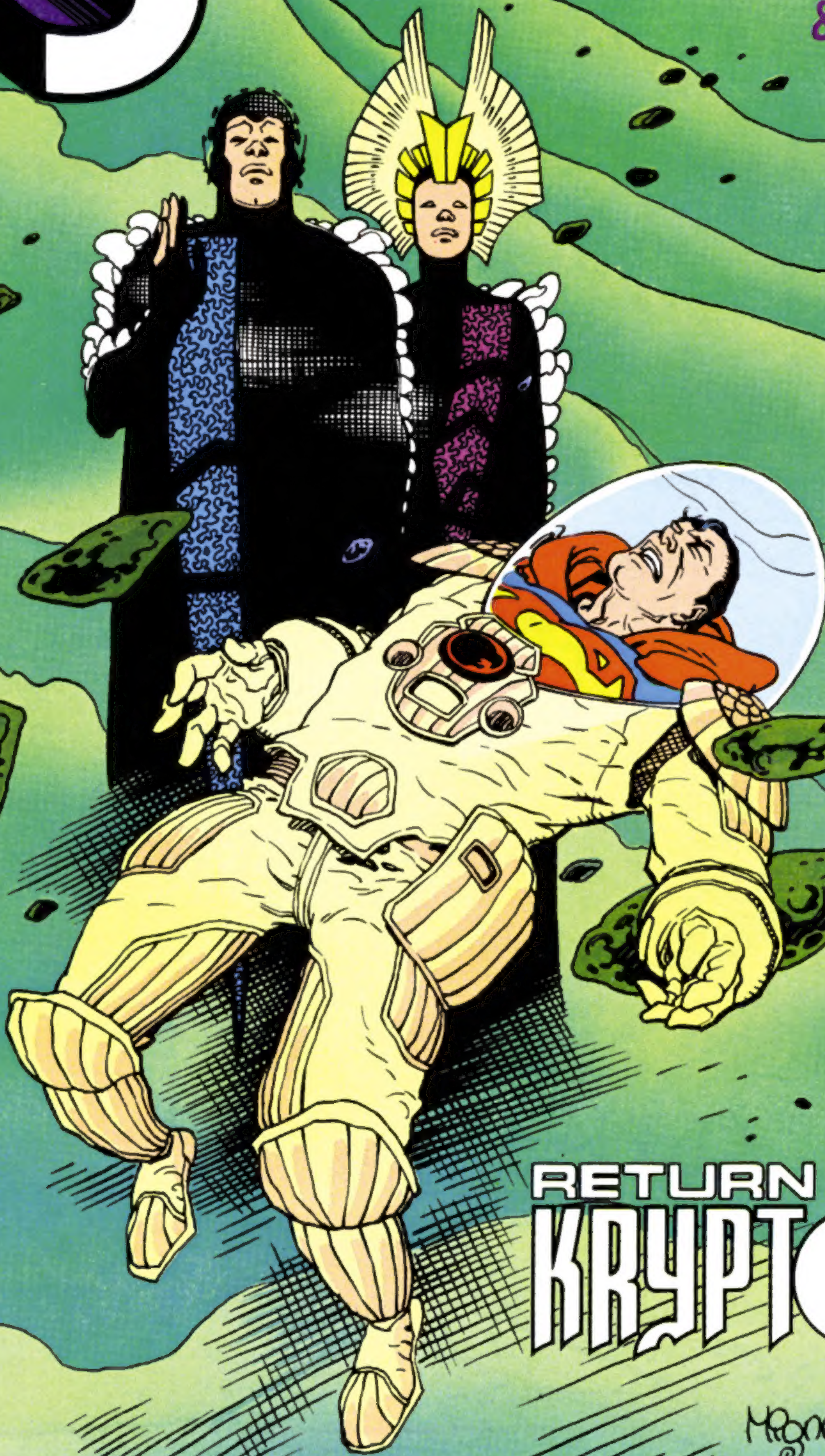
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